

Australian

# PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

AUGUST 1988

BLACK LABEL  
E D I T I O N



LOAN WOLVES:

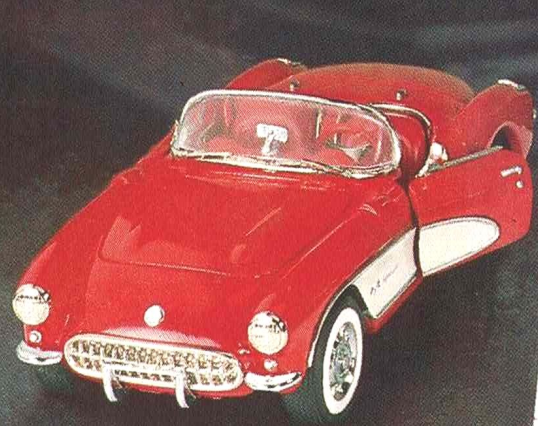
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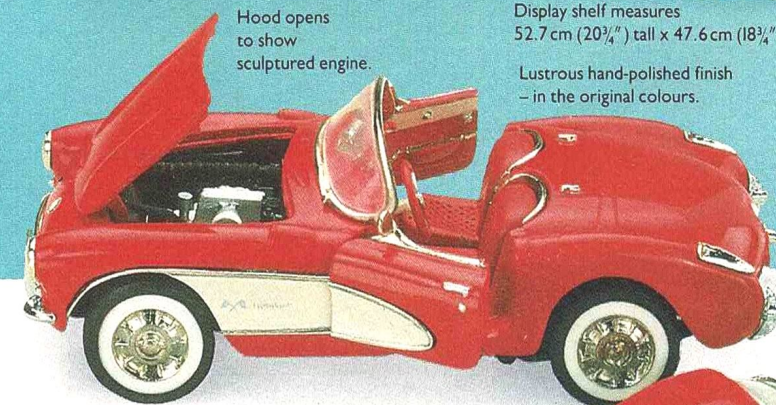
Cars shown smaller than actual size.  
Corvette 9.8cm (3<sup>7</sup>/<sub>8</sub>" ). Cadillac 13.3cm (5<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>" ). Thunderbird 10.8cm (4<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>" ) L.



Hood opens to show sculptured engine.

Display shelf measures 52.7 cm (20<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>" ) tall x 47.6 cm (18<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>" ) wide.

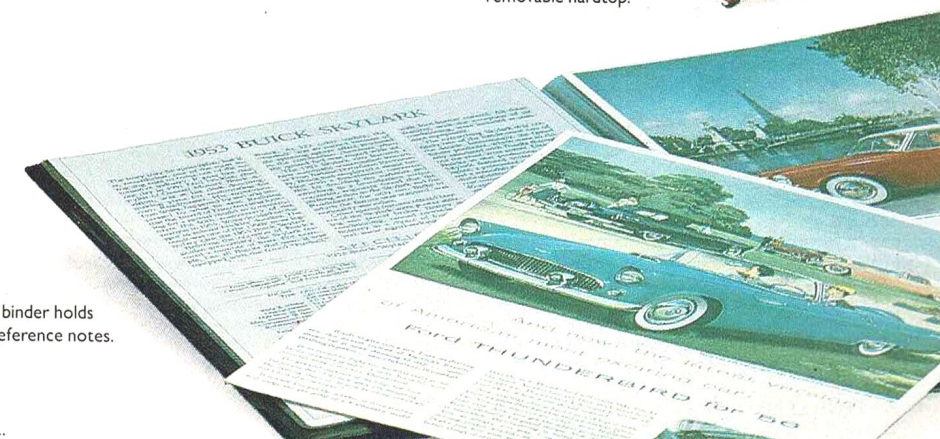
Lustrous hand-polished finish — in the original colours.



'57 Corvette model shown actual size.

Hinged doors open and close.

Corvette features removable hardtop.





Australian
PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 9 No 8/August 1988



Up, Up And Away



Loan Wolves



All At Sea

REGULARS

Table with 3 columns: CONTENTS, By (author/editor), and PAGE. Includes sections like COVER, HOUSECALL, FEEDBACK, FORUM, LOOSE ENDS, SOUNDS, and FILM.

SINS

Table with 3 columns: SIN, by (author), and PAGE. Includes sins like AVARICE, GLUTTONY, LUST, VANITY, ENVY, and SLOTH.

FEATURES

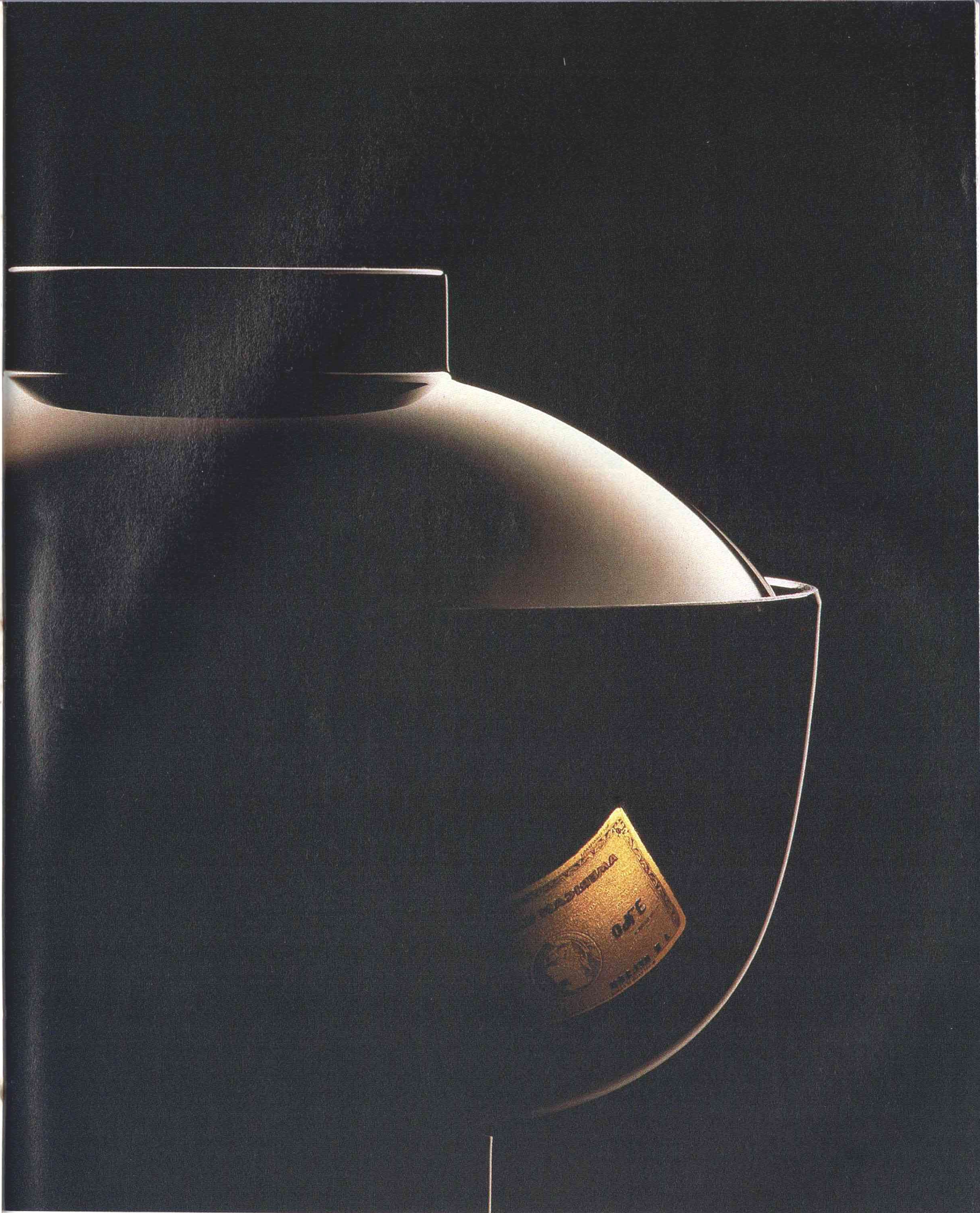
Table with 3 columns: FEATURE, by (author), and PAGE. Includes features like THE PHONY WAR, ME JANE, THE LIFE OF THE PARTY, UP, UP AND AWAY, LOAN WOLVES, GROSZ ACTS, PETER ALLEN INTERVIEW, and THE TAO OF SEX.

PICTORIALS

Table with 3 columns: PICTORIAL, by (author), and PAGE. Includes pictorials like WINTER OF CONTENT, ALL AT SEA/ISABEL, BAKER'S DOZEN/FLORENCE, PRIVATE PLEASURES, and WINNING WAYS.

Australian and New Zealand Editorial Office: PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Advertising Office: Horwitz Grahame Books Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Telex AA27833. Copyright © Penthouse International Limited (1983). All rights reserved.

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THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

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Phil Abraham

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**ADVERTISING**

*Advertising and Marketing Director:* Howard Jenkins; *NSW Advertising Manager:* Sarah Bowing; *Advertising Traffic Manager:* Cynthia Ragga; *Vic:* Bob Gaff, Field Force Media Representatives, 2nd Flr, 159 Dorcas St, South Melbourne 3205. Tel: (03) 690 8233 — Fax: (03) 690 6615; *SA:* Tony Giuliani, Cumberland Media, 12 Eaton Street, Cumberland Park 5041. Tel: (08) 373 1142; *Qld:* Sue Horne, Geoff Horne Agencies Pty Ltd, PO Box 247, Kenmore 4069. Tel: (07) 202 6813 — Fax: (07) 202 7133; *Japan:* Universal Media Corporation, CPO Box 46, Tokyo. Tel: 666 3036 — Telex: 2524665 (KANDKJ)

**PUBLISHERS**

Published in collaboration with Penthouse Publications Ltd c/o Ronald Fletcher, Baker and Co., 80A Stoke Newington Rd, London N16 7XF England. Edited by PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062.

**EDITORIAL OFFICES**

PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677.

**ADVERTISING OFFICES**

PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Telex AA 27833. Facsimile: (02) 957 1814.

**DISTRIBUTORS**

Gordon & Gotch Ltd.

**PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD**

(US edition)

Bob Guccione (*Chairman*); Kathy Keeton (*Vice-chairman*); David J. Myerson (*Chief Operating Officer*); Anthony J. Guccione (*Secretary-Treasurer*); John Evans (*Senior Vice President/Foreign Editions*)

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**EDITORIAL OFFICES**

*New York:* 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel: (212) 496-6100. Telex no. 237128. *West Coast:* 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif., 90024. Tel: (213) 824-9831.

**FOREIGN EDITIONS**

*Brazil:* Grafipar, Rua Jordania 411 Curitiba; *Germany:* Redaktion PH, Walter Greminger Presse AG, Postfach CH8021, Zurich, Switzerland; *Japan:* Kodansha, Ltd. 2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112; *Spain:* Editorial Formentera, Rocafort 104 Barcelona; *United Kingdom:* Sightline Publications, Ltd, Northern & Shell Bldg, PO Box 381 Mill Harbour, London E14 9PB, England.

**AUGUST**



PETER MCKAY



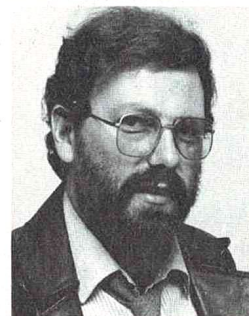
DAVID HALPIN



NIGEL BUCHANAN



STEVE J. SPEARS



GLENN A. BAKER

# HOUSECALL

## THE PHONY WAR

The so-called "war against drugs" in the Golden Triangle is little more than a charade. One of the great ironies of our time is that despite years of effort, millions of dollars in expenditure and a torrent of political rhetoric, more heroin than ever now finds its way out of Burma, Thailand and Laos and into the veins of junkies throughout Australia. Rick Feneley's in-depth investigation of the complex backdrop to this phony war, illustrated by Russell Goodman, begins on page 32.

## ME JANE

Tyre emir and former touring car racer Bob Jane left school at 13 and now turns over \$200 million a year. You don't get that sort of success by turning the other cheek. In a candid profile, Motoring Editor Peter McKay unfurls some astounding tales of Jane's big-horsepower blast along the highway of life. The accompanying photos were shot by Andrew Gartside. Turn to page 50.

## THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

In post-Mao China, premarital sex is practically unthinkable and being "criticised" by the Party is the equivalent of waking up with a horse head in your bed. The Chinese may have opened their doors to Western technology, but they still have a great deal to learn about the ancient art of having a good time. Joe Cuomo provides a rare and fascinating insight into the social and sexual mores of the world's most populous State on page 54, with accompanying illustration by Frants Kantor.

## UP, UP AND AWAY

This is the first in a series of instructional articles that will inform *Penthouse* readers how to make their wildest sexual fantasies come true without being a single dollar out of pocket. In Part I, outlandish humorist Steve J. Spears deals with the relatively simple task of landing an air hostess. Fasten your seat belts, get out your barf bags and turn to Bill Leak's illustration on page 58.

## LOAN WOLVES

Thousands of ordinary Australians are now experiencing the dark side of the instant credit/easy money revolution. Cajoled and coerced by banks into borrowing beyond their means at exorbitant interest rates, they're learning the hard way that *nobody* gets their money for nothing and their kicks for free. Some experts believe the banks may be leading us into the next Great Depression. David Halpin puts our financial institutions under the microscope in a comprehensive investigation beginning on page 74. The illustration is by Nigel Buchanan.

## PETER ALLEN INTERVIEW

In this country he's pretty much the bloke who sings "I Still Call Australia Home"; but in the States he's the idol of millions, described by New York critics as "one of the most fabulous performers of our time." In a spirited interview with Glenn A. Baker, Allen reflects on his early days touring Australia, the flowering of his songwriting skills, his sexual "coming out" and the highlights of his 30 years as a song 'n' dance man. Turn to page 94. 



When you make a great wine,  
you don't need to make a noise.



# PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

## Believe it or not

Your article entitled *The ET Effect* (April *Penthouse*) by Ben Harris was most dubious. Although a lot of reported UFO sightings turn out to be false when the sighting is fully investigated, there remains a small number of cases where, taking all the evidence into account, no credible reason for the sighting can be given. I can quote a few.

Firstly, the Billy Meier case. Mr Harris could not supply any facts to prove beyond reasonable doubt that the case was false. Has he investigated this case himself, or has he taken someone else's word about it? Has he personally investigated any of the cases he wrote about? I'd have to say the article consisted of hearsay and nothing else. As for Mr Harris' faked UFO photo, I don't think it's as good as the one taken by Meier (as seen in Gary Kinder's book *Light Years*) at Hasenbol on March 29, 1976. Just because Mr Harris and others are able to fake such photos, does that mean all UFO photos are fakes?

It was interesting to note that no cases were mentioned which have been fully investigated. Two well known ones are: September 18, 1976 at Mehrabad Airport, Tehran, where two Phantom jets of the Iranian Air Force were sent up to investigate a sighting; and January 7, 1948 over Godman Air Force Base, Kentucky, a sighting by Captain Thomas Mantell. Before I would say UFOs do or don't exist I would want to look at each case individually. — Peter Chambers, Pagewood, NSW

Ben Harris replies: As regards the miniscule percentage of unexplained UFO cases, Mr Chambers is certainly correct when he says, "taking all the evidence into account, no credible reason for the sighting can be given." And that, in Mr Chambers' own words, is the very point. In these cases, the details are so scant that absolutely nothing can be established. And because nothing can be concluded, it is neither rational nor wise to use these cases as support for the "extraterrestrial hypothesis" — that is, the idea that these supposed "UFOs" represent visits from alien beings.

No-one can prove beyond a doubt that Meier is a charlatan. The fact that he faked a photo of a San Francisco earthquake (he was supposedly given a journey into the



Joanne Szmereta . . . state of the art

future to capture this on KodaKolor Gold), combined with the fact that he likes to perform Uri Geller's long-established magic tricks, does, however, cause one to shine a doubtful eye on his remaining claims. Regarding my attempted duplication of Meier's saucer behind a tree — my attempt proves that the effect can be easily replicated and does not require an extraterrestrial visitation. So Meier's claim that a photograph of a saucer behind a tree should be taken seriously does not hold water.

Mr Chambers says that I did not mention cases that had been fully investigated. This is confusing, as I did discuss the Hill Case, the Walton Case, and the Roswell Case, three of the most thoroughly investigated cases in the field.

The Tehran Case and the Mantell Case both have established prosaic explanations. Briefly — Mantell's plane crashed after he passed out due to lack of oxygen. He had been chasing what was then a classified item — a Skyhook Balloon. The shroud of secrecy around the case was directly due to the project's classification, not an extraterrestrial visitation. The pilots of the Iranian Air Force encountered a meteorite shower that had been correctly identified as such by many people, at many locations, on the night concerned. This case did take out the National Enquirer's

\$5000 award for the best UFO "story", which may indicate a motive.

As investigators continue to look at each case individually, the claimed evidence in support of the ET theory becomes thinner and weaker. It would be nice to one day know that we are not alone in this universe. I'll be the first to celebrate, once the evidence is in.

## Rock shock!

It is regrettable that an otherwise interesting article debunking Rock Myths (May *Penthouse*) should in turn be guilty of creating one of its own. Dylan Thomas was a Welsh poet — not an Irish poet, as Glenn A. Baker described him on three separate occasions. After Richard Burton, Dylan was certainly the most notorious Welsh alcoholic hell-raiser and indulged himself in various countries, enjoying many exploits. However, unfortunately for your author, he did not take up citizenship of the Emerald Isle. In fact he does not even seem to have visited the place. Guess it just shows how easily misinformation can become "fact." — P.J. Whitfield, Buddina Beach, Qld

## State of the art

I don't know much about art but I know what I like. Statuesque 19-year-old Joanne Szmereta (May *Penthouse*) was in my humble opinion the quintessence of nature's artistry. I liked, I liked. I was also taken by the woman's style in admitting that the thought of appearing in *Penthouse* was her way of showing off and getting a 1000-Watt thrill. Joanne, the electricity is mutual. I was interested to see that she was wearing men's Y-fronts in some shots. Can't say that they did much for me, but they did prompt me to offer Joanne the opportunity to get into my pants any day. — B. Skelton, Beacon Hill, NSW

Your May *Penthouse* Pet Joanne Szmereta was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. Fresh, sensual and honey-skinned perfect. I want to marry her. Considering her hard-to-pronounce surname I can only fantasise that she'd leap at the chance of swapping it for mine. Szmereta — now that's not an easy one to get your tongue around. Come to think of it, though, it would be fun trying. — K. Avery, Cairns, Qld ☐

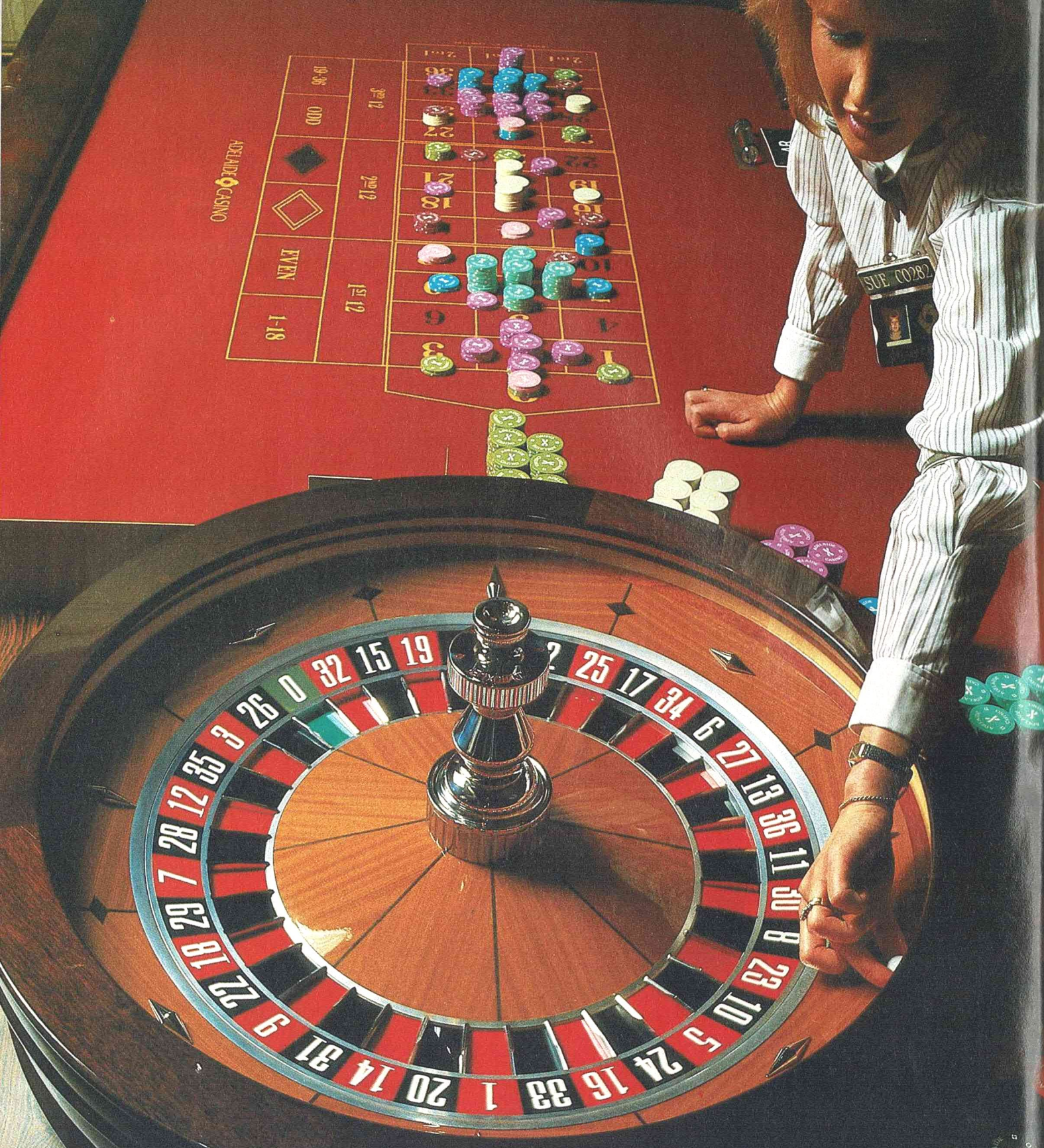
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## PENTHOUSE FORUM

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### Summer lovers

I recently had an experience I feel is worthy of your devoted readers. I am an executive with a large corporation and live in a very nice unit. Throughout the summer I spent a good deal of my free time at my mother's home, which is just a few miles from my own. Over the years I've taken responsibility for maintaining her house and her rather large in-ground swimming pool. Mum rewards me by letting me use the pool for daily exercise and entertaining. Since she is very active socially, she is rarely home on weekends, which has been a major benefit to me when entertaining a fine selection of women over the past years.

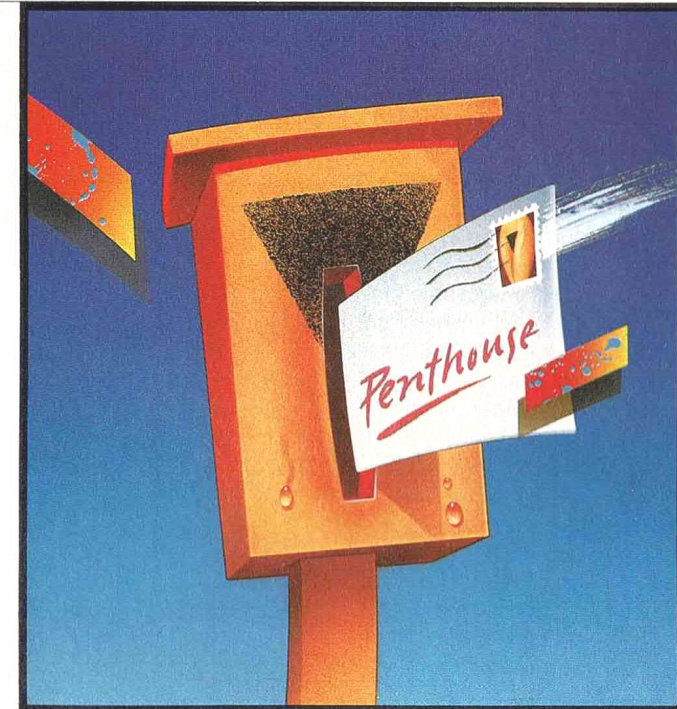
One beautiful Saturday morning six weeks ago, I arrived at my Mum's place at around eight. The sun was beginning to heat the air, and I was looking forward to a quiet day of relaxation at the pool. I went inside to put a pot of coffee on, and as I paused briefly at the kitchen table to scan the newspaper, the most surprising and remarkable thing occurred. A very attractive, rather tousled woman padded into the opposite end of the kitchen. She was very disoriented and it was obvious that she had just woken up from a sound sleep. Silently I watched from my vantage point roughly 20 feet away as she fumbled with a milk carton and searched for a glass in the cabinets overhead. I almost had to keep myself from laughing as several more minutes passed and she was still unaware of my presence. Finally, in a very low whisper, I said good morning.

She spun around on her heels, milk splashing across the front of her T-shirt and hand. "Who are you?" she demanded, her voice shaking.

"That's funny," I replied, "I was going to ask you the same thing."

"I'm Barbara, I'm staying here this summer. I have permission," she said.

The poor girl was so startled, I had to laugh out loud. After I introduced myself, she apologised for not knowing who I was. She went on to explain that her step-mother and my Mum had been friends in college, and as she'd arrived in town suddenly, my mother had allowed her to stay



here for the summer. Once we got past the formalities, we talked for several hours about our life histories. I found out Barbara was in her first year of uni, that she was 20 years old, and that she was very nervous about her living situation. I made a sincere effort to put her at ease, and I could see that she was loosening up by her willingness to laugh and smile. I told her I was going to work out by the pool, and extended an invitation for her to join me.

The sun was bright and hot as I began my weekly routine, and I turned my gaze to the sliding glass doors adjacent to the pool deck as Barbara stepped out on to the cement. She wore a rather conservative black one-piece racing swimsuit, but her body was anything but conservative. Her legs were quite long and muscular, but perfectly formed and well tanned. Her arse was absolutely gorgeous, firm and nicely shaped with that particular tautness that only youth has on its side. Her stomach was trim, her waist small, and her breasts were full, round globes with distinctly upturned nipples. I pretended to be distracted by my workout as I visually explored her from behind the shield of my dark sunglasses. I mentioned earlier that she was attractive, but she seemed to be even more so now that she'd had an opportunity to brush her hair and come out into the sunlight. Her face was angular but nicely proportioned, with large green eyes,

full lips, and a small, cute nose. Her hair was honey-blonde and was cut at the shoulders. I watched discreetly as she strolled over to where I stood, and I became excited as I felt her gaze wander across my body. For a moment I felt her eyes on the bulge in my swimsuit and on my bum, although I wasn't quite sure. I was attracted to her of course, but I really hadn't considered a sexual encounter with her. To be honest, I thought that she would find me a bit too old (I'm 30) and not at all like her student boyfriends.

We spent the entire day together, and when the time came to say good-bye, I realised Barbara had a decidedly disappointed look on her pretty face. I asked her if she was okay, and she told me that she was wondering if we could have dinner together, as she was kind of homesick. I explained that I didn't think she'd be interested in spending an evening with someone ten years older and that I quite honestly felt a bit awkward approaching her on that level. She smiled, looked straight into my eyes, and said, "The girls I go to uni with dream about seeing older guys. Older men know how to make a woman feel special." I agreed to pick her up in an hour.

I pulled into the driveway to find Barbara waiting on the back lawn. Wearing a soft white jumpsuit, white high heels, and black onyx jewelry, she no longer looked like the college girl I met that morning. We had a wonderful evening. Dinner was great, and we eventually wound up in one of the local clubs for some dancing. After the bar closed, we headed back to my Mum's house. Upon arriving, we sat in the car and talked for a few minutes. As I began to say good-bye, Barbara gazed at me quietly in the soft glow of the dashboard light. I could feel a special nervous electricity in the air, but we were both unsure of each other's expectations.



## FORUM

warm lips touching my neck. I could feel my pulse quicken as she continued to press long, wet kisses to my skin. Barbara moved to my lips, and as her soft mouth and tongue explored my own, I became increasingly aware of her hard nipples moving slowly against my arm.

Unable to contain myself, I encircled her with my arms, drawing her body into a tight embrace. We continued to kiss long and deep as Barbara's graceful hands began to trace my swollen cock beneath the fabric of my pants. I lifted my arse from the car seat, forcing my hardness against her fingers, and she responded by groping frantically for my zipper. I watched in a trance as her small hand pulled my aching dick free of my clothes and, without hesitating, drew it to her warm mouth. She moved slowly, her head bobbing gently, as she traced the contours of my swollen rod with her tongue. I pumped my hips against her, and she quickened her assault to a pounding rhythm. Feeling my hardness jamming against the back of her throat, I couldn't believe how wild she'd become. Her moans and sucking noises were replaced by desperate sounding whispers. "Shoot in my mouth. Please, I want your hot come so bad!" she whispered.

In a matter of minutes, I could feel the

eruption beginning inside me. I could barely get the words out in an understandable form, but I managed to let her know I was going to explode. Moaning her approval, she stroked my cock its full length as her mouth clamped down on me suddenly. As I began to blast my hot come into her waiting mouth, she pulled her lips away, allowing huge thick drops of jizz to cover her face. She moved the underside of my cock against her skin, smearing the stickiness across her lips and forehead. Barbara continued to ram her hand down my shaft, tightening her grip with each upstroke, milking every last drop.

I was fascinated as she seemed to study my softening cock, gathering the last drop of come on the tip of her index finger. Coyly, she looked deep into my eyes and spread the glistening wetness across her lips as if it were the most hypnotic lip gloss imaginable. I was beginning to catch my breath, when from the top of the driveway headlights flashed. I managed to zip my slacks and compose myself to greet my mother as she parked and walked to my car. I quickly told her of my introduction to Barbara, and Mum apologised to both of us for the lack of communication. After she said good night I promised Barbara I'd be back the next morning, knowing Mum would be gone all day. She gave me a quick kiss, and I left in a state of disbelief and sexual excitement.

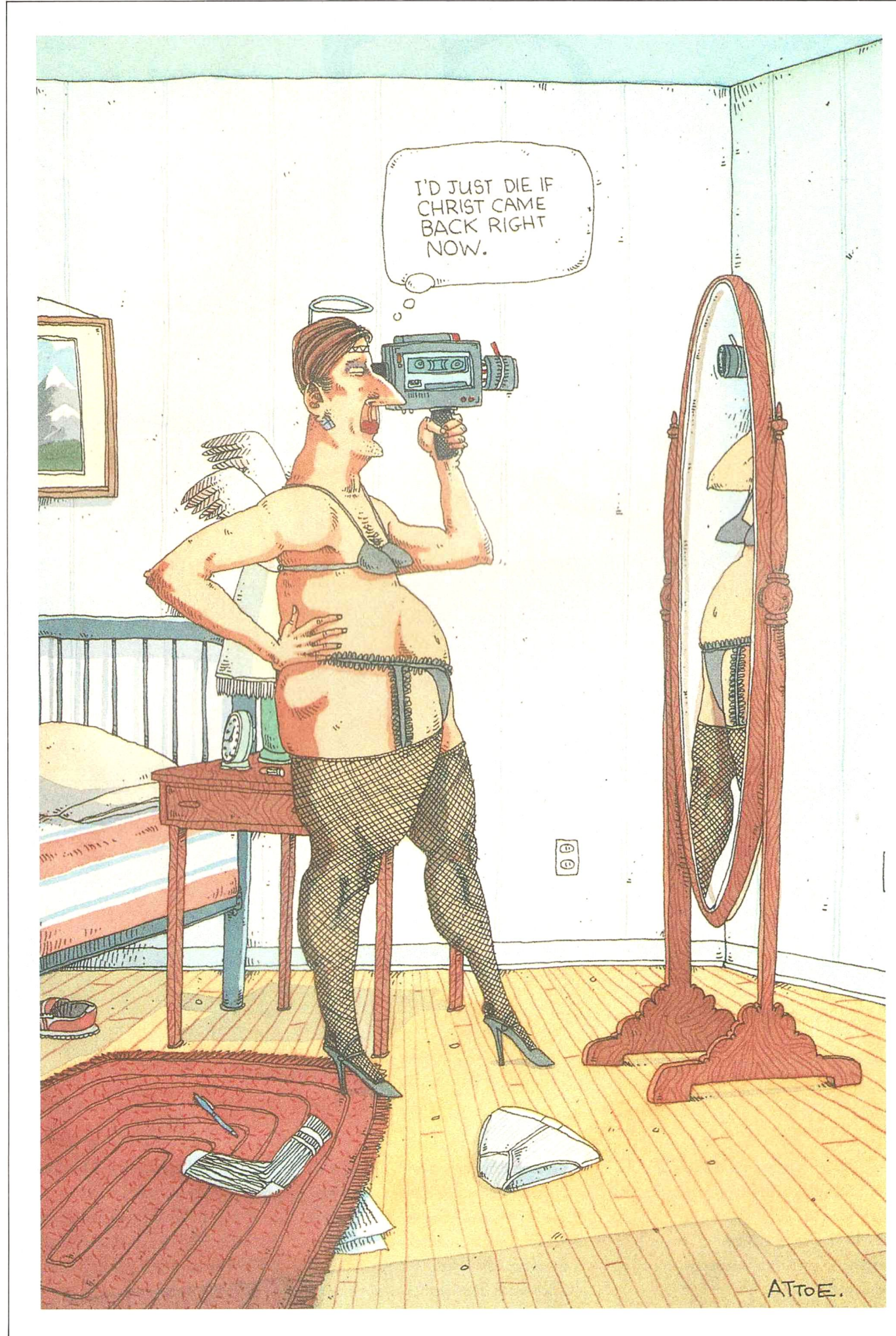
The next morning I ventured to Mum's

after showering, and began watching TV in the den. Barbara hadn't appeared yet. I thought it best to let her sleep. After several minutes she appeared, looking as sleepy and rumpled as in our first encounter. She smiled and crawled across my lap. I was in the centre of the soft cushions, and her hips came to rest directly on my thighs, her firm arse exposed save for a pair of tiny blue cotton panties. I ran my fingers across her soft cheeks, and she nuzzled her face deep into the cushions and let out small sighs. I began massaging her arse and as my grip increased, she began to moan softly at first, gyrating her panty-clad mound against my hardening dick.

Slowly I worked my fingertips under the elastic edge of her soft undies, and began running them the entire length of her, pressing them against the wetness of her soft cunt. She was moving silently now, her breathing labored and deliberate. One, then two of my fingers penetrated her cunt, and I pressed deeper until my hand could go no further. She gasped and pushed her hips against me. I moved my hand in a slow firm rhythm, two of my fingers still buried within her pussy and my thick thumb hard at work on her clit. As I increased my speed, she began to moan uncontrollably, and after about seven more strokes she arched her back, screamed, and came again and again, soaking my fingers and the fabric of my shorts beneath her. Her body shuddered with spasms as her climax seemed to last forever.

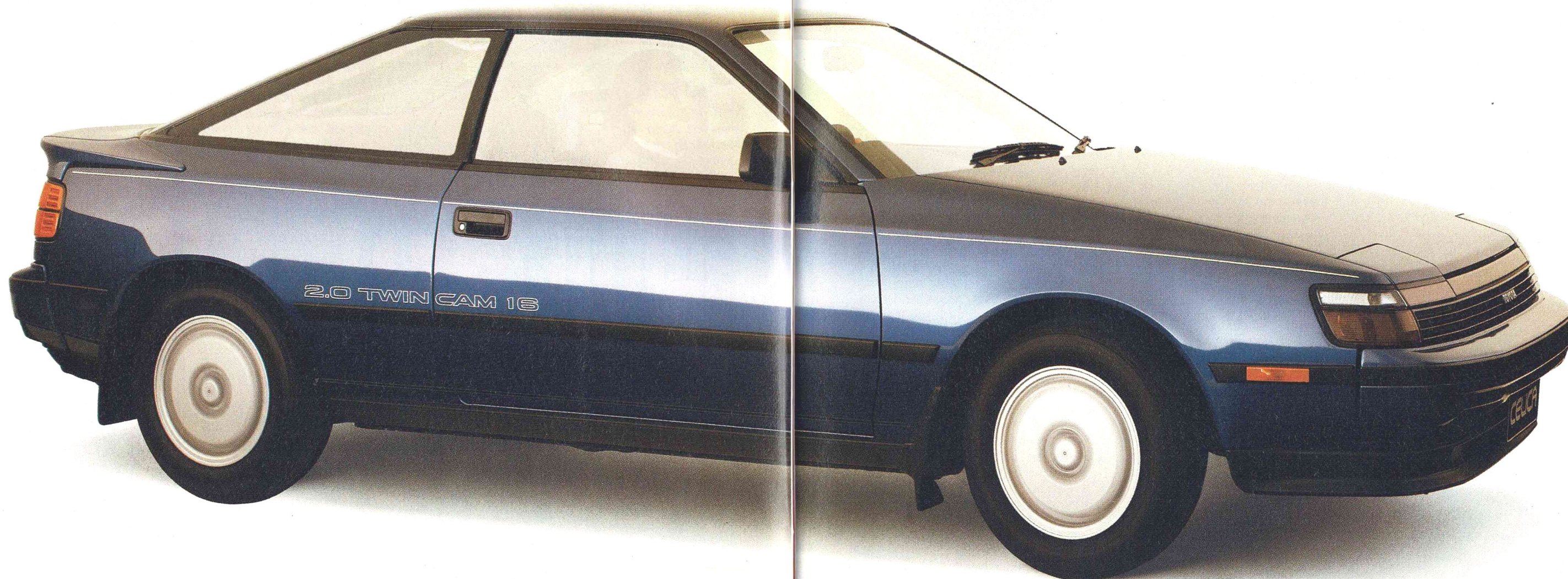
Barbara pulled herself free of my invading fingers and turned to face me. She seemed in a sexual trance. For the first time I saw her soft young cunt, and I was surprised that it was completely clean-shaven. I pulled her close, and her hands reached into my tennis shorts and wrestled my swollen rod free. Her soft thighs straddled me and she gazed deep into my eyes as her small hand wrapped around my hardness, guiding me into her inflamed pussy.

We moved together in long slow strokes; her eyes never wandered from mine. I reached around her, pulling her T-shirt over her head as I fastened my hungry mouth over one of her rigid pink nipples. We were locked in a crushing embrace, and the world around us vanished as we became more consumed in our animal lust. I began to feel the come swell inside me, and I whispered hotly into her ear that I was soon going to explode. Barbara looked into my eyes again, slowing our rhythm down to a slow grind. She lifted herself above me, and I felt my eyes roll back into my head as she dropped back down to me in one fluid motion, swallowing my cock to the hilt. Her head swung from side to side, her face brushed against mine, her soft young lips desperately groping for my hot tongue. She moved gracefully, the length of my swollen prick





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# FORUM

disappearing again and again, her scarlet cunt lips clinging to my purple knob.

I couldn't hold out any longer, and I moaned intentions of my approaching climax.

Barbara pulled herself free of my rod and dropped to her knees in front of me. She held my throbbing dick, crushing it in her grip as she held her mouth wide open just inches away. Suddenly, I erupted. Thick hot come jerked from my cock, blasting into her open mouth. Huge strands of white wetness sprayed everywhere, and Barbara swallowed again and again. Her small hand thrashed me in a pounding rhythm as come covered her breasts and graceful neck, dripping in large white drops down her soft skin. I slowly began to regain my composure.

Barbara looked at me from her stance on the floor. "I'll do anything for you," she smiled, her soft face still smeared with hot come.

She and I became lovers for the entire time she was at my mother's home. Our nights and days of reckless abandon continued throughout the summer. But I'm happy to say the summer may be gone, but Barbara and I are closer than ever. I spend every weekend with her, and it's true: she will do anything for me — and does. — *Name and address withheld*

## Roll 'em

I am a 26-year-old struggling actress with a slim, shapely body and a cunt that is constantly in heat. My boyfriend is good in bed, but he can't "keep up" with my frequent needs, so I end up finger-fucking myself almost every day. Something happened recently, however, that satisfied me beyond my wildest dreams! I got a part in a men's shampoo commercial, which was a thrill in itself because the money was great.

On the day of the shoot I went to the wardrobe room and was given a very tight black miniskirt to wear, as well as a tight cotton tank top that was cut low in the front. I have fairly large, round breasts, so the top looked great and the outfit made me feel extremely sexy.

When the director saw me, he complimented me on my attire, and went on to apologise for the fact that it was so skimpy, thinking that I might be embarrassed. He explained that cleavage unquestionably sells. Then he took me into the studio and introduced me to my co-star, Steve. This guy was too much — I think I started getting wet while I was shaking hands with him. He was about six feet tall, with sandy-brown hair, a gorgeous body, and an incredibly sexy smile. We talked for a few minutes while the technicians were setting up, and I could tell that Steve found me very appealing as well. As we talked, he kept glancing at my

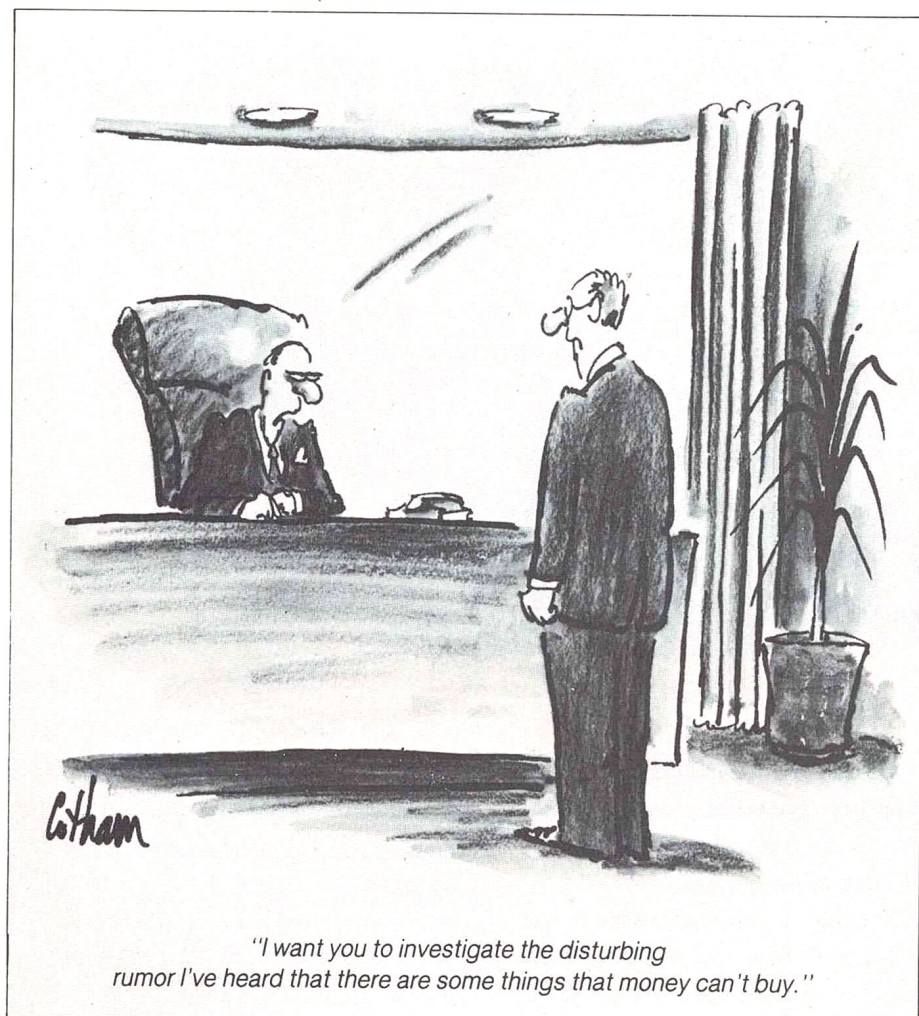
jugs, which were bulging out of my tiny shirt. Finally, he pointed a finger at them and asked me if I was cold. When I looked down, I realised that my nipples were aroused and hard. I looked him straight in the eye and said, "No, as a matter of fact, I'm hot — *real* hot." He got my message loud and clear, and smiled salaciously.

Just then, the director called us on to the set and told us we were going to start shooting. But wouldn't you know it, no sooner did we take our places than Steve tripped over some wiring and fell flat on his back. Of course, I rushed over to see if he was okay, and there couldn't have been a more perfect situation. The wardrobe lady had told me not to wear any underwear (so there wouldn't be any panty line), and here was this hunk of a man lying at my feet staring up at my naked, throbbing snatch. What a turn-on! The best part was that so many people were standing around (the entire crew!) and yet none of them knew that Steve was getting an eyeful of my juicy pussy. Wearing my high-heel sandals, I casually shifted my weight and leaned on my hip with one leg extended outwards, giving Steve an even better view of my cunt, which my boyfriend had so conveniently shaved for me the night before. With my legs spread like that, I'm sure he could see my wetness, and the lump in his pants told me he was enjoying it.

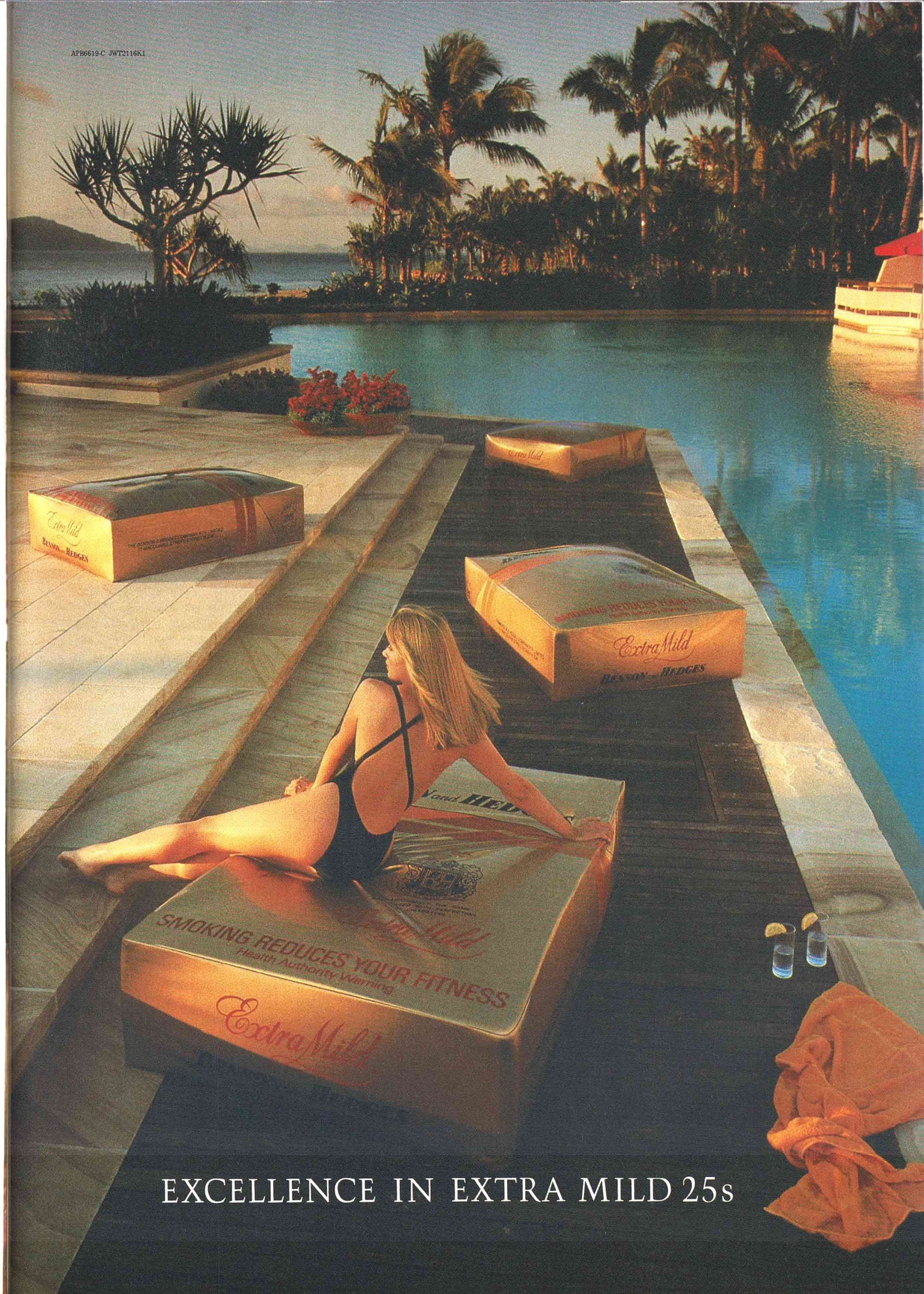
As the crew dispersed to reassemble the wiring and prepare for the next take, I squatted down to talk to him, carefully manoeuvring it so that my knees were slightly apart and my dripping labia were within two feet of his hungry lips. Then I softly whispered, "I'd like to suck your cock at lunchtime." You should have seen the look on his face! After the initial shock, Steve was beaming, and it took all the concentration the two of us could muster to shoot the commercial for the remaining hours before lunch. Luckily, his hard-on was concealed from the camera and crew by a counter top; otherwise it would have been an interesting ad!

When the director finally called lunch, Steve and I surreptitiously strolled out of the studio together, and when we were alone in the hallway, he grabbed me by the hand and almost dragged me into his dressing room. Once inside, I locked the door and turned to him, feeling absolutely no inhibitions after so many hours of hot, horny exhibitionism. I untucked my tank top and slowly peeled it up and over my head, arching my back so that my naked tits jutted out at him invitingly. Then I had an idea. I said, "Let's redo take one the way we'd have liked it to be."

I made him lie down on the floor, and I stood over him the same way I had done before, only this time I let my skirt drop. I loved showing him my nude body, and as he lay watching, I fingered my clit with one hand and played with a nipple in the other. His hands were at his pants in an instant,



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## FORUM

unzipping his fly and freeing his long, thick, beautiful erection. I then stepped over and straddled his face, lowering myself until my lips met his — my cunt lips, that is. He began to caress me with his tongue, and then he took a long, indescribable suck on my clit. I was throbbing with pleasure, not to mention bathing his face in my swift-flowing creamy juices.

At the point when I was about to orgasm, I pulled away and began to fulfill my promise. Still straddling him, I unbuttoned his shirt and licked my way down his chest and his belly until I reached his prick, which I enveloped with my lips, and began to suck him off and tongue him at the same time. I heard a low moan as I reached under and cupped his balls, giving them a gentle squeeze every so often as I sucked him harder. Moving my lips up and down the length of his shaft, I spread his beautiful lubricating pre-come all over with my tongue.

When I figured he couldn't wait any longer, I stood up and then squatted once more, only this time I lowered myself on to his stiff rod. When his entire cock was inside my grateful cunt, I stayed perfectly still and fucked him by tightening my muscles around his penis, squeezing and relaxing, squeezing and relaxing. All the while I looked him straight in the eye and fondled my nipples with both hands. His body began to shake, and he came in great warm spurts inside me. I moved my hand down to my wet pussy, rubbing my clit and riding his meat, which was still hard. I had a multiple orgasm like never before, wave after wave of fucking pleasure. After a few moments, Steve rolled me over on my back, spread my legs, and started lapping up the love juice. I couldn't believe it, but I started getting horny again, and soon Steve licked and sucked my cunt to another orgasm.

When I got home and my boyfriend asked me how the commercial shoot went, I told him it was fun. And that's the truth! Believe me, that director didn't have to apologise for making me wear scanty attire and as for Steve, I'm hoping to work with him again someday. — *Name and address withheld*

### Friends for life

My wife Linda and I have enjoyed many evenings reading Forum, and it usually results in our discussing our fantasies with and about each other. We have a very open and honest relationship when it applies to sex, and we love talking about, and later acting out, our most private and intimate desires.

One night a few months ago, Linda said she always enjoyed the thought of being with me and another man at the same

Continued on page 118

# Sins

## AVARICE

### Beware The Glossy Prospectus

**T**hey were trying to get my money and part of their sales pitch was a picture of a gi-normous oil refinery. Underneath the photo were the words: "This is not an asset of the company."

"Why, good sir," I asked, "do you publish then this photograph?"

"It's indicative," he replied, "of the wealth of the industry we are involved in."

Oh yes? I'm involved in the journalism industry — you now, Kerry Packer, Rupert Murdoch, Mike Willesee, David Quicksilver... On the strength of the wealth of others can I claim to be a prize-winning millionaire? In business it seems I can. If I wanted to float myself off as a company I could publish photographs of humble

scribes, such as Christopher Skase, who rose to be billionnaires. I could use Skase's success story to get suckers to give me a million or two to turn into, they hope, a billion or two.

Prospectuses — which should really be prospecti, but who knows Latin any more? — are those glossy documents heavily vetted by the corporate police to ensure the ever-trusting public doesn't get ripped off. And just as every year there will be floods and bushfires there will be, despite the most heavily vetted prospectuses, rip-offs.

The question which many honest businessmen (two or three of them) ask is: given that ripoffs still occur, why go through all the bother of putting out a prospectus? They are very

expensive and time-consuming.

Under the Companies Code, which applies in all states of Australia, any person or company seeking investment from the public is required to issue a prospectus, which must contain certain facts which, it is occasionally tentatively argued, should give the prospective investor a fair to middling idea of where his money is going: who the company promoters are; possible markets, if any, for the possible products, if any; an independent accountant's report; and a few other bits of junk and information useless only because it is included (if it weren't included it could be vital: eg how much money the promoters are going to rip out).

So you can see the first benefit of the prospectus: as much as possible of the scheme has to be published. Thus a promoter seeking money for a land development has to publish that he is selling the land to the company for ten times its worth (unless he can get, which is not at all impossible, a tame valuer) and is also getting a million dollar "promotional allowance." The fact that this has to be published tends to keep the blatant ripoffs on the low side; company promoters usually only ask about twice the worth of whatever it is they are selling.

Which is why it is important to read the entire prospectus if you are seriously thinking of putting your money into a venture. It is the basic selling tool and should contain all that there is available to know about the investment. Should. But often doesn't.

Your normal established property trust is a good example of a good prospectus. It will contain full details and addresses of the properties owned by the trust and the trust's history in paying out dividends. I'd argue it should also contain, for the benefit of the owners (ie the investors), fuller details of the rents paid and costs of maintenance and so on. Some do, most don't.

Your normal equity trust is a good example of a prospectus

that really doesn't tell you much at all. It can't. You gives your money over and you takes your chances. The only thing here is to trust the people to whom you give your money. They must be, firstly, honest and, secondly, good at investing.

A company that's just starting up is something else again. Thanks to the October crash these are few and far between these days but out there in the murky unpoliced public arena there are a few new scams coming along. It is with these investment-propositions that the art of creative prospectus writing comes into its own. There will be fabulous sales projections, "independent" experts' reports galore, half-successful real estate salesmen transmogrified into "international property consultants" (he once sold a beachside unit to a Malaysian student) and of course the inevitable artist's impressions.

One of the better artist's impressions I have seen was titled: "This is an artist's impression of a proposed building which will not be an asset of the company." It is my aim to one day better that with something like: "This is an independent artist's first draft sketch of a plant that somebody else on the periphery of this industry may install at some unspecified time in the future."

As a general rule the ordinary investor ought to be so wary of *any* companies as to avoid them altogether, no matter how pretty the prospectus or how many stories are about of people "getting in on the ground floor." Face it kids, the only people who get in on the ground floor are those who know where the door is; and then, so what? You may not want to enter the building anyway. There are plenty of doors but only few that lead anywhere.

Leave the ground floor for the experts. They know not only what's included in the prospectus but also what's not. And it's what's *not* that is important. Sometimes the omission can be: "We've been trying unsuccessful-



Illustration by Christine Haberstock



# Sins

fully to flog this idea to the Yanks for ten years and now we're hoping to get a few bucks back from the public so we can get on with something else."

Unfortunately, company promoters are aware of the fact that would-be investors are eager to believe stories that are not in the prospectus. So you'll hear tales of possible profits that are stupendous but weren't included in the prospectus because, "Well, we tried to keep it conservative" (which is wonderfully reassuring of the dodgy figures already included); or that drilling has gone ahead since issuing the prospectus and boy, the drilling crew is falling over itself to get a piece of the action (which means that the boys are hell for leather getting as much overtime in as they can before the world finds out they're drilling a duster).

Shonky operators use the "not in the prospectus but..." technique carefully because they can be prosecuted for making false claims. To avoid possible prosecutions they use salesmen picked up off the street (you've seen the ads: Make \$1000 a week, no experience necessary) who are then very definitely taught what they *shouldn't* say if they want to make a big sale but run the risk of breaking the law and what they *should* say if they want to make a small sale but

stay within the law. Once they're out on the street there's no supervision, so guess what sales line they use?

However, the big stockbroking firms can't always operate like this (but, believe it, they sometimes do) because they have to stick around for any investigations should the scheme eventually go belly up.

Now what the punter must realise is that even well-established brokers with knighthoods are neither repositories of all propriety nor always able to tell shit from clay. Just because they have the ear of the company chairman does not mean they know everything; don't forget the broker not only has the chairman's ear but his hand in the company wallet as well.

It all seems terribly difficult, doesn't it? If you can't trust prospectuses and can't trust what you're told on the QT how do you make a killing out of investing? The answer to that is quite simple: you don't. Not unless you're Holmes a Court or John Elliott.

But if you do happen to come across a gilt-edged dead cert, do you know the best way to decide? Toss a coin, ask Uncle Fred, consult the gizzards of a goose. They're as good as reading the prospectus anyway. — David Quicksilver

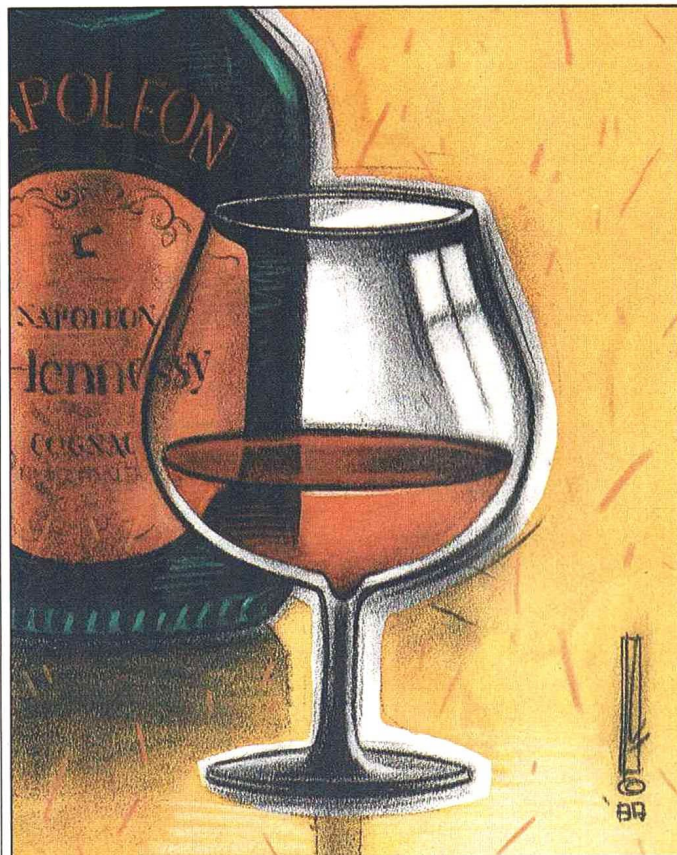


Illustration by Frants Kantor

products that have kept pace are those that have changed their image to "now" drinks for the grown-up Coca Cola kids. Belatedly, Cognac has had to jump on the modern marketing strategy bandwagon, although in all fairness "the world's finest brandy" has been one of the few growth areas in the French liquor industry lately. Not all the way, of course. You are now "allowed" to whip up your favorite cocktail with a Three Star, but it's still utter grossness to put anything in VSOP and above.

Cognac sells about 40,000 cases in Australia (about one percent of the total spirits market). World-wide sales are a staggering 162 million bottles, making us look very small pickings indeed. Nevertheless, in March, the Bureau Interprofessionnel du Cognac was motivated enough to set up the Cognac Information Centre (CIC). Australia is only the sixth country in the world, after the US, the UK, Germany, France and Japan, to host this prestigious body. The "carrot" is that over 90 percent of Australian Cognac sales are in the VSOP category and above. The number

one and number two markets, the US and the UK, remain essentially Three Star markets.

As implied earlier, the CIC is targeting the 20 to 45 age group for their projected upswing in sales. Because our marketing history in all products shows that we love things cheap or very expensive, the VSOP category and superior qualities will be more heavily promoted. The second weapon in the Cognac promoters' arsenal is the launch of a program of education courses and incentives to the restaurant and liquor trades. Even big spenders are far more likely to experiment with a glass in a restaurant rather than an expensive bottle from a liquor store.

Cocktails and mixed drinks have propelled liqueur companies to mega-million dollar sales in the past few years. In view of this, the Cognac producers want the Kylie "I've been to Bali too" Minogue clones to ask for brandy alexanders, sidecars and stingers specifying Three Star and VS Cognacs. The youngest bottled blend of each house, these brandies are from three to five years old.

## GLUTTONY

### Let Them Drink Cognac

**A**ds and movies about worldly success frequently show the "hero" cradling a plump snifter and gently swirling it so that the amber spirit laps the sides of the glass in graceful arches leaving you in no doubt that the shimmering liquid is Cognac. The image summons up visions of sweeping palaces and lush villas, of panelled dens and overstuffed chairs.

Well, the new twist to this now outdated scenario is that the Cognac producers want to retain this serene and elegant keynote of quality but are now redirecting

their publicity campaign away from those who vividly remember Hitler's rise to power to those who can just recollect the Beatles. Over 90 percent of Cognac is exported and the world no longer gives a French letter about traditional clichés emanating from a country where condescension is an art form.

The French have taken a huge battering in international wine, champagne and liqueur markets over the past few years, mainly because non-French consumers no longer buy pre-war marketing strategies that French is automatically best. The French liquor

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If, of course, you aspire to the world of chauffeur-driven jeeps, your choice will be VSOP, Reserve and VO Cognacs. These brandies have attained seven to ten years of age before bottling, and many contain a high percentage of 10, 15 and 20-year-old brandies. Very aged Cognacs that will set you back at least 12 to 15 Francis Greenways are labelled VVSOP, Vieille Reserve, Grande Reserve, Royal and XO. These are very fine Cognacs that generally contain brandies that have been wood-aged for 40 to 50 years or more.

For the stratospherically wealthy the only choice are those very rare Cognacs, blended from brandies that reach back to the 19th Century. Paradis by Hennessy and Louis XIII by Remy Martin are exceptional examples of this type. Take them with you to your private island. — *Elisabeth King*

## Greasing The Wine Press

**M**arc Besen's Tarra-warra Glen winery and country estate easily meets the scale required to merit a fully fledged helicopter-and-zoom lens visit from the crew of *Lifestyles Of The Rich And Famous*. (A title so sumptuously vulgar, by the way, that to experience its maximum resonance with the libido, one should tongue its syllables only in Robin Leach's own unctuous Cockney rolls: "Loifstoyles of the reech and foymous.")

Yes, Leach and his accent and his greasy key-hole peeper's fascination with swells and loot and conspicuous consumption would have felt quite at home on the sunlit day in the Yarra Valley that saw journalists from every state congregate to herald the release of Tarrawarra's first vintage — the 1986 Tarrawarra Chardonnay. All 1200 cases of it.

Marc Besen is the *eminence grise* behind the Sussan fashion chain. One of the richest men in Australia, he is the Clint Eastwood of Melbourne society.

That is, interviews are handed out as parsimoniously as Eastwood's dialogue in those Sixties spaghetti westerns. Besen will tolerate no questions about Sussan. He has graduated to loftier endeavors. A yeasty preciousness marks Tarrawarra — a tailored image of the man as patron of the arts and winemaker in pursuit of excellence.

Homemade scones and jam welcomed us into the winery that most guessed to be worth around three million dollars. Then it was off to a detailed discourse on the "Tarrawarra style." Winemaker David Wollan took us through the four component parts of the Burgundian-style wine, finishing with, well, the finished product.

This integrated tasting was yet another allusion to the Tarrawarra Grand Plan. Spreading over 315 hectares on the Yarra River (Tarrawarra means meandering), the property is a patchwork of vineyards, winery, grazing, general farming, country home and forest reserves. With so much restrained good taste as a back-up, the wine just couldn't be your big, buttery Chardonnay now, could it? For \$24 a bottle, Tarrawarra Chardonnay offers the leanness, acidity and the complexity of a French made-for-food bottling. Like caviar, it wasn't to everyone's taste.

What nobody could fault was the presentation of the whole tour, one of the best of its kind – an unrelenting, pared-down staccato of wised-up sentences burnished hard with the vernacular of vicarious greed: “The veal for lunch recently won the carcass of the year award”; “We don’t believe in the common practice of fruit salad planting”; “Mr Besen’s directive was to make the best Chardonnay possible — pull out the stops” etc.

Lunch was served down by the riverside to the tunes of a live bush band and the truly fabulous taste of Bollinger Grande Année — the famous champagne house's top of an exalted line of sparklers. The meal was served in white marquees, interior decorated with festooned muslin and perfectly pruned pot plants. It was here that the Tarrawarra

Chardonnay came into its own, accompanying local yabbies, chicken and pistachio galantine, traditional veal and egg pie to name but a few dishes. With food, the restraint of Tarrawarra came up strongly with a soft, medium palate, cleanly acid with overtones of oak, and a nutty/citrus/spice bouquet.

It was all made for a *Lifestyles Of The Rich And Famous* epi-

sode. Leach's formula of plucking open souls and reading the price tags works because even jaundiced journalists relate to the big winners of life. Power. That's what people fantasise about. As Leach himself has said: "It's not fan journalism I do, it's silk pyjama journalism." Wankers' world accusations notwithstanding, most Tarrawarra invitees slipped it on. — *Elisabeth King*

## The New Pick-Up Scene

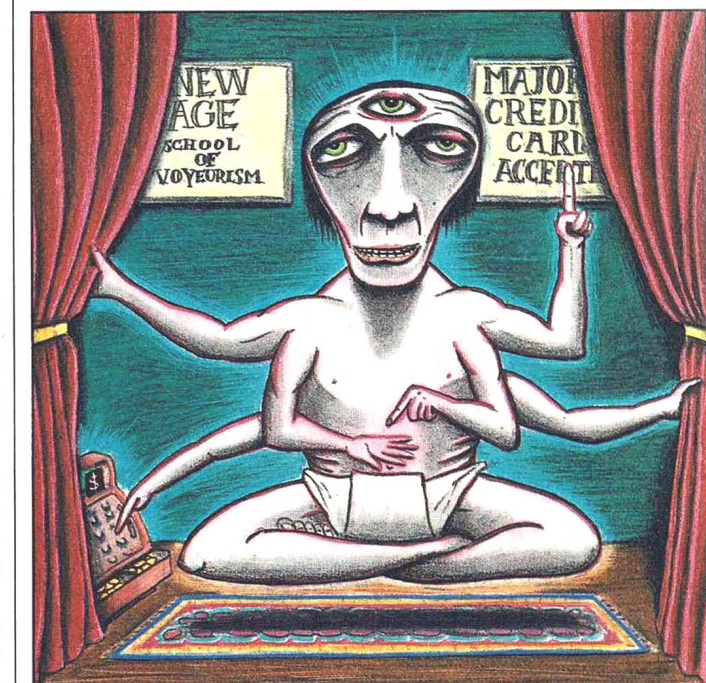


Illustration by Simon Bosch

**S**ceptics have no more fertile garden of dubiousness to occupy themselves than the current crop of "New Age" pseudo-sciences and philosophies. And they relish nothing more than a Randi/Carleton-style expose which so plumply Excets the latest Aquarian bandwagon.

Yet any browse through the classifieds reveals that not a dent has been made on the New Age/personal growth tuition market — and, if anything, the scope of growth avenues has never been wider. Still they keep coming to sign up for everything from spiritual astrology to psychic healing and aura massage.

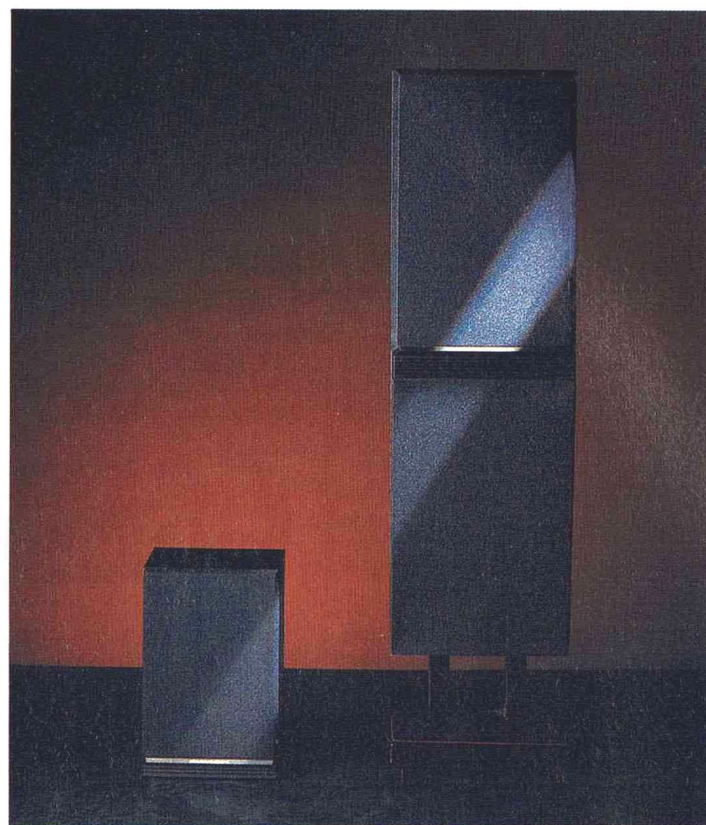
Why? A pagan reversion? A little digging reveals that the

underlying reason has very little to do with religion, science and philosophy. Rather, it has a lot to do with a question far more primal: *Where are all the girls?* Answer: Doing personal growth courses. While the ire of sceptics is raised to almost hysterical proportions, a new social class is forming under their noses: "coursies." People — young, available people — who do courses all the time. In anything and everything. And they're having a ball.

Whether or not the course organisers are even aware of it, their classes are serving as the current Yuppie wayback machine — back to the schoolroom where infatuations are born and flirting is okay again. "There's some-



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# Sins

thing about the group energy which builds up over the time you're all together — and these insane flashes of sexual energy start bouncing around the room," explains Tom, a 30-year-old Sydney caterer and self-confessed course. "All these people eyeing each other; all these women responsible for their own orgasms... It's amazing."

The connection with school-yard romance is irresistible. Feminism has created a wave of modern women on the rebound, scared to death of AIDS and sick to death of the Australian male's traditionally boozed-out attempts at courtship. In class they're occupied — and they're paying someone to do the worrying for them. "You hear a lot about women wanting to find the sensitive 'new' man. Believe it or not, he's actually just a bloke they can talk to about even the most vaguely personal things," says Tim — a masseur, psychic and crystal healer, energy balancer, T-shirt artist and black belt in Tai Kwon Do. "When you do a few courses you realise there's hundreds of girls out there desperate to communicate with men, to be reminded that not all men are arseholes. All the men at their workplace are arseholes; they realise how inane the pub and club scene is. Where do they meet men who acknowledge emotions? Not amongst the Sceptics Society, that's for sure..."

Despite such frank admissions, the scene works because there is no courting performance anxiety. Andy is 22 and admits he's probably addicted to courses, but because he's shy he'd rather pay the money and know he might learn something while increasing his chances of meeting Ms Right. "You can't help but come closer together as a group," he says. "You're locked up together for so long. You become a team." Andy's preferred courses are those specialising in communication of inner feeling and disclosures. "You get to unload. Est and Insight and that type of course are a chance to get rid of your baggage. The high lasts for a couple of weeks at least. But at

the end of an intensive session, no-one wants to go home. I mean, some of these guys are shameless. They pounce. There's no need to throw your car keys in the middle of the room. You just go around hugging everyone until someone doesn't let go of you..."

James, 28, has done at least a dozen such courses. "It's expensive, sure, but it's the only way I know to meet girls who are interested and interesting. I've learned a few things. I realise now that I have consistently sabotaged my personal relationships by resisting the expression of feeling. Women are fascinated by this admission, because they've all had trouble getting through to men. If the battle of the sexes is war, then you find truces in courses."

The hot tips? Any course dealing with communication and interaction. These rely heavily on and manipulate the group dynamic and often incorporate role playing to give it a sense of fun. They also emphasise close personal contact: the "huggy-huggy" numbers. Massage is another, touching being one of the quickest ways to cut through defences: the "touchy-touchies." Anything to do with healing generally creates a nice atmosphere; anything with an American flavor you can be sure will milk the group dynamic for all it's worth.

Out is astrology and numerology, as they are far too disciplined and bookish for the average punter and everyone seems to take it just a bit too seriously. Yoga and meditation are definitely out. They're too quiet and introverted for any useful forays; you say something and everyone's listening. Definitely out are any men's growth groups, for obvious reasons.

Basically, use your intuition — your feminine aspect — to help you decide. The New Age says we're all basically androgynous, you see. The reason the sceptics will never understand is that they're all left-brained, rational, cognitive thinkers rather than right-brained, lateral, intuitive feelers. The message is: access

your feminine side to access the female.

Tim, however, had the final word on that score: "You can forget about your feminine side

once you've become another story in the naked city. Even the most neurotic New Age feminist can handle all the male energy she can get." — Graem Sims

## VANITY

### Plastic Surgery

Just when I thought women were out of the woods, along comes plastic surgery, and if a girl's not having her eyelids scissored or her tits stuffed, she's unpatriotic. I mean, for a while there I thought we were safe. There are birth-control pills. Abortion is legal. Corsets and girdles are out of fashion. So is foot-binding. People are used to women doctors, women lawyers, even women columnists for girly magazines. Wow, I said to myself, for the first time in history there's no sanctioned societal

to grow old. A woman over 40 is ground death in a mask. Over 50, she's mugger fodder. If she doesn't look juicy and fuckable, what good is she? The only group of people who think 80-year-old women are sexy are 15-year-old rapists, and they do it out of iconoclasm. No. To be a 45-year-old woman is to be facing Siberia without the perks. Before plastic surgery was readily available, women just suffered and men found this suffering secretly attractive. But now that you can get your face lifted on any street corner, there's another alternative:

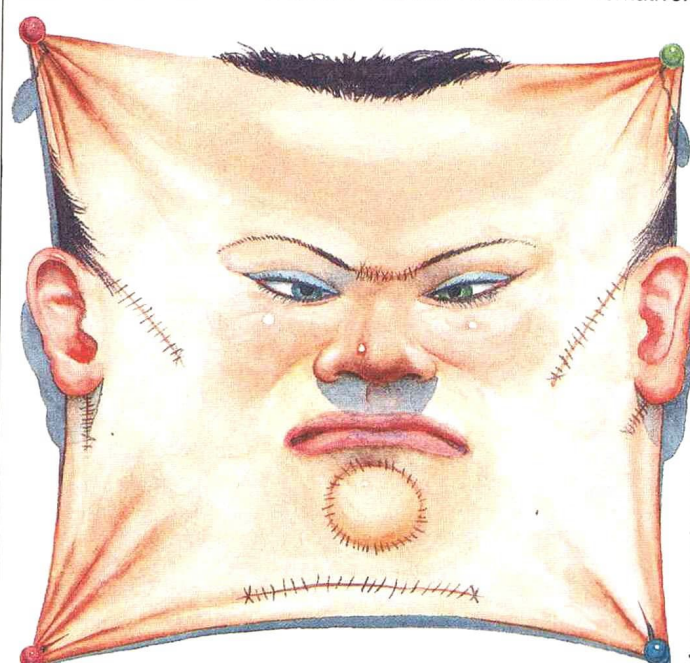


Illustration by Jon Berkeley

harm being done to us or that we can get into and do to ourselves. Wow, I said, maybe they'll just let us be. And then, before you could say "date rape", women are getting their laugh lines injected with plastic, their thighs sucked out by vacuums, and are going bankrupt doing it.

Are women crazy or what? Yes, women are crazy, but in this society, women are not allowed

to look young as long as you can, if only from the neck up.

I blame actresses. They're the physical role models. At this point there isn't an actress in Hollywood over 35 who hasn't had a tuck taken here or a patch sewn on there. Among actresses' handicrafts, plastic surgery has all but replaced quilting. And, I understand, it's addictive. I mean, look at Cher. If her cheekbones



# Sins

get any more prominent they're going to clatter on to the floor. And what about Victoria Principal? I can't recognise her anymore. Where are her eyelids? Does anyone know? The combined face-lift costs on *The Golden Girls* would impress Manuel Noriega. And Elizabeth Taylor's face is so taut, you could use it as a blackboard.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not a crusader for turkey wattles. I don't think saddlebags are beautiful or that tits like hound dog ears are a natural high. And I certainly don't believe it's the soul that counts, that inner beauty is the true value. Oh, no. I'm just as vain and shallow and superficial as any other woman and I'm no fool. I've seen the polls. How much easier is it for a good-looking person to get opportunities in this world than for an ugly person? A whole lot easier. Just ask Ronald Reagan.

No. What concerns me is the blood-and-guts aspect, the pain story. Are our older women turning into a nation of pain freaks? Is there much difference between breaking and binding a little girl's foot to keep it small and hence beautiful, and peeling down a woman's face and then

stretching and tacking it back to the top of her head to keep her looking young? One basic difference: The little girl had no choice.

No. I'm sorry. This is the Hospital For Unnecessary Surgery. If they slice your eyes or cut off your nose or shave your chinbone or suck out your thighs, it hurts. Your body swells up and bruises and throbs and gets infected and — ever had an operation or been in a car accident? It's like that. It's not like a few cuts and you go home like Linda Evans. No, it's months of recovery.

Plastic surgery is a national perversion. And I mention it here in a men's magazine because, clearly, you guys are next. Once women have learned to hate jowls and bags, what makes you think they're going to like them on you? You think paunchy and balding is a young woman's dream? Perhaps once, but not anymore. No, if all goes according to the plastic surgeons' plans, men will be having their rubber tyres lanced and their pecs injected with seawater and mouse pelts grafted to their hairlines, and all in the name of eternal youth. I can hardly wait. — Emily Prager

## ENVY

### Thy Neighbor's Wife

Like Tudor Turtle, the muddled malcontent of King Leonardo's court, we all want to be something we're not at one time or another. We want to be possessors of something we don't possess — our neighbor's wife (or ox if you're a bit bent) — or we want to play some part in life that someone else plays. We want to be Greg Norman's successor on the fairways or John Elliot's nemesis in the board room.

This simple coveting of roles or material goods need not be a bad thing. It becomes healthy ambition — what Napoleon Hill called "inspirational dissatisfaction" — if it leads you to go out and get what you want. But if coveting leads to anger at the

owners of wives or oxen or a better golf game, it becomes envy, which hurts both you and your neighbor.

The following quiz looks at these three sides of the wanting business: coveting, ambition, and envy. It examines a fourth one, too, which we'll come to later.

Answer each question Yes or No.

1. Are you content with life as it is?
2. Do you want more productive resources: skills, contacts, a better computer or machine shop, capital for wheeling and dealing, or anything else you can build on?
3. If you hear of someone winning the lottery, do you wish them well?

4. When your lover leaves an address book or diary lying around, do you search for names of possible rivals?

5. Did you ever deliberately make your own opportunity to search like that?

6. Do you want a better car?

7. Do you take active steps every day to get any of the things you want?

8. If you lose, are you happy for the winner? (If you've never lost, answer Yes.)

9. Do you want more power over other people: as bureaucrat, politician, expert, sadist, swayer of opinion, or whatever?

12. Did you ever question a lover about previous or present lovers?

13. Do you want a better place to live?

14. Do you believe that strong competition just means that what you want is really worth having?

15. Do you ever say something nasty about someone or cause them harm because they are better looking than you? (If you've never met anyone better looking, answer No.)

16. Did you ever follow a lover to see whom they meet and get around with?

17. Do you want more money?

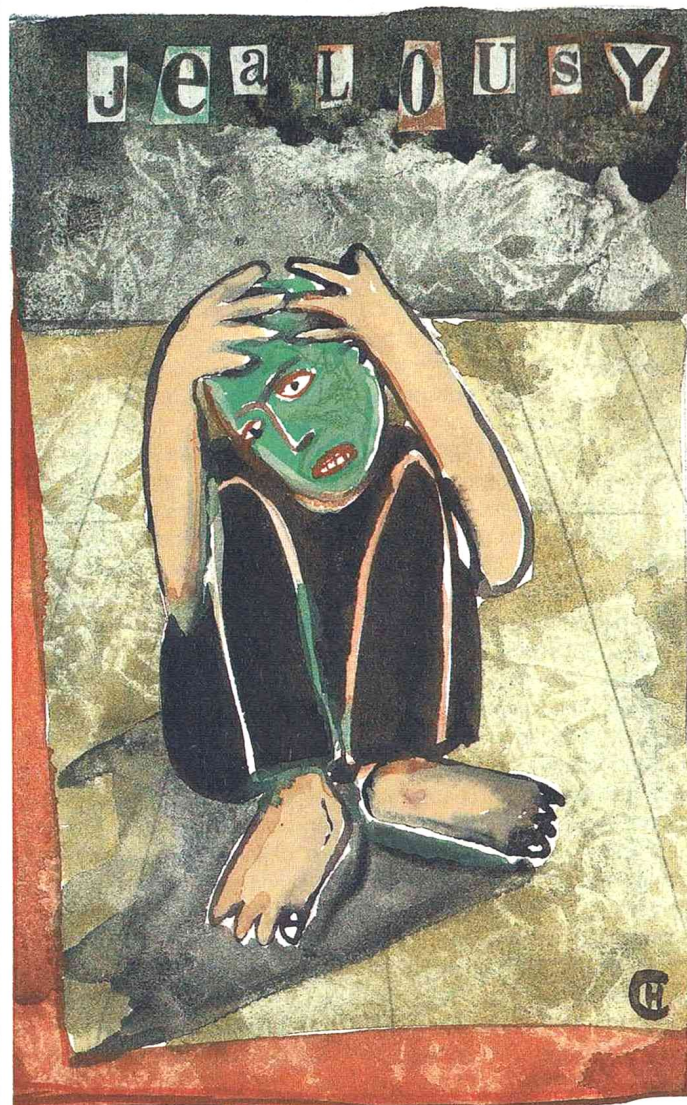


Illustration by Christine Habersack

10. Do you believe you can get what you want?

11. When someone in your profession or recreation gets a job or some other distinction you wanted, do you feel angry?

18. Do you succeed in getting any of the things you want?

19. Do you sometimes enjoy the downfall of someone who had something you wanted — an entrepreneur going broke, an

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# Sins

Illustration by Christine Haberstock



athlete losing his event, a beauty losing her rich husband?

20. Do you always keep a spare lover on hand, just in case your number one decides to stop seeing you?

21. Do you want more fame and applause?

22. Have you realised that anyone who can get all the things you want must be a lot more able than you are?

23. Do you often make nasty remarks about, or do something harmful to, someone who has a better career?

24. Did you ever listen in on your lover's telephone calls?

25. Do you want more or better lovers?

26. Are you pretty sure that having fun now, or just sleeping in this morning, is better than striving for the things you want?

27. When someone is more popular than you, do you find yourself disliking them, resenting their popularity?

28. Did you ever drop in on a lover unexpectedly when you thought you might surprise some competition there?

29. Do you want to travel more than you have?

30. Are you in the habit of welcoming distractions from your work?

31. Do you ever try to downgrade someone else's assets or achievements?

32. When your lover has close friends of the same sex, do you find it easy to imagine he or she is homosexual?

33. Are you spending more time enjoying things than wanting things?

34. Do you make firm decisions and follow through?

35. "When you can't join 'em, hate 'em!" Do you agree?

36. When you found out your lover was seeing someone else, would you feel like killing lover or rival?

## SCORING

For questions starting with Did, Do, or When, score 1 if you answered Yes.

For questions starting with Are, Have, or If, score 1 if you answered No.

**Covetousness:** Questions 1, 6, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, 33. Add up the 1s you scored on these to see how badly you want what you haven't got.

**Ambition:** Questions 2, 7, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, 34. Total 1s show how hard you're working to get what you want instead of wasting energy hating the people who've got it.

**Envy:** Questions 3, 8, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, 35. Add up the 1s to find how spitefully you lust after those oxen.

**Jealousy:** This is the fourth side of the wanting business, and the most deadly. Sometimes people say "jealous" when they mean "envious." And that may not be

totally wrong. A recent *Psychology Today* survey found the two feel alike for many people. Both of them stink up your mind and waste the energy you could use to get that Aston Martin or managing director's chair. But jealousy involves more pain and anger than mere envy, and arises when a relationship is lost or menaced. You aren't likely to kill or be killed on account of envy, but four out of ten murders arise from jealousy. Jealousy questions are 4, 5, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, 32, 36. Add up the 1s to see how badly you cope when someone steals your girl, or otherwise threatens the smooth running of your life.

## YOUR PATTERN

You can have two healthy patterns. Ambition higher than any of the others is stressful, but it means you are likely to get what you want. All four scores below 5, especially if Envy and Jealousy are lower than the others, means you are basically contented.

Unhealthy patterns have Envy or Jealousy highest. If that's your pattern, start working for the things you want. The effort will strengthen you so you don't have to be envious or jealous, and you might become our next great achiever.

The worst pattern is all four scores high; you're trying to drive your Bugatti different ways at once. Your chances of coming apart are excellent. Take a few weeks off to clear the anger out of your system. — *Hugh Bickway*

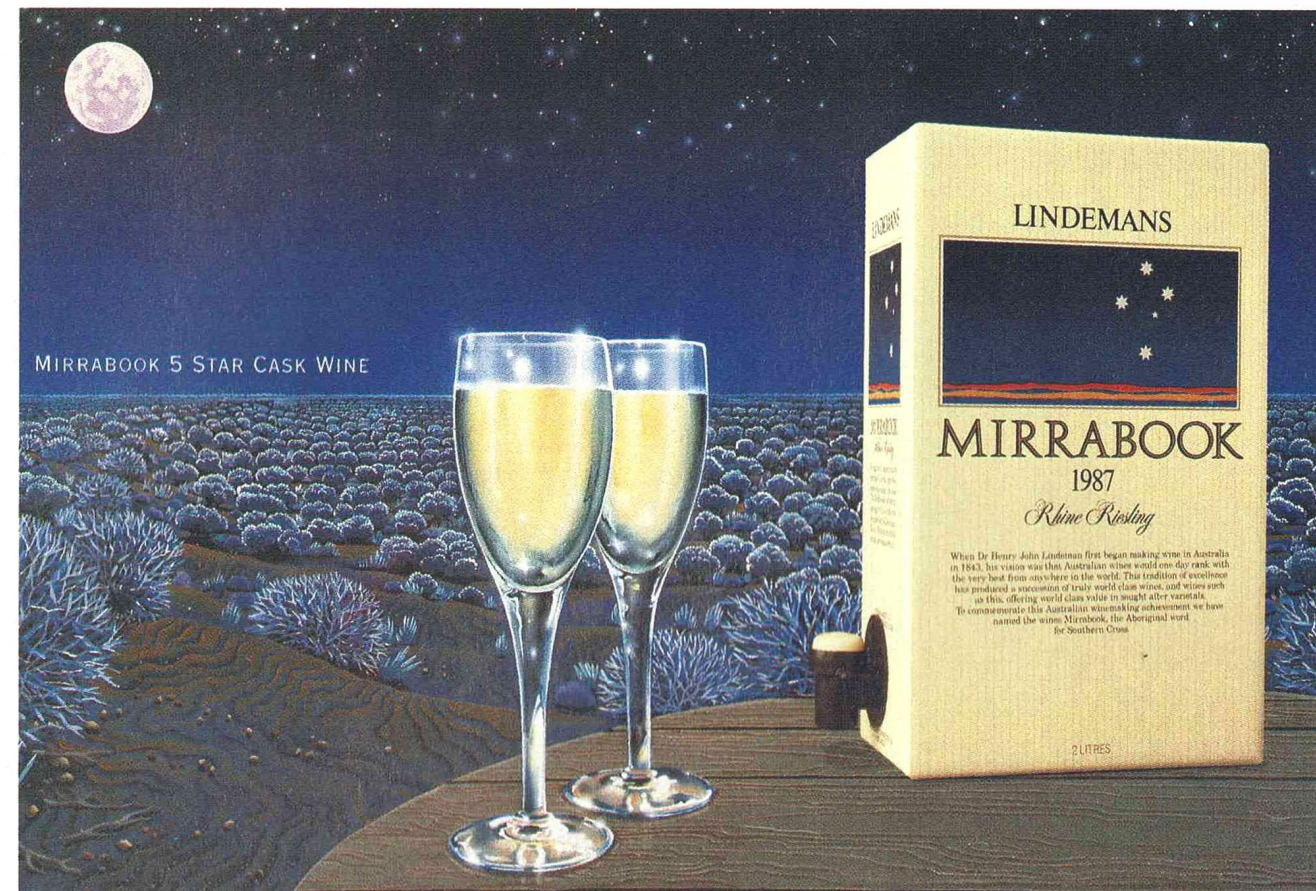
# SLOTH

## Fly Fishing In Canada

It happened to me again. Standing anxiously next to the conveyor belt at Vancouver airport, I watched my luggage blithely preceded by the usual collection of skis, papaws, caged cats, gym bags marked WARNING, surfboards, guitars and mysteriously wrapped rhomboid crates. My bag and three fishing rods were the last to soft-shoe shuffle past. The owner of these reel things elbowed me out of the

way in indecent haste. I forgave him instantly — time was getting away at the Vatican of world fishing.

Standing thigh-deep in Canadian waters, holding a hand-made rod by Hoagy Carmichael Junior and knowing that salmon are nearby is the pinnacle of all that's important for rod sports enthusiasts. On the west coast, Canada offers the indescribably stunning landscapes of British



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# Sins

Columbia, where the poignant beauty of the dusks and dawns would have Shakespeare scrambling for a sonnet. The calm wilderness of Quebec and the maritime provinces' eastern rivers are regarded as the High

keen fisherman is reduced to attracting interest in the fly out of the salmon's casual curiosity or irritation; he must draw deeply on his reserves of skill and patience to lure a fish whose mind is on anything but feeding.

they see as kneejerk criticism from the effete east. Unlike the salmon scenario in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Quebec, where the fish return two or three times to spawn, their Pacific compatriots do the deed once and die. Uncaught fish is wasted fish, so there's no reason to pussy-foot around with fly fishing. Anyone fishing in western waters aims for the bays and ocean, packed to the teeth with live bait, buzz bombs, downriggers, spinners and plugs.

The Chinook (king) and Coho salmon are the most sought-after quarry, but in the past decade the lesser prized Chum has entered the race, mostly because there's still a big chance of pulling in a record specimen.

September is the best, but not the only month for a Canadian fishing trip on both coasts. Don't just lope off without planning; the Canadians spend big money luring neighboring Americans to one of their finest assets. When dealing with camps and lodges, state clearly whether or not you have ever seen a salmon apart from a meaty middle cut in a John West can. Check out cancellation clauses, tips, taxes and extras like transportation. In the west, additional light plane flights are commonplace. It is also mandatory to check details of specific fishing seasons, licensing requirements and entitlements in each province. Most provincial governments have rules on different stretches of water. For foreigners, a guide is an essential, not a luxury.

Nova Scotia is well supplied with fishing camps and lodges. Chute Pool Lodge in the town of Middleton (PO Box 149) offers an all-in week in Labrador which takes in three days salmon and two days trout fishing.

Lansdowne Lodge in Upper Stewiacke (PO Box 29) is more stripline, but if you're more into fishing than luxury, it has a top class reputation. Neighboring New Brunswick sports the Old River Lodge at Doaktown (and that's all the address you need to write), which also offers a learn-to-fish program for those with nil experience. At the economy level

is Wilson's Sporting Camp at McNamee. Again, the town and province are enough postal information on the envelope.

The ZEC waters of Quebec are a bargain for those with the pioneering spirit. The large letters stand for *Zone Exploitation Controllee* and represent a labyrinth of a reservation system to secure an angler's footing. Rates are very low for these formerly private waters now owned by the provincial government. Some have unkindly suggested that the low tariffs are to compensate for the difficulty of dealing with the French-speaking officials.

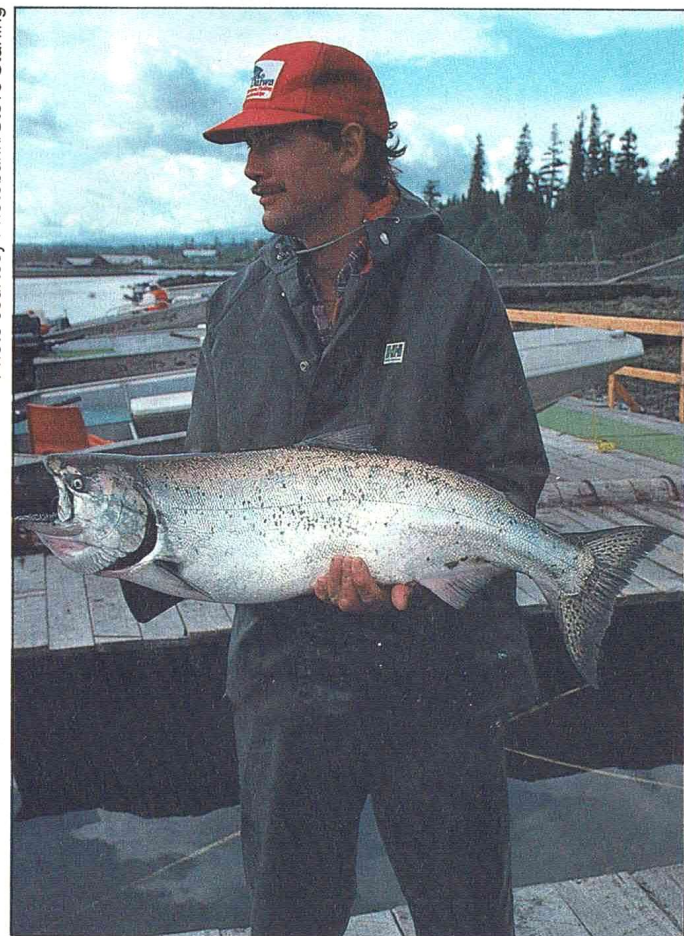
Just the name — Alaska Panhandle — is enough to get the blood churning. Big Fish Country at Terrace, British Columbia (PO Box 864) has an enviable reputation for attaining the big ones on the west coast. Buck's Camp (Box 86344, North Vancouver) takes visitors way up the coast to River's Inlet for four or five-day adventure packages. Or why not contact Great White North Summer Safaris for a chauffeur-driven trek of river and coastal fishing? The company provides the driver and a motor home but no food. Presumably, they are confident in your ability to catch your own. Write to Box 1059, Station A, Prince George BC.

To its credit, Canada represents fishing for the common man. Local governments do not renew leases on river sections to private individuals, preferring to turn them over to public use. In Canada, you don't have to be a rich man to be indulgent — just wealthy in spirit and enterprise.

What happened to my "friend" at the airport? Well, he went up to Saskatchewan and won the annual trout fishing competition, much to the chagrin of the locals. This year, he's going back for the east coast salmon. "Someone told me that in Quebec, if you aren't really good every fish landed costs \$400 travel and accommodation expenses. We'll see about that."

Qantas flies direct to Vancouver for west coast fishing grounds. Air Canada connects you to the eastern provinces. — Elisabeth King

Photo courtesy Photobank/Steve Starling



Church of the noblest of sports.

The Atlantic salmon population of eastern Canada was seriously reduced in the Sixties when commercial fishermen "strip-mined" its sea bed fishing grounds. To try to rectify the situation, the Canadian authorities have catch-and-release rules for big fish. The codes and traditions of the sport in the east lean heavily on British rules; only dry and wet flies are used — never worms or what is known in the purists' lexicon as "hardware."

The main targets in the east are the brights — as shiny as a new white gold wedding ring, they are mostly fish heading upstream to procreate. Spawning is so single-minded a business that Mother Nature dries up the salmon's gastric juices and shrivels their stomachs to almost nothing. The

Even if the salmon takes, you're not home and hosed. The angler who starts to pull in too quickly nearly always loses the fish — remember, it isn't hungry. Nine times out of ten it just toys with the bait, letting go with the first gentle pull. But even if the fish bites, a whirlpool beckons. Locals love to frighten tourists with tales of a salmon ripping off a hundred metres of line with a single bat of its tail.

There are few Marquess of Queensberry rules out west. Easterners speak of western efforts as "meat fishing", claiming that you can have a metaphysical experience in their rivers without even hooking a steelhead. "Pacific fishing is for the pan, man."

As usual, the British Columbians don't give a lumberjack's burp about what

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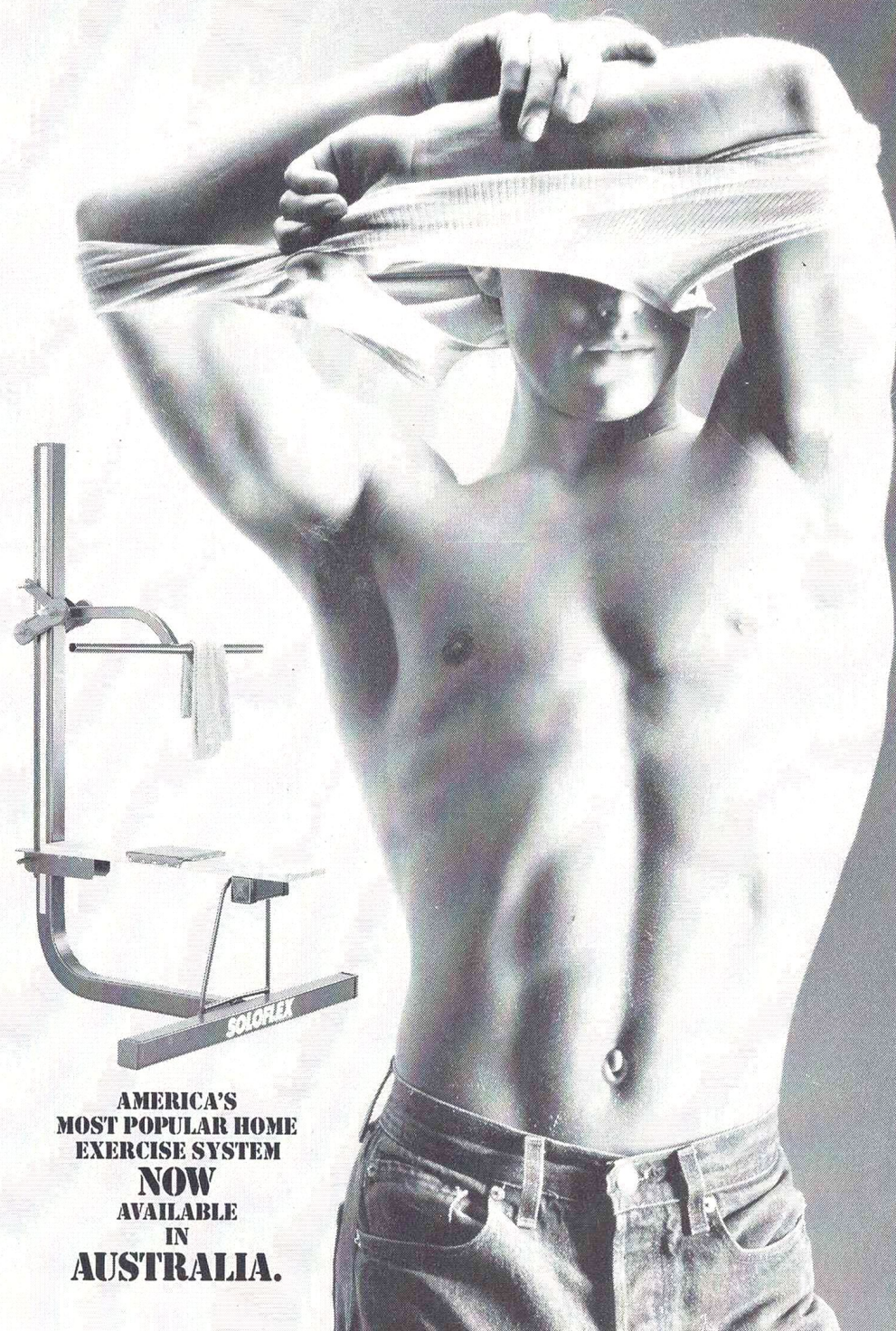
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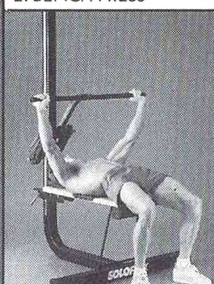
# NO GAIN"

## MONDAY

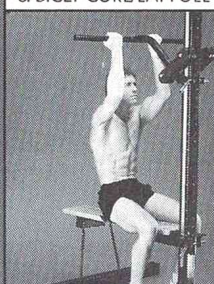
1. INCLINE SITUPS



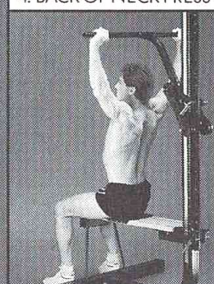
2. BENCH PRESS



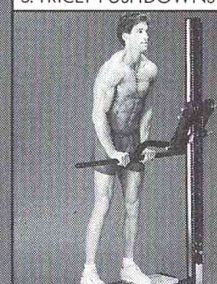
3. BICEP CURL/LAT PULL



4. BACK OF NECK PRESS



5. TRICEP PUSHDOWNS

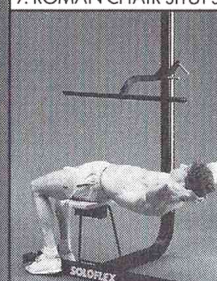


6. LEG PRESS



## WEDNESDAY

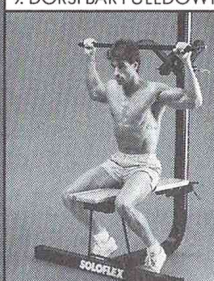
7. ROMAN CHAIR SITUPS



8. INCLINE BENCH PRESS



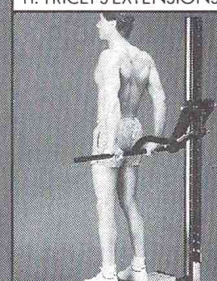
9. DORSI BAR PULLEDOWNS



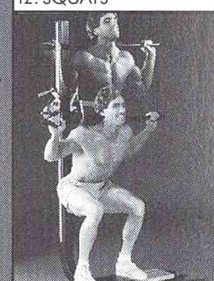
10. MILITARY PRESS



11. TRICEPS EXTENSIONS



12. SQUATS



## FRIDAY

13. VERTICAL SITUPS



14. DIPS



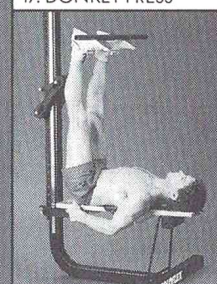
15. CHINS



16. UPRIGHT ROWING



17. DONKEY PRESS

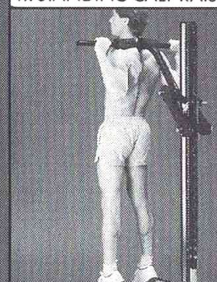


18. FRONTAL SQUATS

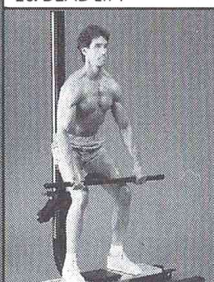


## OPTIONAL

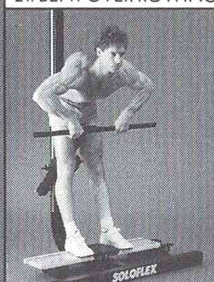
19. STANDING CALF RAISES



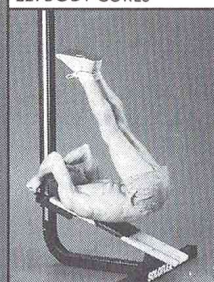
20. DEAD LIFT



21. BENT OVER ROWING



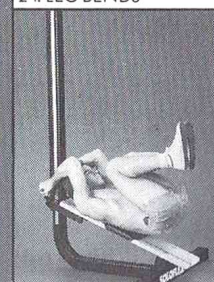
22. BODY CURLS



23. SHOULDER SHRUGS



24. LEG BENDS



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BY RICK FENELEY

**J**ust before the harvest season at the beginning of this year, soldiers swept through the highlands of northern Thailand, destroying hundreds of hectares of opium poppies. But the Thai Government's campaign to rid the country of opium — albeit an effective one — won't make an ounce of difference to the amount of heroin leaving Thailand and reaching the veins of addicts throughout Australia, Burma and Laos, the other two opium-producing countries of the "Golden Triangle" (from which Australia receives the vast bulk of its heroin supply), are increasing their output. And most of the illicit harvest continues to be smuggled through Thailand, often with the help of corrupt officials.

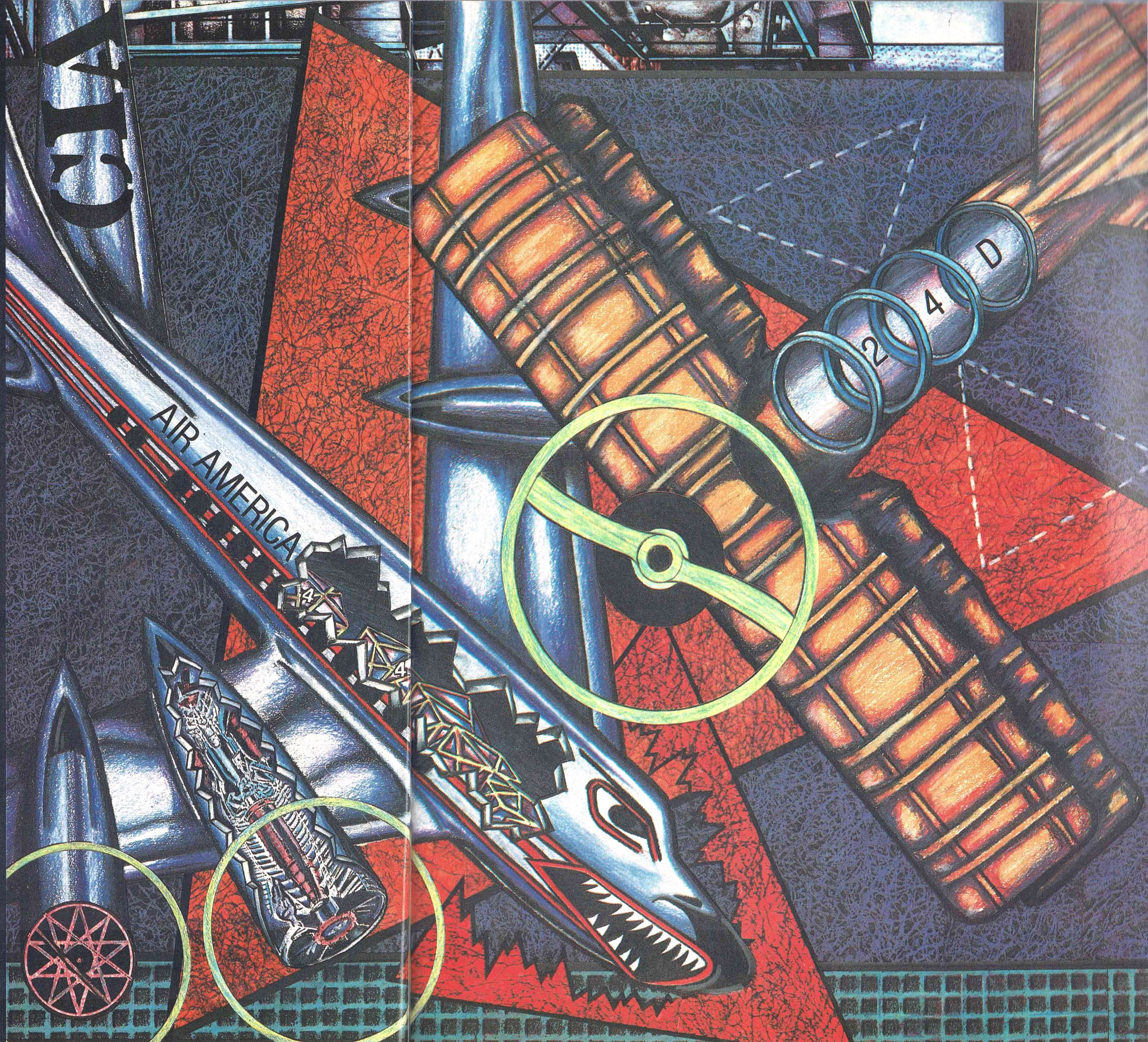
There is a numbing futility about the Western world's war against drug production in South-East Asia. America now spends millions each year on international drug suppression campaigns. In spite of all that investment and years of effort, more heroin than ever before is finding its way out of the Golden Triangle. According to a top US agent in Thailand, the whole campaign is little more than a charade and the best that can be hoped for is maintenance of the status quo.

It seems incredible that in this technologically sophisticated age, no sufficiently powerful force can be brought to bear to stem the flow of a substance which causes untold suffering and places an intolerable burden on Western society. To understand how we've arrived at this situation, it's necessary to understand the complex web of economic and political imperatives that has ruled this remote and strife-torn pocket of the world for the past quarter century.

# THE PHONY WAR

The US Government's drug suppression campaign in the Golden Triangle is the world's longest-running charade

ILLUSTRATION BY RUSSELL GOODMAN





# PHONY WAR

While the kingpins of the heroin industry escape unscathed, those who have always profited least from the nefarious trade are suffering because of Thailand's anti-opium drive: the hill tribespeople who grow the opium poppy.

Lawng Lolli, a Lisu hill tribesman from a small village in the country's remote northwest called Sai Ngam, recalls bitterly how "more than a hundred" soldiers of the Thai Third Army came without warning in January 1987, when the red and white petals of the poppy were in full bloom. The people wept as the soldiers, armed with bamboo poles, hacked down their only cash crop. The Thai Government boasted that it ordered the destruction of almost 250 hectares of poppy fields in the January-February harvest season that year, and added that many hundreds more would go this year. The campaign cost Lawng, his wife and eight children their entire annual income of 20,000 baht — about \$A1100.

No compensation was paid. Instead, 41-year-old Lawng was handed strange seeds and told to make red beans, maize and coffee his new cash crops. With these he has been a dismal failure in his first year as a licit farmer. He made a pitiful 5000 baht. "I can't go on like this," he told the author through an interpreter. "I know

opium is bad but I have to feed my family."

The hill tribes inhabiting the Golden Triangle — among them the Lisu, the H'Mong (or Meo), the Yao and the Lahu — have never bathed in luxury from the opium trade. A family producing ten kilos of the stuff might get up to \$A1500 for its trouble — the best part of a year's work. The opium would typically be carried by mule or by men with backpacks to secret heroin refineries, often portable laboratories, hidden away in the heavily forested mountains around the borders separating Burma, Thailand and Laos. There the 10kgs of opium will make one kilogram of top-grade Number 4 heroin, 85 to 95 percent pure.

A dealer with the right connections might pay \$14,000 for the kilogram of heroin in Chiang Mai, Thailand's major northern city and the Golden Triangle's main drug marketing centre. The same kilogram will fetch \$140,000 from a wholesaler in Australia. When cut to a purity of eight to 12 percent and sold to addicts in Kings Cross or St Kilda, that kilo of smack will realise roughly \$1 million.

A million dollars worth of misery for Australian junkies begins as a \$1500 pittance for poor tribal farmers. It's often said that both addict and farmer are the victims of the heroin industry. Why then do the hill tribes grow opium?

Essentially, they have no choice. As shifting "slash and burn" farmers, living at

altitudes above 1000 metres, they are agriculturally and geographically suited to opium production. Most of the hill tribe groups in Burma, Laos and Thailand have migrated over the centuries from Southern China, where opium was brought from the Mediterranean by Arab traders as early as the 7th Century AD.

Opium provided the growers with a commodity for trade, often their only medicine for sicknesses like malaria, sometimes an addiction and eventually a way of life. China's opium production increased dramatically following its defeat in the Opium Wars last century. Britain, unhappy with a trade imbalance favoring a self-sufficient China, corrected this by using its military might to force upon the Chinese opium grown in the British colony of India. By the turn of the century, Britain had left a legacy of about 15 million opium addicts in China, and by that time the Chinese, no longer relying on the Indian product, had an annual opium crop of 22,000 tons.

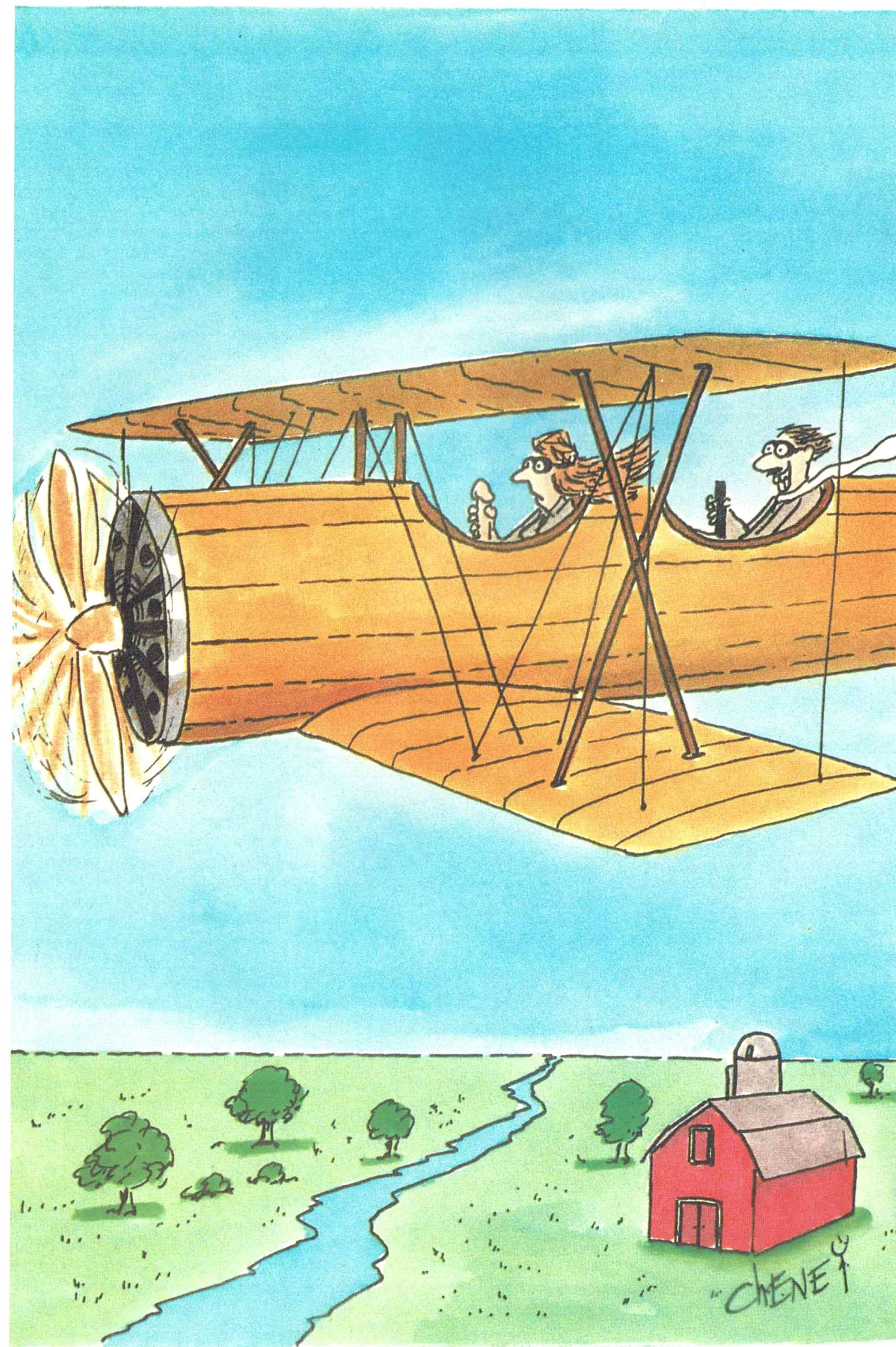
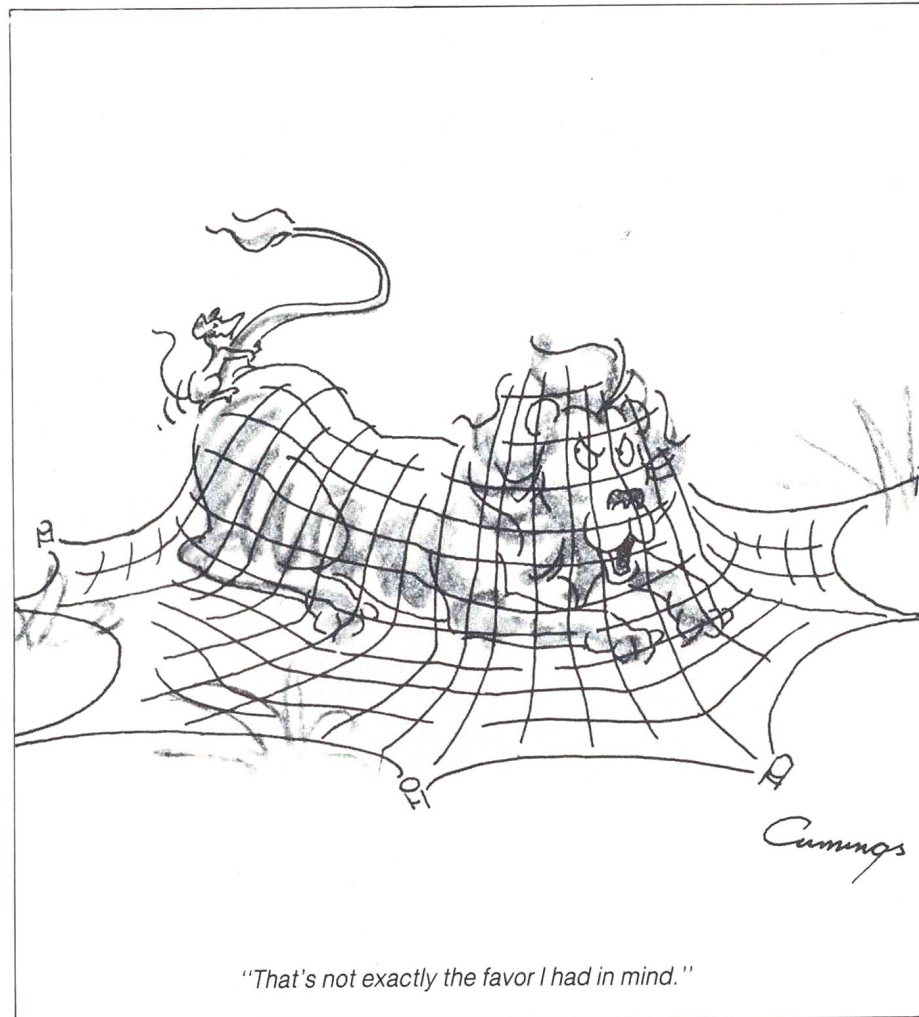
Chiang Kai-shek's Chinese nationalists, the Kuomintang (KMT), used opium profits to fund their military campaigns aimed at retaining rule over China. When the KMT was ousted with the Communist Revolution of 1949, opium production quickly ended in China. But hill tribes which moved from China into South-East Asia, before and after the revolution, and the KMT forces which fled mainly to Burma, took with them their considerable expertise in opium production and marketing.

Already in Indochina, the French colonial government had established an opium monopoly. During World War II, France feared a serious fall in its revenue because of the squeeze on the supply of opium from Iran and Turkey for its addicted subjects in Indochina. To insure against losses, the French encouraged H'mong hill tribes (commonly known as Meo) in Laos to dramatically increase their opium production. Likewise, Thailand authorised the growing of opium after the war because it feared its opium import monopoly would not be able to meet the demands of its addict population.

The Kuomintang quickly built the world's biggest opium and heroin empire in the Shan State of Burma, from where it continued to fight the Communist Chinese. Funding from America's Central Intelligence Agency supplemented opium profits to pay for the KMT's war.

Using American guns, the KMT often forced the hilltribes to expand opium production, which reached hundreds of tonnes by the Sixties. Taxes, to be paid in opium, were also imposed on the hilltribes as a means of increasing their output.

The KMT controlled up to 90 percent of the Golden Triangle's opium and heroin output by the late Sixties. At that stage, most of the opium was refined into Number 4 heroin in laboratories nestled in mountainous border forests, before being smuggled through Thailand, or sometimes





PHONY WAR

through Laos, and on to Hong Kong, Australia, North America and Europe.

Meanwhile, the CIA had recruited H'mong hill tribesmen in Laos to help fight a secret war against the Communists. To safeguard their loyalty, the CIA's Air America began flying opium runs for the H'mong. Doctor Alfred McCoy's book *The Politics Of Heroin In South-East Asia* details how this opium, once refined into heroin, was used by addicted American GIs fighting a drug-hazed war against the North Vietnamese.

McCoy argued that America's chronic drug problem was largely of its own making. He found that America had facilitated the expansion of the world heroin trade by allying with groups actively involved in drug trafficking, abetting the traffic by covering up for the traffickers and secretly condoning their involvement, and, worst, actively transporting opium and heroin.

Today heroin, while it might not command the same media attention as it did in the Seventies, is being trafficked and used in greater volumes than ever before — despite the US Government's belated attempt to erase the problem by throwing money at it.

Disturbing are the 1987 estimates on the world's major opium producing nations, compiled by the US National Narcotics Intelligence Committee, particularly when compared with the figures for just five years previously.

|                   |              | 1987            | 1982           |
|-------------------|--------------|-----------------|----------------|
| "Golden Triangle" | Thailand:    | 10- 15 tonnes   | 57 tonnes      |
|                   | Laos:        | 100- 290 tonnes | 50 tonnes      |
|                   | Burma:       | 660-1060 tonnes | 450-550 tonnes |
| "Golden Crescent" | Pakistan:    | 100- 130 tonnes | 50- 75 tonnes  |
|                   | Iran:        | 200- 400 tonnes | 400-600 tonnes |
|                   | Afghanistan: | 400- 500 tonnes | 250-300 tonnes |
|                   | Mexico:      | 10- 30 tonnes   | 16 tonnes      |

Even more disturbing than these figures is the newly-held fear that the estimates could be serious understatements. A record 680 kg heroin seizure in Thailand last year fuelled the fears. Authorities were shocked not just at the size of the bust, but by the implications of an organisation so audacious that it would shift this much heroin in a single haul.

The US Drug Enforcement Agency's people in Thailand are now trying, with difficulty, to convince their colleagues back home that much more Golden Triangle heroin is reaching North America than is officially estimated. There are no figures

as yet on the amount of heroin entering Australia, but authorities know that most of it comes from the Golden Triangle. It follows that if American officials are concerned, their Australian counterparts should be equally worried.

Thailand no longer rates among the great heroin suppliers of the world. Communist Laos apparently does, although the estimates — American as they are — might be distorted for political reasons. US drug officials in Thailand say the Laotian Government rakes in marijuana and heroin profits and that the Laotian Army, as in pre-communist days, arranges the smuggling of the drugs through both Vietnam and Thailand.

Burma continues to be the world's biggest opium producer. A nation in name only, large segments of Burma are run by disparate political and ethnic minorities. Many of these fund their insurgencies against Burma's socialist government with opium profits.

The biggest opium-producing region is the Shan State of Burma. Here, leading the Shan State Army, is the half-Chinese, half-Shan General Khun Sa, commonly referred to as the Golden Triangle's greatest "opium warlord" and "heroin kingpin" — or, according to one scribe in Thailand, "the biggest drug dealer in the world."

Khun Sa took over much of the opium empire left by the KMT after the Chinese nationalists were finally forced into Thailand by Burmese Government troops in the mid-Seventies. The KMT was down but not out. Official refugees in Thailand,

the KMT's leaders and troops continued to operate as an army and, maintaining a network into Burma, stayed in business as leading heroin marketers.

Less than a decade ago, both Khun Sa's and KMT troops — who had fought each other in bloody battles for opium profits — were put on the Thai Government's payroll to defend Thailand's northern borders against communist insurgents. By then, Thailand had tough laws (including the death penalty) for drug traffickers, yet it sub-contracted its security to the leaders of the local heroin industry and provided them a sanctuary in

which they freely pursued their criminal business.

Thailand dropped its allegiance with Khun Sa and forced him back into Burma in 1982. Some observers say this move was applauded as much by the KMT, which hoped to monopolise the opium trade in Thailand, as it was by people worried about the growth of the heroin industry.

In recent years, with the threat of communist insurgents no longer pressing, the Thai Government has ordered most of the KMT remnants to forfeit their guns. The KMT, with its old dream of one day reclaiming China crushed, no longer exists officially in Thailand. But the Chinese Irregular Forces (CIF), as the old KMT troopers working for Thailand are called, have one remaining outpost: a small town on the Burmese border called Mae Aw. Here, the enemy is none other than Khun Sa.

Khun Sa admits taxing opium caravans passing his territory and heroin refined and sold on his turf, but denies direct involvement in the production or trafficking of heroin. US officials scoff at the General's claims that he has washed his hands of drugs. They say he's a rebel with a cause: up to 80 percent of the heroin refining operations — and profits — in the Golden Triangle.

Khun Sa, heroin kingpin or not, is the unrivalled media star of the Golden Triangle. Perhaps this has diverted attention from other operators in the region. No attention is given, for example, to the continuing involvement of the Chinese Irregular Forces (or, as they still call themselves, the Kuomintang). The KMT, not surprisingly, deny any such involvement.

At the Mae Aw border post, soldiers tell tourists in broken English: "Opium bad!" In elaborate mime, they explain that the KMT has imposed its own death penalty for people meddling in drugs.

A senior US drug suppression official based in Thailand reckons this sounds like nonsense propaganda. "There is no doubt," said the official, "that the Chinese Irregular Forces are involved in the marketing of significant amounts of heroin and that this is an integral part of their operations." He suggested the CIF may be keeping contact with the Kuomintang ruling Taiwan, possibly providing the southern flank of intelligence in China's Yunnan Province and still pursuing the KMT's ultimate goal, however whimsical, of one day reclaiming China.

Khun Sa claims the KMT is buying rebel Burmese Communist Party opium and refining it on Thai soil. In turn, American and Thai officials accuse Khun Sa of dealing with the Burmese Communists.

The very clandestine nature of the heroin business — and the reluctance of drug suppression officials to talk openly to the media — makes it near-impossible to state exactly who controls what in the Golden

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## PHONY WAR

Triangle today. What can be said is that American officials are angered by the KMT's continued privileged involvement and the Thai Government's apparent willingness to "leave the child molesters minding the creche."

The Burmese Government can offer the genuine excuse that it has no control over vast tracts of land upon which opium is grown. Despite a US-funded program to eradicate 40,000 acres of poppy fields in Burma this season by aerial spraying of US-supplied herbicide, opium production will continue in Burma for as long as its many "freedom fighters" remain strong, or at least until they find another means of funding their wars.

A coalition of ten Burmese rebel minorities, the National Democratic Front, does claim to be free of any contact with drugs. These groups, seeking international respectability and financial support for their rebellions, have realised that it's bad public relations to be linked with an industry that is killing the sons and daughters of the Western world.

The largest of Burma's and the Democratic Front's rebel minorities, the Karen National Union (KNU), sells T-shirts boasting it is "anti-communist" and "anti-drug" to tourists who illegally cross from Thailand to the KNU's stronghold at the

Three Pagodas Pass. Here the tourists enter "Burma" with the same ease as men carrying backpacks full of black market goods from Thailand; the tourists leave just as simply as the truckloads of teak smuggled through Thailand to overseas markets.

The Karen fund their rebellion with a seven percent tax on all goods passing their territory, bound for Rangoon to supply Burma's only really functional economy, the black market. But the KNU says most of its money comes from the teak it fells and smuggles through Thailand, not before paying healthy bribes to Thai police. There are no Thai soldiers or customs officials permanently based at this border post.

Quite clearly the Karen rebels are doing Thailand a great service, providing free border security and a buffer against a traditional enemy, Burma. And while Thailand might not approve of Khun Sa, it enjoys the coincidental benefits of his remaining strong while Burma — which it still regards as a potential enemy — remains weak. Thailand, already paying dearly to maintain strong defences against Communist Vietnam, Laos and Kampuchea, can do without worrying about Burma. Xenophobic Burma doesn't much trust Thailand either.

It cannot be expected then that Burma and Thailand will, in the foreseeable future, sincerely join forces in the fight

against drug trafficking. And, as America's security interests in the region pretty well mirror those of Thailand, there is little prospect of the US lending direct military support to Burma so it can crush the opium and heroin-running rebels.

And so we come full circle. After 25 years of rebel activity in Burma, very little has changed. The "war against drugs" in the Golden Triangle remains, on the face of it, unwinnable. It is a phony war.

Helping to maintain the status quo, say US sources, are corrupt officials in the upper echelons of the Thai police force who continue to receive big bribes from the major drug syndicates. This occurs despite the widely-held belief that Thailand's current political leaders are "clean" and that they genuinely want to take the country out of the world drug business.

Indeed, some observers believe Thailand's stand has been too puritanical and zealous when it comes to stopping its hill tribe populations from growing opium. New Zealand academic Dr John McKinnon, who has long been involved with hill tribes in northern Thailand, complains that the opium eradication campaigns have been too hasty. "In our enthusiasm to eliminate the opium poppy, we tend to overlook the social and economic costs for the hill tribe populations," he says.

Not all hill tribe farmers whose opium crops have been destroyed have been

neglected by the government. Many tribespeople have received generous support under crop substitution programs, with roads, schools and marketing assistance assuring their financial success. However, McKinnon says this rapid development is having adverse effects on people who until recent years had little contact with the outside world or the broader economy.

A strong defender of the crop substitution projects is an American who has been involved in the schemes for 15 years and whose contact with hill tribes goes back more than 25 years. Dick Mann is now with the Thai-Norwegian Church-Aid Highland Development Project, a joint effort with the Thai Government and the United Nations Fund for Drug Abuse Control.

Mann rejects the view that crop substitution itself is an attack on the hill tribe cultures. He says it merely changes their economic base, and that this has been a good thing. "Before, the drug traffickers would force the hill tribes into debt by loaning them money they could only repay with the next year's opium crop. Or in one village the H'mong used to hire Karen [hill tribe] opium addicts to grow their crop, and paid them in opium. Now that community is growing cabbages and the Karen are being paid in cash."

The main objective of crop replacement is to provide a real alternative to the hill farmers' reliance on opium as a cash crop. Another important reason for the programs is protection of Thailand's highland forests. The hill tribes, as shifting slash-and-burn cultivators, have been responsible for the destruction of vital forests forming Thailand's watershed, hence threatening lowland farming regions with flooding and erosion.

Mann says widespread criticism of crop substitution, with claims that no effective alternative to opium has been found, do not bear scrutiny. "The hilltribes are in most cases making more money with the crops they're growing now than they were with opium. In one outstanding case, a Yao man who never made more than 20,000 baht a year from opium made 60,000 baht in his first year of coffee production, 100,000 in his second year, and this year, he'll probably bring in 200,000."

This program has been running only three years and already boasts a 96 percent decrease in the area under poppy cultivation in the 43 project villages. The program has also shown a remarkable success rate in a campaign against opium addiction: of 264 addicts treated, 118 have not gone back to the drug.

Some villages have been just as remarkable in their positive approach to these campaigns. Hundreds of people from one community gathered together to ceremoniously destroy their opium pipes while H'mong villagers did the Third Army's work for it, taking up bamboo poles

and hacking down their own poppy plantation.

The director of Thailand's Northern Narcotics Control Centre, Bunpo Piadmee, expressed little sympathy recently when asked about the fate of opium farmers whose crops will be destroyed this season. "Growing opium is illegal," he states simply. "People know this, so they should need no special warning." Mr Bunpo was not concerned about what past Thai governments might have done to make hill tribe groups dependent on opium as a cash crop. "Our government now has a policy to solve this problem. It wants to show that Thailand can live without narcotics."

Lawng Lolli, meanwhile, is wondering whether he can live without opium. He is a humiliated man. He feels he is no longer fit to continue in the honored position of village shaman. It is his duty to deal with the spirit world affecting the village, perhaps by sacrificing a pig to ward off ill-health. But Lawng believes he is bad luck for his community now. "I don't want to be the shaman anymore. My daughter is sick, the animals are dying and my crops don't grow properly."

There are many others who will never be capable of living without opium. Lawng and his family don't use the drug at all, but a few huts from the Lolli household, a Lahu hill tribe couple and their baby boy provide a sorry picture of the effects of the crop that was until recently their livelihood. The couple are hopeless addicts.

We entered their home, a single-room tin shack, and found them lying on the floor, mother and father almost ignoring us as they concentrated on their pipe: as one puffed, the other stoked the sticky resin into the pipe's bowl. Junior playfully grappled at one moment for his mother's breast, the next for the pipe. Father, mother and child were badly malnourished. Almost all the money they earn goes to feed their 30-pipes-a-day addiction.

The man of the house explained that he had once smoked more than 100 pipes a day. He'd tried to quit once by going to a detoxification clinic in Chiang Mai for 20 days but, typically, he'd returned to the habit as soon as he got home. Now he couldn't raise enough money to go back to the clinic.

Wasted and ruined in northern Thailand: the fate of the junkie in all corners of the world.

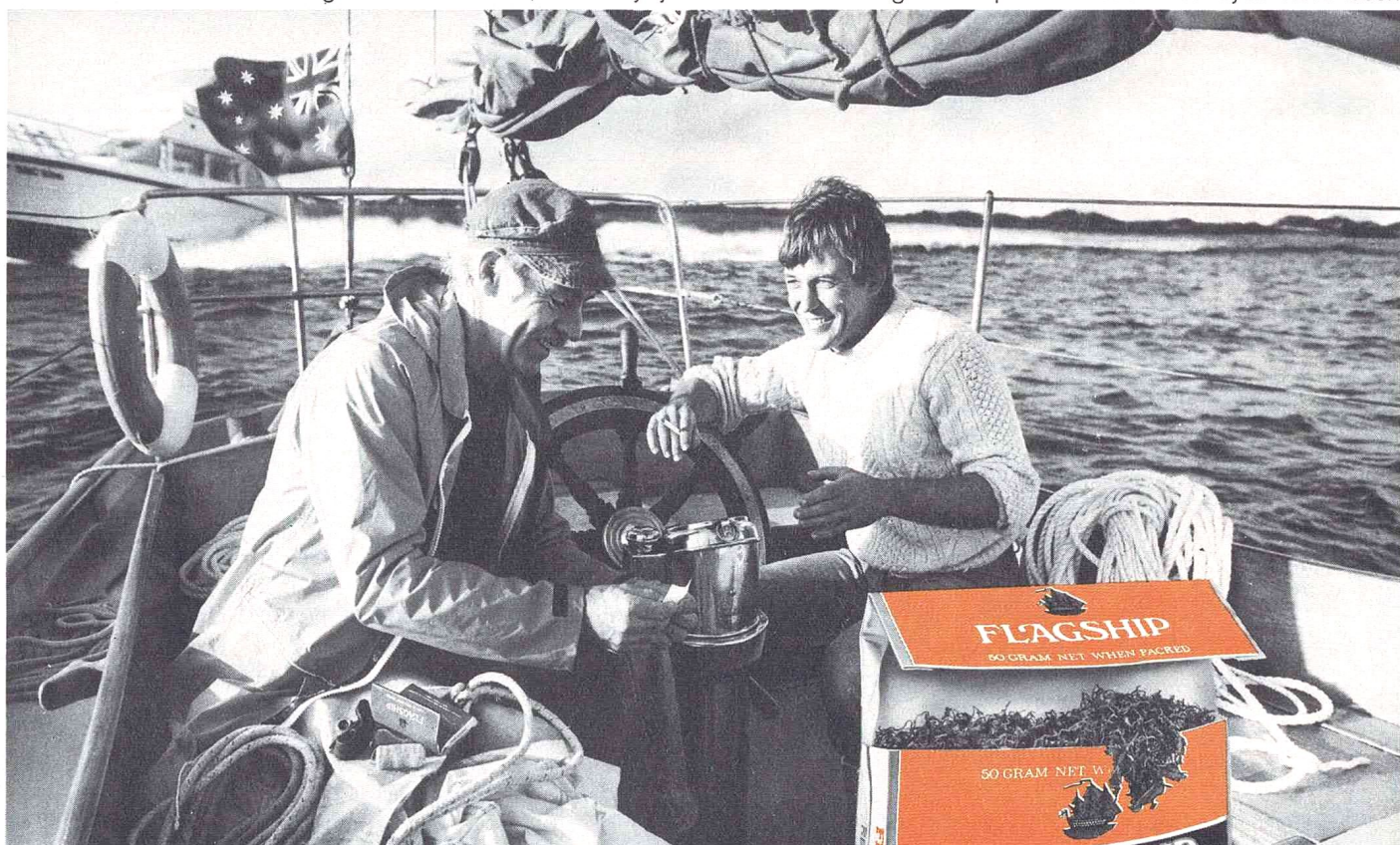
While media consciousness of the "war against drugs" has shifted dramatically to the South American-USA cocaine connection, the greater desperation of heroin addiction continues unabated. Perhaps some new technology combined with the further shrinking of the "Global Village" will one day eradicate the opium trade from the Golden Triangle. It will take a long, long time. ☐

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# WINTER OF CONTENT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

Now is the winter of Cristina Veronica's content. "With my modelling work taking off and my recent escape from an unsatisfying relationship, this has been the season to at last enjoy my life," says Cristina. "Everything's been like a celebration lately."







"I've always been a winter-hater," she says. "Feeling like I'm cooped up inside has never brought out my best, but this year it's been totally different. I've discovered skiing and I'm hooked — and I've discovered a few other indoor pleasures I'm not prepared to discuss . . ."







"Skiing  
always  
looked like  
fun to me, but  
I could never  
imagine that  
being so cold  
could be at all  
enjoyable.  
But the  
fashions not  
only look  
great — they  
keep you  
totally warm,  
if not *hot*..."







"My standard isn't going to win any trophies — but the odd tumble doesn't go astray at carefully chosen times. You meet the best-looking guys skiing. They like nothing better than running into a girl in distress..."











MOTORING BY PETER MCKAY

# ME JANE

Bob Jane's take-no-prisoners approach to personal and business affairs has rivals eating his dust

**A** Melbourne city street on a hot afternoon, circa 1968. Bob Jane, champion race driver and business mover, is gliding along in his expensive Jaguar saloon when his thoughts are disturbed by a barrage of menacing insults from four louts in a Ford travelling in the next lane. Jane, hardly renowned for his patience, endures the indelicate behavior for a block or two.

A red light. The Ford pulls in behind the Jag. The verballing continues. Jane waits a few seconds, idles forward a few metres, pops the lever into reverse . . . and slams down hard on the throttle.

Four heads in the other car snap forward as the Jaguar's tail is buried in the grille of the Ford. It's a savage, jolting impact and the Jaguar's tow bar punches a gaping hole in the Ford's radiator.

The lights flash green, and Jane majestically motors away, smiling. He faces a costly repair bill for his own car, but that's immaterial. Seeing in the rear view the wide-eyed looks of horror the moment before impact is sufficient satisfaction.

The message: don't mess with Bob Jane.

More than anything, this vignette encapsulates the man's vigorous attitude to life. His character is at once complex and uncomplicated. On the surface he is kick-arse, unsmooth. Television commercials he fronts for his Bob Jane T-Marts network are not so much an invitation to purchase but a suggestion that he'll rip your bloody arms off if you dare buy from Goodyear or Beaurepaires. He *looks* tough and aggressive. He is. Jane's ruthless ways and intransigence are part of business lore in this country. He's a boardroom guerrilla who conducts himself with honor.

One Jane associate claims the tyre emir's thoughts are never far removed from his wallet or ego. Still another believes that money itself doesn't worry him: "He wants to be seen as successful, but he's not merely out to accumulate more and more." Canvassing those who work or deal with him reveals a great diversity of opinion. Respected — sure. Lovable — never. Feared — certainly. *Penthouse* found plenty of people prepared to talk about Robert Jane, but few willing to be quoted.

*Observation:* "The fact is he has a temper. He can be a very moody, domineering sort of person."

*Observation:* "Bob has his own idea of

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDREW GARTSIDE



# ME JANE

success. He doesn't give a stuff what others think and doesn't need to shore himself up with the usual trappings of a successful man. He's a bloke with simple tastes. Names like Cartier and Gucci mean shit-all to him. And he'll happily eat at a hamburger joint."

**Observation:** "Bob has no respect for sycophants and yet he doesn't take much notice of what his advisers think. His ideas are the best ideas."

**Observation:** "He's a big-hearted bastard, very generous. An uncut diamond."

**Observation:** "Jane's life is his business. The only time he appears to stop thinking about his work is when he's in the early days of a new romance."

**Observation:** "There's no uni diploma on his office wall. He lives his life, runs his business by the seat of his pants. Bob is influenced by Henry Ford — never stops quoting him."

Brian Connell, a long-time executive, admits he's had the worst arguments imaginable with his boss. Connell says he knows what it's like to live in a war zone. "But he can also be gentle, thoughtful."

For Connell, the biographies of rich and successful men have a certain familiarity: "Bob has whatever traits Howard Hughes and Paul Getty had — the eccentricity, the energy, the determination."

Jane himself is at a loss to explain what motivates him. Acquisitions include his business empire, his homes, his toys, his racing circuits, his millions. After a long muse, he suggests: "I guess one thing leads to another. There are things I want to do in life. I still have targets."

This doesn't imply Jane is about to expand his empire beyond its present considerable boundaries. He has the Calder Park racing circuit (which was recently expanded to encompass a \$35 million labor of love called Thunderdome, NASCAR oval track), Adelaide International Raceway, and the huge T-Marts wholesale, retail and franchise operation. "We also have an auction business, an insurance company and the nucleus of a finance company, but they are small fry really," adds Jane dismissively. Overlooked or ignored are several other current projects: property developments, the Mercedes-Benz hot-up agency...

Unmistakably, the Bob Jane personal focus is squarely on Thunderdome. He's even moved home from dress circle Kew to a new homestead adjacent to the motor racing circuit. Jane won't rest until he has the best international sporting complex in Australia: "I'd like to think we could host the Olympic Games at Thunderdome when it's finished."

Critics say Thunderdome is Jane's monument to himself, a legacy in concrete and asphalt. So obsessed has he become

with the huge edifice that his normally sound business judgement has been impaired. Jane has heard the whispers, read the negative reports in the media. "They just don't realise how big this [American-style NASCAR racing] can become. Do they think I would tackle this on a personal whim? Do they believe I wouldn't research it thoroughly? Of course it will work. It is working." (In February, 40,000 customers paid to see the first-ever NASCAR race held outside of North America.)

Motor racing is his passion, even today, several years after he ended his career at the wheel. Beneath the flinty exterior is a bloke with a deep love of the sport. He has unleashed millions in the name of sponsorship; others might call it indulgence. In 1984, Bob Jane T-Marts funded a pricey Porsche shot at Le Mans by Peter Brock and Larry Perkins. In '86 Jane backed what seemed to be half of the Bathurst 1000 field in what was a blatant attempt to buy a victory; one of his cars finished second. Last year he dispatched Allan Grice and Graeme Crosby to the US in two Australian-built NASCAR cars, the object being that the locals should gather experience at the new-fangled oval racing.

And his greatest service to motor sport? "I think I can lay claim that I got the Formula One grand prix to Australia."

Jane opened the doors to F1 in the early Eighties, luring F1 superstars including Niki Lauda, Jacques Laffite and Nelson Piquet to Calder Raceway each summer. "At the same time I was talking to [F1 strongman] Bernie Ecclestone about securing the F1 grand prix. Bernie advised me to get a street circuit in either Melbourne or Sydney."

Convinced that any capital city street race would never happen without government support, Jane spoke to state governments in Victoria and NSW. The South Aussies showed real interest. The next problem was to convince Ecclestone that "sleepy old Adelaide" could host a GP. Bernie showed signs of capitulation, and Premier Bannon zipped off to Europe to clinch the deal.

The chubby Jane fingers are in other pies too. "I also put together the \$6.7 million deal that gave Fosters naming rights for the Australian Grand Prix from 1986 to '88."

Jane would love to have the AGP at his racetrack. Despite the rejection in favor of Adelaide, he probably believes it may yet happen. He consoles himself with the knowledge that the GP has at least set new standards of motor racing sponsorship. "Until the Formula One came to Australia, motor racing sponsorship numbers were all wrong. Chickenfeed. Now I can ask sensible money for Calder and Thunderdome."

While Jane is an enthusiastic supporter of motor sport, he believes some traditional areas of racing are moribund. Hence his surge into NASCAR and its Oz

counterpart, AUSCAR, which uses Commodores and Falcons. He's also got a big rap for motorcycle racing, although he says bikes in Australia are controlled by well-meaning amateurs who are retarding growth.

Tales of Bob Jane's feisty, assertive, big-horsepowered blast along the highway of life are legend among the motor car and racing car fraternity in Australia.

Warwick Farm, 1972. Jane and Allan Moffat are locked in a titanic struggle for the Australian touring car championship. Moffat's Mustang shunts Jane's car and the Camaro spears off the track. Moffat wins but, still strapped in and helmeted, is confronted by an agitated Jane. Later stewards claim Jane threw punches. "How could I hurt him — he was still wearing his helmet? Anyway there were 10,000 people at Warwick Farm that day and the stewards couldn't find a soul who'd seen me biff him." Moffat was disqualified and consequently lost the title to Jane.

The matter didn't end there. Before the next race at Sandown, Jane walked over to Moffat and said in his usual understated way: "I'm going to hit you up the arse so hard you'll finish in Dandenong Road." It didn't happen, but you can bet Moffat believed it might.

The Moffat-Jane feud simmered and for many years Moffat refused to race at Jane's Calder circuit except when he was contractually obliged to, or when title races were an irresistible attraction. Relations between the two are slightly better today. They almost laugh when they sit down to chat about the bad old days.

Then, there is the other side of Jane. His personal life has a certain richness of color, too. He has sired seven kids. This information is supplied with some reluctance. How many wives, Bob? "Ah, two... no, three." In January he plunged back into matrimony after a 17-year hiatus. The new Mrs Jane is a country girl whom he met as one of the judges for the Miss James Hardie 1000 at Bathurst. Laree was a contestant who got Bob's vote. She finished runner-up. The winner must have been a doll. Jane is 58; Laree is 22. They look good together.

Melbourne-born and raised, Jane left school at 13. The abbreviated education doesn't appear to have adversely affected his surge into the Top 200 richest men listing compiled by *Business Review Weekly*. BRW put Jane's worth at \$42 million. "Bob's overdraft would operate above that amount," sneers someone who should know.

For a while the young Bob Jane worked as a grease monkey and then a mechanic for Southern Motors, a public company which Jane eventually ended up owning. (He has since disposed of it: "I'm out of the motor vehicle business. Can't accept the government restraints.")

He was steered into his uncle's leathergoods firm, making handbags, foot-

balls, and shoes. In his spare time, young Robert stitched up a set of wild seat covers — "They were red tartan, with a red stripe" — for his '37 Chev roadster. "They were outstanding at the time," recalls the craftsman, who quickly found himself assailed by friends wanting their own personalised covers.

A succession of local street girls asked Jane to supply them with seat covers too: "They mainly ordered leopard skin designs." Contra deals, Bob? "No, no. Cash." Even then, Jane was a tough businessman.

American Luxury Seat Covers was duly born. The year was 1953, when Jane was just 23. "We made seat covers for motor vehicle dealerships right across Melbourne. Beautiful, they were." Sufficiently beautiful to a car dealer's eye to make Jane a tidy earn, and enough to fund a used car lot. Another success.

Then in 1956, Bob Jane discovered the

He has sired seven kids. This information is supplied with some reluctance. How many wives, Bob? "Ah, two... no, three."

thrills of motor racing. He watched Stirling Moss win the Australian Grand Prix at Albert Park, and came away with the ownership papers of the winning Maserati 300S...

Until then, Jane had confined his adventurous driving to the streets. "People forget that back then there were no speed limits, not much traffic and few police." Jane's cohort in those early four-wheeled terrorist activities was Norm Beechey, later to become a race champion of unmatched exuberance and flamboyance.

On the track, Jane was the tin-top tearaway of the Sixties. He won four consecutive Armstrong 500s, the forerunner of the Bathurst 1000 of today. Back-to-back touring car titles in '62 and '63 in Jaguars confirmed that the free-spending Jane was no flash in the pan. Almost a decade later, he added a couple more titles in circumstances that still rankle Moffat.

Jane bulldozed through the credit squeeze of the early Sixties, moving into new cars. "I had South Yarra Car Sales on Toorak Road. Did real well with Jaguars, and we also sold Toyotas, Alfa Romeos and Fiats."

The Jaguar franchise led to tyres. Jane explains: "Our customers complained about the tyres fitted to the new Jags so I called up a West German tyre company called Fulda for assistance. Fulda tyres fixed the problem with the Jaguars." So Jane created a tyre wholesaling division which smartly grew to a point where the industry giants took steps to squeeze him out. Instead, he switched to retailing.

Now there are more than 100 stores nationally and Bob Jane T-Mart does \$100 million in retail sales annually. "Mainly to private customers; we don't have many fleet deals."

About 90 percent of the T-Marts are franchised. Jane obviously does very nicely, but so do the operators. A franchise is said to be priced somewhere between \$200,000 and \$300,000. Jane wholesales tyres and after-market wheels to the stores and then takes a percentage of the gross.

So Jane has his cash register working hard. But those with a T-Mart franchise are not complaining. "Our stores sell two to three times more than the average tyre retailer," says the man whose name and face is out front of every franchise. "One in every five people buys tyres from Bob Jane." Research confirms what the industry had already figured: that Bob Jane T-Marts is the most readily identifiable name in tyre retailing.

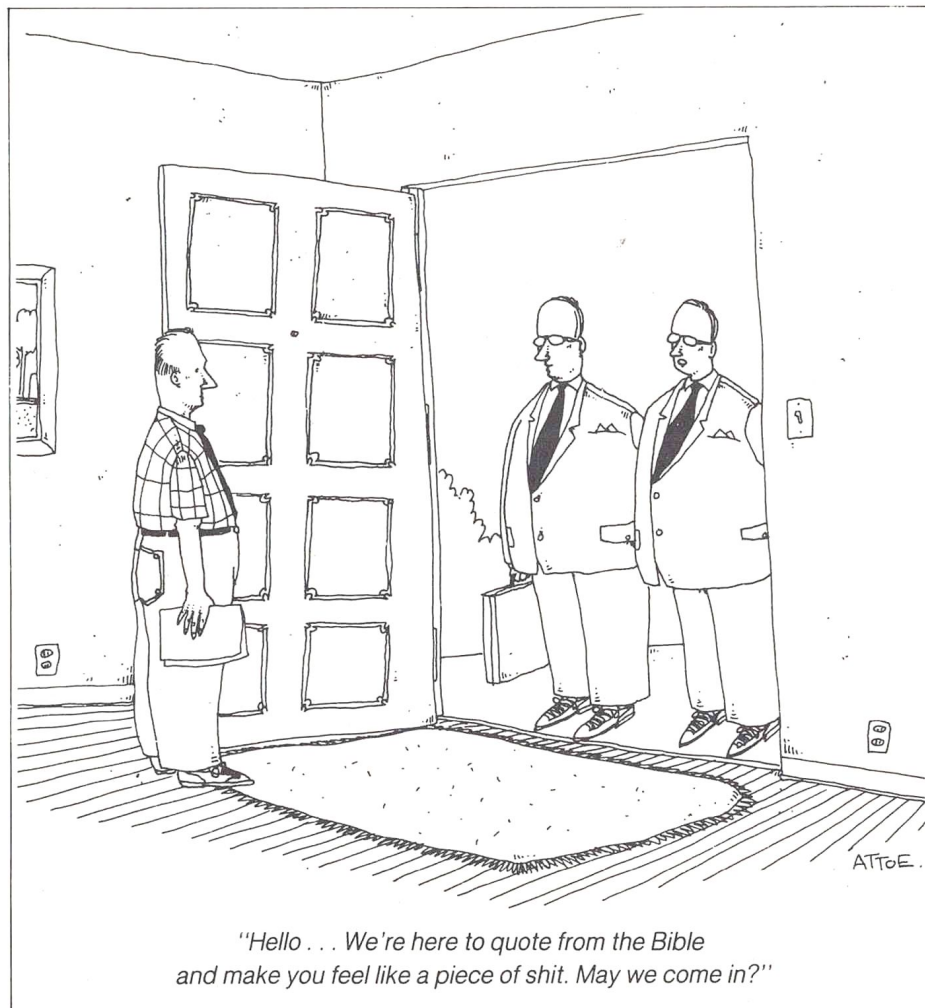
Jane drives the obligatory Mercedes-Benz 560, although he is quick to point out that a Commodore Calais — the people's transport — is his workhorse. A Bell Long Ranger helicopter is at his beck and call too. His explanation: "That's no toy. That sucker works long and hard on charter when I'm not using it for fast and efficient transportation. Everyone in my organisation agrees it's the best purchase we've ever made."

Austerity is the new byword. His famous racing car collection has shrunk to just two, a Brabham and a McLaren. Gone are the D-type Jag, the Maserati 300S, Mark 5 drophead and the lightweight E-Type.

Courting the influential and powerful is not the Jane way. At a function in Melbourne, Bob was warmly greeted by a vaguely familiar face. When the gent moved away, Jane said to a friend: "Who the fuck was that?" He was told it was Irving Rockman, the then mayor of the city.

The Bob Jane style is obviously vastly different from that of corporate raiders like Brierley and Holmes a Court. It's plain as the dirt under the fingernails that he's an old-fashioned businessman. Off with the jacket, roll up the sleeves, and dirty the hands.

"I'm essentially a trader," he reflects. "And throughout my business life I've been involved in the toughest businesses around. Can there be anything harder than making a quid from tyres, cars and motor racing?"







Sex, politics, and rock 'n' roll in post-Mao China

# The Life Of The Party

BY JOE CUOMO

In China," said one of my students, his round smiling face going serious, "dancing made *illegal* for 30 years!" We were at a class party in a college in Shanghai, exercising the relatively new freedom to dance in the People's Republic. One of my older students recalled as a boy seeing people dance at National Day celebrations. But, he said, it was "collective dancing, in a circle. Not individual. That was not allowed." Eventually, even the collective dancing was not allowed. For him, watching a few of his classmates dance free-style to rock 'n' roll (what the Chinese call "disco") is like watching a dream. But he wouldn't get up and join in. "For me, it comes too late," he said, with a laugh and a sigh. "I am now an old man." He was 43.

Out on the dance floor — actually a patch of floor in the tiny nondescript dining room reserved for "foreign experts" — a few of the younger students, all female, all in their early

twenties, were trying out some steps. Blouses buttoned to the neck, backs stiff, they moved self-consciously. But one woman, wearing semi-high heels and a touch of lipstick, was slinking and whirling. She was the most "Western" in the group, the only one who wore makeup, the only one who owned any American cassettes, the only one who'd ever heard of Madonna. I called her Material Girl. Two years earlier, during the Campaign Against Spiritual Pollution, she would have had to hide her cassettes in the closet. Fifteen years ago, her closet would have been searched.

Material Girl is a member of the first post-Mao generation. Barely out of the womb when the Cultural Revolution began and only ten years old when it ended, she has a different view of that Maoist holocaust of the late Sixties and early Seventies. For her, it is a vague, unpleasant childhood memory. But for most people in China, those years linger like a nightmare. Homes were watched, neighbors were imprisoned; parents were paraded

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR



## The Life Of The Party

through streets wearing dunce caps, and pelted with stones. Anyone in any way connected to the West (a degree from a British college, a relative in the United States, high heels in the closet) was branded a "white expert", interrogated relentlessly, brutalised till they "confessed." Millions were pointlessly slaughtered or driven to suicide.

Most of my students came of age in this environment. Their schools were shut down, their books taken away; they were "sent to the countryside", a euphemism for Mao's lunatic program during the Cultural Revolution that uprooted tens of millions of teenagers, forced them out of their homes, away from their families, and into the remote, barren backcountry where they remained, amid squalor, for five to ten years. It was the Chinese equivalent of sending a generation to Siberia.

So at our little party, the first many of these students had ever attended, it was not surprising that Material Girl was having trouble coaxing her classmates on to the dance floor. She had been successful with a few of the younger women by literally pulling them up by the elbow. But the older ones laughed with embarrassment, shook their heads, and clung to their chairs. An uncomfortable lull fell over the party. The men were sitting silently on one side of the

room, the women on the other. I felt as though I were in high school again and everyone wanted to play spin the bottle, but no-one wanted to start.

Then the dean, one of the few professors at this college who had recently studied abroad — and among the Chinese today, this is quite a distinction — asked Heather, my wife, to dance. The party picked up. Someone popped in another one of our cassettes, and the room filled with the propulsive throb of Talking Heads. I was dancing "disco" with Material Girl. The dean was waltzing with Heather.

Everyone was watching the dean dance, smiling and nodding in approval. That dean is sure light on his feet, they seemed to be thinking. People started talking again, and one student, a slight, studious fellow in his mid-thirties, crossed the dance floor to get to the table with all the food. I wheeled away from Material Girl, picked up his hand, and as a joke, swung it. He didn't let go. He wanted to try to dance. There was a moment when our eyes met, and I could see him trembling. He might have been standing on the edge of a cliff.

I could hear Material Girl laughing, but the man holding my hand was laughing, too. And I was laughing. We were dancing — he was dancing American-style, rock 'n' roll, "disco." And he was holding on to me as if at any moment the floor might

open up and swallow him. He was a man trying to shed 36 years of Chinese history by raising his feet and swinging his arms. Later he told me, "I never do this thing before." And I tried to recall what song was playing for his first dance. It was "Burning Down The House."

Finally, some of the other students joined in. Even Mr X from the *Wai Ban*, the Foreign Affairs office (a principal function of which is to keep tabs on foreign guests: "Where you go today, Joe?"), was up there in his stiffly pressed blue Mao suit, raising one foot and deliberately placing it farther from the other. His arms were bent chest-high, like a child's imitation of wings. This is *glasnost* in post-Mao China: a bureaucrat learning to dance.

China, under Deng Xiaoping, is changing. But the changes are more superficial than most Westerners are led to believe. Even though the Chinese are now allowed to dance, their freedoms are still severely limited. The state is everyone's big daddy, and it doesn't allow any back talk. Here, it is illegal to publicly denounce an official policy. It is illegal to start a political party or demonstrate for democracy. (Several thousand students who did just that early last year have already been barred from ever attending graduate school or going abroad. In fact, *all* graduating seniors are being punished: they have been ordered to work for at least one year at the "grass roots level" — in other words they are being "sent to the countryside.")

Heather and I taught in Shanghai for five months, from mid-1985 to early 1986. It was a period between "campaigns" — between the Campaign Against Spiritual Pollution and last year's Campaign Against Bourgeois Liberty — a period described by their distinguished *Far Eastern Economic Review* as "the height of post-Mao *glasnost*." We were there to witness the People's Republic at its best, its most open, since its inception in 1949.

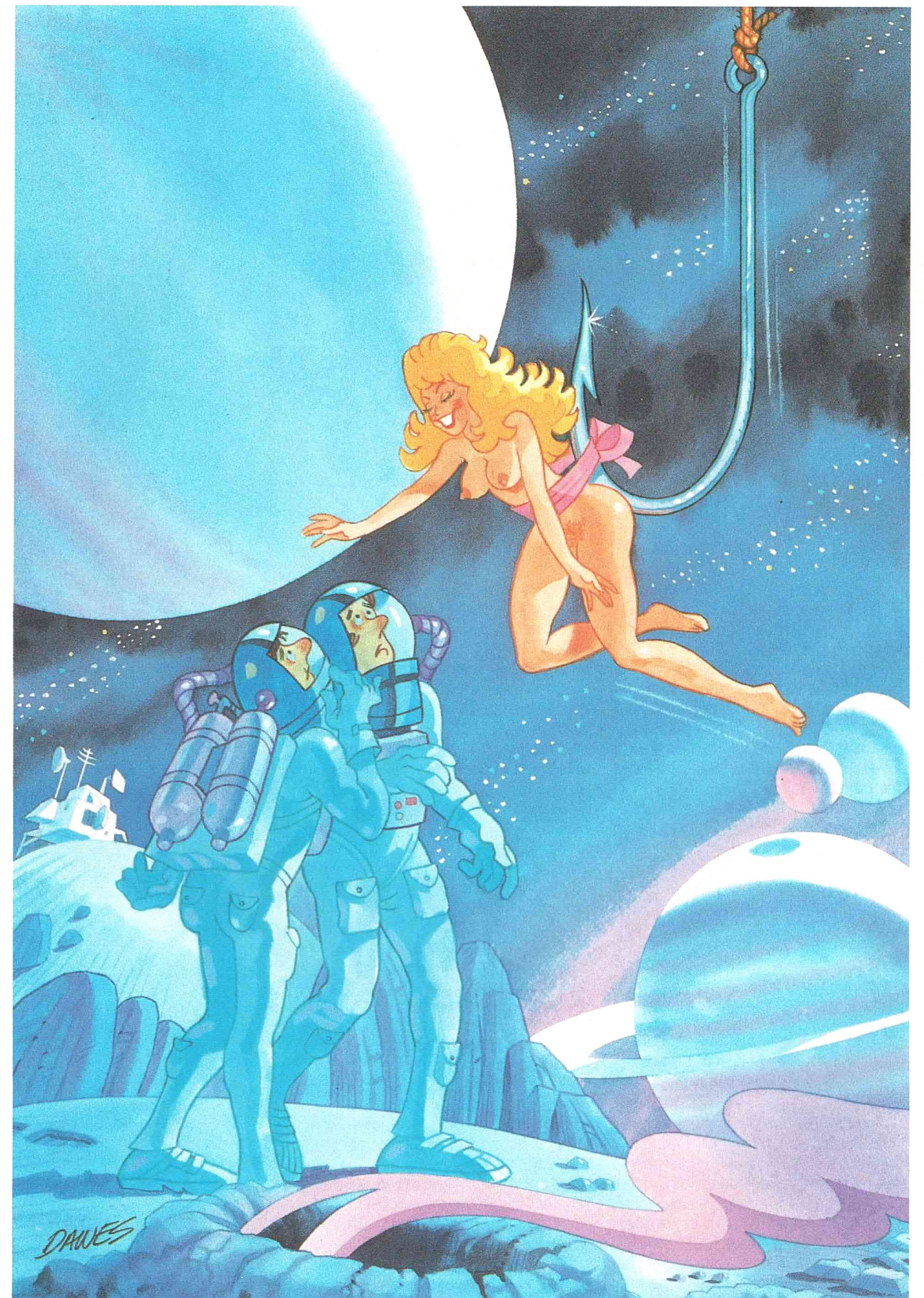
For us, one of the symbols of that openness was the music we heard — not just the imports from Japan and Hong Kong, or the old American pop tunes, but the locally produced stuff. There was one song in particular we heard whenever passing through maze after maze of narrow streets packed with shoulder-high homes — homes with no glass in the windows, no mortar between the bricks; homes with buckets for toilets and cans for stoves; homes with blackened, ancient furniture but big color TVs — everywhere that same, strangely familiar song: John Denver's "Country Road" rendered by a local Shanghai singer, a guy in his early twenties named Zhang Hang, China's first homegrown rock star.

We didn't know it at the time, but Zhang Hang, the first singer ever to sell over a million cassettes in the People's Republic,

Continued on page 134



"And now this urgent flash from a broad..."



"I don't like the looks of this."



A step-by-step guide to landing  
an airline stewardess

# UP, UP AND AWAY

HUMOR BY STEVE J. SPEARS

**T**his is the first of a series of articles to inform our loyal (but stingier) *Penthouse* readers how to make their wildest fantasies come true without spending a lot of hard-earned cash. In the following months, we will deal with the more complicated issues of how to seduce nuns, policewomen, nurses, schoolgirls and lesbians, culminating in how to make *passionate love* with a Pet of the Year and make her pay for the night out.

This month, we deal with the relatively simple issue of how to root an air hostess. For free. Ready?

The first inescapable, *sine qua non* for success in any field is *preparation*. This involves a) knowing yourself and b) knowing your target market.

#### Rule One: "Know thyself"

Put down the centrefold, leave your clothes off, take a look in the mirror, honestly appraise yourself, and ask yourself one simple question: "Do I look like I'm rich and famous?"

If not, don't despair. We'll fix that in a moment.

Remember, before you'll ever get a stitched-up, yummy, stern, uniformed sour-pussy bimbo hostie to climb aboard your hot thrusting lollipop of lust, you must understand your quarry.

Basically, hosties are usherettes, bargirls, cub mistresses and sandwich girls who work in eight-mile-high flying delis where it's always lunch time and, most important ... they are bored,

bored, bored. My God, are they bored!

They're sick to death of the endless stream of whingers who come in, sit down, get up and get off the planes while they (the hosties) fly round the bloody continent or the bloody world all bloody day while the paying customers whine at them about how they (the customers) would like the service to be like what it is in the TV ads while all the bloody kids in economy class spill the bloody orange juice and throw up on the hosties' frocks.

Hosties would much prefer it if the punters they "welcome aboard" would just sit down and shut up. Unless the punters are rich and famous. In which case, they'll bend over backwards (amongst other things) just for you.

#### Rule Two: "Look rich and famous"

These days, of course, hosties are très suspicious of grubby bastards like me who claim to be rich and famous. However, the thing that will work in your favor is that hosties *can't* tell if you're rich and famous or not.

For instance, your average hostie might get a bit intrigued by that nice, neat, butt-down, sweet-smelling businessman in Row 9 (window seat). She might think: "Hmmm, he'd be good for a wild night in a hotel/disco/restaurant, but then again, he might be dead broke and married." (Not that wives worry hosties much.)

"On the other hand," thinks our pert, footloose and available hostie, "that dishevelled hung-over wreck with

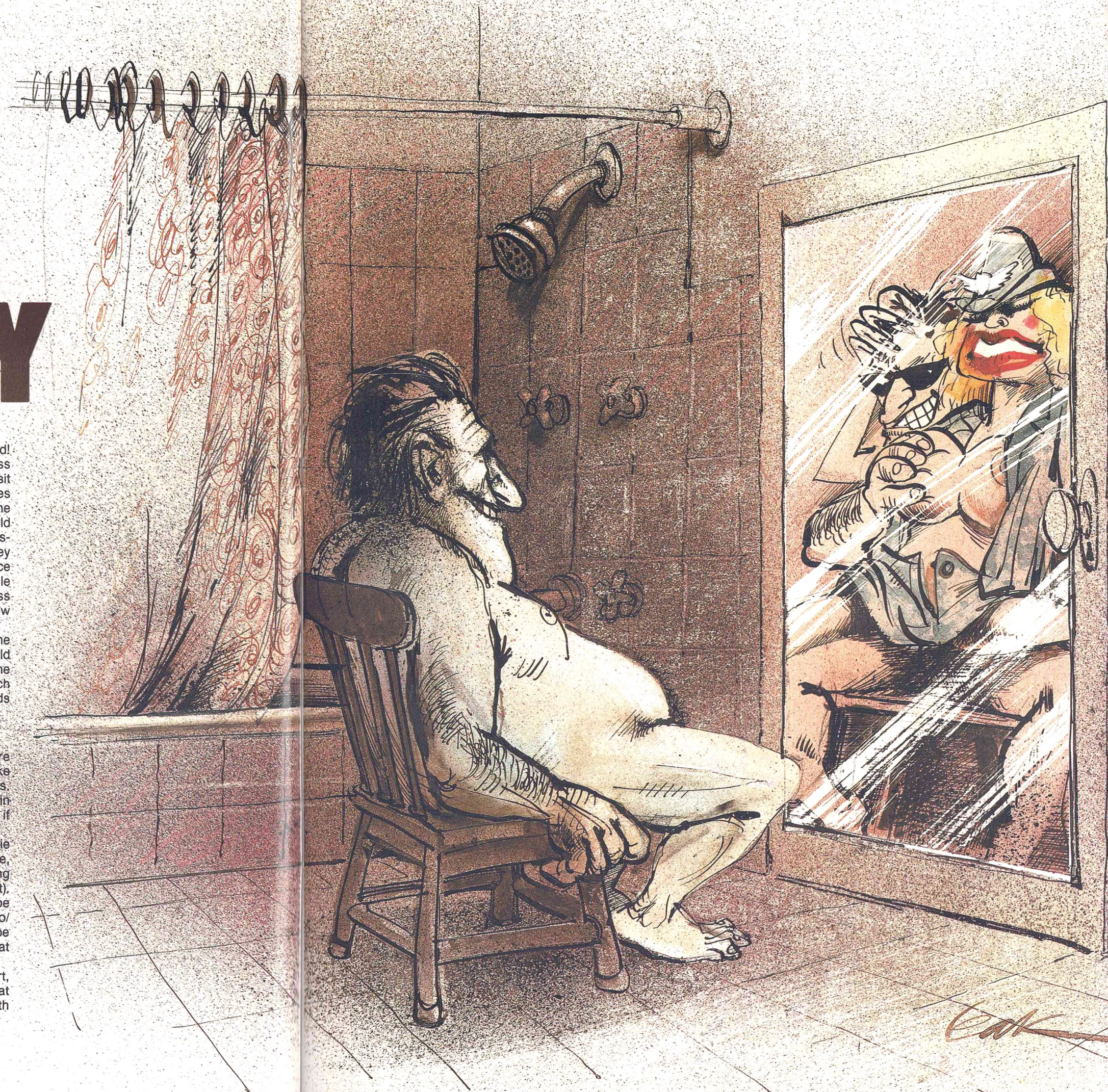


ILLUSTRATION BY BILL LEAK



## UP, UP AND AWAY

the sunglasses in Row 14 (centre seat, with vomit bag) could be ... rich and famous. Maybe he's a rock star or a rock star's manager," she thinks wistfully as she takes away the air-sick sack and serves him a XXXX with the airline "food."

"Maybe he's a French film director or a writer who knows Kylie Minogue and Mel Gibson or an intensely eccentric American executive."

And the longer you keep your sunglasses on and keep your demeanor calm, the more the poor little thing will wonder.

### Rule Three: "Be mysterious"

Deep down in your soul, you know all the things necessary to pull off this little caper. The eyes are the mirror of the soul, dear reader, so the first thing you have to do is get hold of a pair of really, really dark sunglasses so the flying *femmes fatales* won't be able to see into your lyin' eyes.

Got your sunglasses on? Good. So, there you are, standing in front of your mirror, naked, with your sunnies on.

Now remind yourself of this vital point: ain't no hostie gonna do it with you unless you're rich and famous. Problem: you're not. Solution: *the hosties don't know that*.

Who do you look like? Joe Cocker? Michael Hutchence? Steve J. Spears? Brian Henderson? Ian Botham? Whoever

you look like the most, dress accordingly.

Do you have a smattering of French from your school days? Do you know much about movies? TV? Stage? Finance? Politics? Literature? Football? Religion? Of course you do.

How's the American accent? Can you borrow someone's Rolex and a couple of gold chains? Of course you can.

Are you young? (They love 'em young.) Are you middle-aged? (They love experienced men.) Are you old? (Every girl loves her Grandad.)

Create a new you and let *that* person end up in the arms of that hostie who'll soon be crooning into your waxy ears: "Let me kiss it first, big boy. Oh that feels so good." Yes sir.

Okay, dressed now? Off we go to the airport. Hitchhike. It's free.

### Rule Four: "Don't waste money"

You're not going to the airport to catch a plane, of course. That would be a massive waste of money. No, what you do is just sit down in a corner of the terminal somewhere and a) look rich and famous and b) look mysterious.

What you're waiting for is a couple of luscious, succulent, high-heeled, hip-flipping, giggling, fine-toothed hosties with overnight bags who are leaving work for the day. If they have overnight bags, that means they come from a different city, are staying overnight, wouldn't know you

from Adam, and are looking for action.

And you, dear Reader, because of your *preparation*, are exactly what they're looking for.

Meeting them is pretty easy. If they're waiting for a cab, tell them that you've got a long white stretch limo with bar/stereo/TV coming and would they care to ride in that?

If they say "yes" then you're in a spot of bother; however, that's easily fixed.

Get angry! After you've waited about 90 seconds for this mythical limo, muttering exotic blasphemies and surreptitiously sizing up the neat swell of your quarry's breasts all the while, throw a wobbly.

"How dare they treat me like this!" you foam behind your dark sunglasses as you look impatiently at your expensive (borrowed) Rolex and speak in your French/Yank/Rock Star/Business Exec voice.

"Don't those *cochons* [or 'sons-a-bitches' or 'record executives' or 'movie producers'] know who I am! Come on ladies, we'll get a cab into town. I'll pay for it!"

And once the hosties are in the cab, they're yours.

When you get to the hosties' destination, offer to pay for the cab ride by cheque/French francs/rock concert tickets/Thai *baht*/whatever. The cabbie, of course, will laugh in your face.

That's when you finally crack. You don't get angry; you lean forward in acute pain and loss, place your hands over your face and sob just the once. "Can't I get anything right?" you ask more in self-pity than in anger. "I've tried to do the right thing *avec* you ladies but ... no. I've made a fool of you."

"But," the hosties will say, "who'll pay for the cab?"

"I'll figure something out," you say.

Then don't say nothing.

The girls will chat amongst themselves and realise that you are a fellow human being in trouble (you lying bastard) and they'll pay for the cab. They'll even carry your bags/guitar case/briefcase for you. After all, you're a bit distressed, are you not? And you did try your best for them, did you not? And you are a stranger in town who's rich and famous, are you not? And one of those people doesn't fall into hosties' laps every day, do they? (It usually happens the other way round, actually).

Whether you've gone to their overnight stop-over hotel or to their best girlfriend's place, it don't matter. These girls know you're a heavy duty dude who's really a nice guy and they'll do the cooking, wash your clothes, let you run up a bill on the airline's account, offer you aid and comfort, run you a bath, join you in it, bring out the champers and wait on you hand and foot.

In short, they'll (as I said before) bend over backwards for you. Both of them. Maybe even *three* of them.

See? Simple. Enjoy the evening. ☺



Hair, makeup and styling by Susan Daub; Uniforms from Mildred Rose, Paddington; Lingerie and Mimi Bear by IM, QVB; Rubber dress by Laura Hadley-Smith (075) 34 4642.



# Isabel



# ALL AT S·E·A

**H**er cherubic charms give the impression of youthful innocence — an impression not dispelled by the fact that she is just 17. But it's a mistake to assume that Sydney's Isabel Monroe is as wide and starry-eyed about the world as her looks might first suggest. "I suppose it's something to do with my age, but so many guys get so patronising with me. I hate that." And she's not shy about pointing it out to them . . .



PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA







**L**sabel describes herself as an idealist, "with my head in the clouds, probably"; combined with her limitless energy and liberated approach, she's a sport-hating pocket dynamo who dazzles.





I'm the sort of person who really needs things to look forward to," says Isabel. "But I realise you can't wait for life to come to you. You have to get out there and do it yourself."







I realise that you have to find things out for yourself, so I talk to lots of people." What has she found out so far? "People are strange."







I'm outgoing, with an open mind. Perhaps it's my age, but I'm subject to all this analysis and categorisation. I'm not interested. My approach is, 'Think whatever you want — just don't bother me with it. I've got better things to do.' I've learned to cope on my own."











# Loan WOLVES

BY DAVID HALPIN

Facing exorbitant interest rates and bloody-minded managers, the average Australian no longer laughs all the way to the bank

**L**istening to the short fat man standing on the front porch demand entry, it was easy to understand why Robin Hood hated sheriffs. "You owe the bank \$9000, and here is a copy of the judgement against you from the District Court. I am authorised to enter your home and take property to that amount. Please move aside," he said.

The baby woke up and started to howl as the sheriff strutted through the house noting the video, the TV, the microwave and the hi-fi, the classier hard cover books, the paintings — anything he could take to auction to pay off the judgement. Later, when the truck had also taken the better furniture, John Ward and his family settled down to fish and chips on the floor and remembered how easy it had been to take out the bank loan.

"No problems," said the local manager when John had explained how he needed the money to consolidate his debts, how he wanted a personal loan at 17 percent rather than struggle with the bankcards and charge accounts at 21 percent. The \$250 a month hadn't seemed much to repay, as he only had one mortgage on the house, and a few credit card debts...

But then the baby came along and the car needed repairs and his wife Joy lost her job — and suddenly the bank wasn't so friendly any more.

"At least," John and Joy whispered to each other, "we've still got the house; lots of people are worse off, losing their homes to the banks." John and Joy were right; invaded as they had been by the state's enforcers to repossess goods on the bank's behalf, they were luckier than thousands of other Australians who have seen the side of banks *not* revealed in television commercials.

It's an old tale, of course, told countless times since Shylock demanded his pound of flesh. But in today's Australia, with millions being spent on a gigantic Parliament House

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN



and Bicentennial memorials, thousands of everyday Australians are experiencing the dark side of the instant credit/easy money revolution.

The grim personal financial tragedies are rarely recounted on TV news programs or portrayed on the soaps. The obverse side of Australia's new easy credit lifestyle is seldom explained to consumers, and won't be while ever the banks have so much money to put to work, money they can't afford *not* to lend, money they implore people to borrow — and while ever they advertise so heavily.

Banks spend a substantial part of their enormous profits employing public relations experts to gild their image with the customers — and they also go to extraordinary and sometimes illegal lengths to cover up what really happens behind their solid bronze doors. While politicians, captains of industry, some public servants — including Corporate Affairs investigators — and some police understand how banks really operate and how much power they exert, few others can conceive the tremendous role banks — and their owners and controllers — play in our lives. Sixty percent of Australians buy homes with mortgages through banks or similar lending institutions.

Yet just as the medical and legal professions are coming under more educated and critical scrutiny, so are people beginning to look twice at banks' ethos; many critics say a deeper examination of the banks is vital.

One such critic is Professor Ted Wheelwright, a Sydney University economist who served five years as a member of the Commonwealth Bank Board, giving him an insider's knowledge of banks' operations. Although a long-term member of the Labor Party, Wheelwright is critical of Treasurer Paul Keating's 1984 decision to "reform" and deregulate Australia's banking system, thus allowing foreign banks into Australia.

Professor Wheelwright studied the impact of deregulation on banks during a trip several years ago to the United States at the behest of the Australian banking union, who were concerned about potential huge staff losses with the introduction of electronic banking systems, and entry of the foreign banking giants. He found that deregulation — which increased the numbers of banks here from eight to 16 — did not inspire banks to compete to serve the small person but rather led to greater competition between them to service the corporate sector, where the big profits beckon.

"They were interested in lending out huge sums to big business because it's much more profitable to lend out \$10 million to one bloke rather than lending it to 100 blokes." The costs of servicing the big

companies are much less and therefore the services to the small person have diminished.

"We have to focus on banks as profit-making animals to understand them. They want electronic banking to reduce costs and increase profits," says Wheelwright.

The argument is that innovations were never intended to make life easier for the small consumer but were rather aimed at expanding the wholesale market. Branches closed and services were centralised, with more small investors being charged fees to withdraw *their own* money. The claimed benefit to ordinary Australians from Keating's changes was to give depositors higher interest on their savings, but this has proved a two-edged sword. What is good for the depositor is not good for the borrower because he too has to pay higher interest.

"Keating was flogging the myth that more competition would reduce interest

“  
The banks in  
their recklessness  
may be leading  
us into the  
next Great  
Depression  
”

rates for the battler but that is bullshit," says Wheelwright. "In fact more competition for deposits tends to drive interest rates up and the more banks you establish the greater the costs."

Extra banks have helped in some small way by forcing the local banks to offer realistic interest rates to small depositors — the little old pensioners who used to be given three percent interest on their savings. "But that improvement is offset by the fact that banks are now charging fees for all kinds of services that used to be free. These charges squeeze out the small person because the banks don't want small customers making lots of little transactions because it is less profitable."

Of all the questions asked in Australia about the mysteries of banking, the issue of extortionately high interest rates is the most emotive. Travellers returning from the United States, for example, wonder why the US banks are virtually falling over themselves to lend great amounts of money at seven to eight percent interest. Some US banks advertise that they will give customers money to induce them into taking out a loan. If US banks can stagger

along making money lending out their cash at these low rates of interest, why are Australians paying 21 percent at least for most credit cards, 13 percent for home loans, anything from 17 to 22 percent for personal loans and overdrafts, and way up to 48 percent for some finance company loans which are linked to banks?

The reason given is this: Australia is a capital importer, so it needs to have higher interest rates than overseas — especially the US — to keep the money here. If the inflation rate is eight or nine percent, then interest rates must be up to seven points higher than that so that the real interest rate stays higher than the real interest rate in the States of about five percent.

A critical view of such interest rates puts the reason down to unmitigated greed.

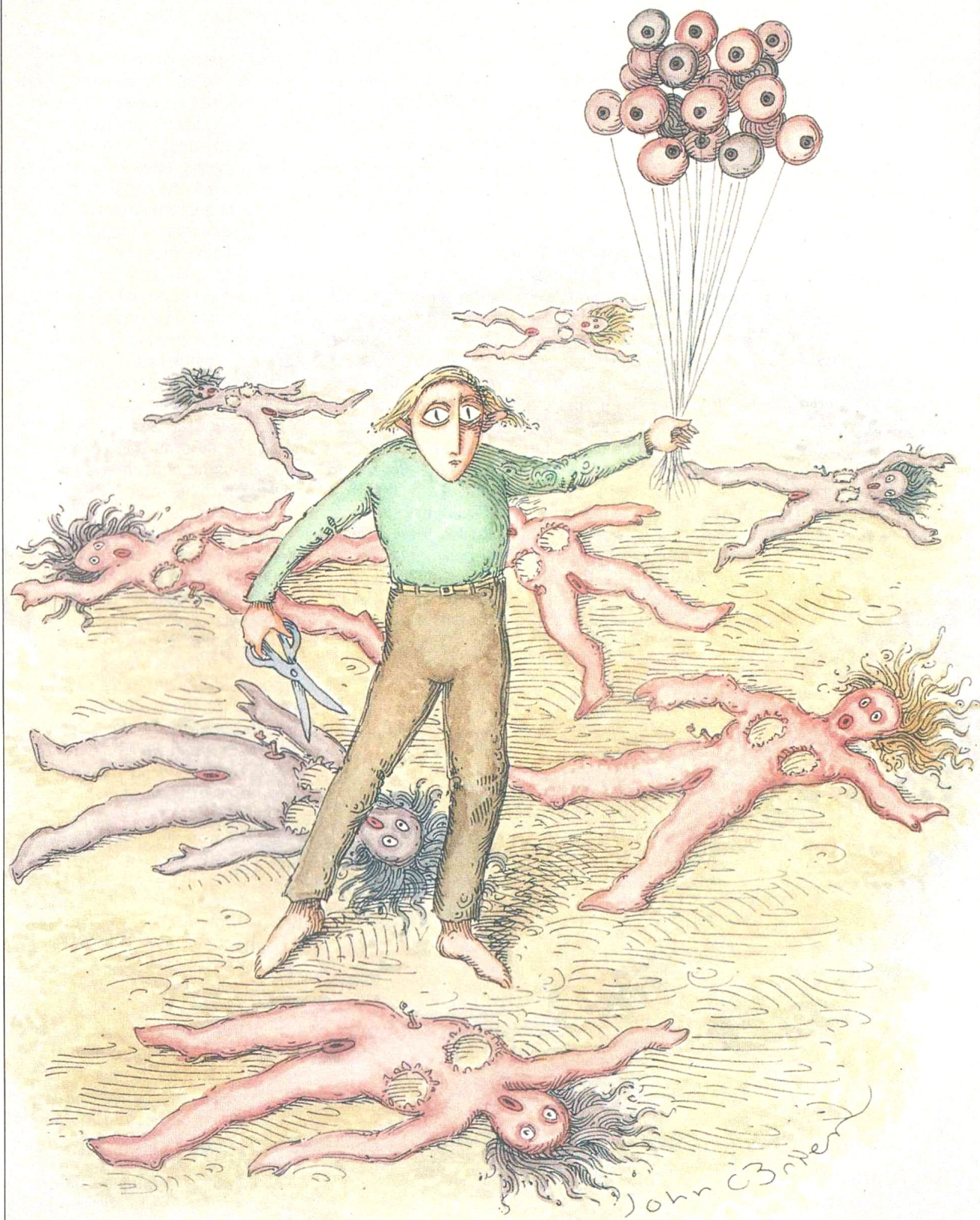
The historical basis of our banking system helps to explain today's banks' attitudes and policies — and supports the notion that banks have *never* been interested in serving the small businessman or small farmer because there's relatively little money in it for them.

Australia's banking system is derived from England, where they were originally merchant banks financing trade in the short term, lending out money for enterprises which would be quickly paid back. They never saw their function as lending money for farming or manufacturing over the five to ten-year term. In contrast, for example, the German banks have specialised in long-term lending, sometimes even taking up equity in an enterprise, and generally being more flexible.

"Because of our banks' English origins, we had to set up the Commonwealth Development Bank and the Rural Bank to lend money on a more realistic basis; the banks here were even forced into lending money for housing," explains Professor Wheelwright. "The Government and people here had to force banks into fulfilling people's real needs — they have *never* made any real contribution of their own desire. The Australian banks prefer to lend over a short time at a high rate of interest and get their money back and lend it over and over again." Wheelwright claims our banks are moneylenders, purely and simply.

This is why there is some credence in the argument that the new system is further destroying that important relationship with small people. There are many people who've got to get advice about rolling over super money and investments — the kind of advice the banks used to give. The system is less and less geared to meet the small customer's needs. They might pretend it is, but the private banks would much rather make money out of lending you sums rather than giving advice to small people which doesn't make them a profit.

Thus, the kickback and resentment. Professor Wheelwright says that although





banks have never been loved in Australia, they are viewed with contempt now because of their lack of compassion towards people in financial trouble, especially farmers: "Banks are keen to lend money over three or four years to buy cars and boats, but farmers want money over seven to eight years and this is where the banks are inflexible."

There are also grave fears that the expected crash in the property market next year will have been fuelled by banks' willingness to lend for real estate speculation. Banks create money when they lend for speculative purposes, such as buying real estate. The bubble analogy is appropriate: if that bubble bursts, with real estate prices crashing, people won't be able to afford the huge mortgage payments and a financial crisis could occur. The banks in their recklessness may be leading us into the next Great Depression.

"It's very much like lending money to a gambler to lose at the casino and just lending more and more," explains Professor Wheelwright. "People write books called *Casino Capitalism*. It's a form of gambling, that sort of lending. I wouldn't be surprised if the banks are over-extended in the real estate market."

"They've got themselves involved in enormous speculation. What it comes

down to is the commercial pressures which have turned banks into profit-earning centres..."

Economic strategies aside, the perception of the cheating and swindling that goes on in banking has meant the image of the great trusted banker is definitely gone. Revelations in recent years in Australia, through organised crime investigators such as Frank Costigan QC, have suggested how closely some banks are involved in criminal organisations, with bank managers being seduced by prostitutes to assist with money laundering, or massive tax frauds... Bankers are no longer universally respected; rather they are met with suspicion.

Criticism is also directed at the connection between banking and the "crony" system which appears to flourish unfettered in Australia. Banks are protected from competition and protected from bankruptcy by the Government. Entry is restricted because of the licence from the Treasury. Entry is controlled by the Government, and the Government bails them out if they're in trouble. What other industry has these kinds of benefits?

"Look how they bailed out Laurie Connell's bank last year, even though it was a merchant bank without a licence; they couldn't afford to let the dominos fall," says Professor Wheelwright.

"If the farmers go to the wall, they don't have government protection as the banks

do. The same thing happened with the Bank of Adelaide crash a few years ago. In conjunction with the Reserve Bank the other banks rescued it and then it was taken over by the ANZ Bank. It had got into trouble through property speculation. They've got special protection against falling, because if they fall they hurt other people."

Yet despite this protection, the Government has no say in how much banks pay their staff, nor in how they lend. Now they have deregulation, it seems the banks have got the best of both worlds.

So, if banks have so much going for them, how can the consumer be protected from the financial might of the banks or the arrogance of their managers?

The initiative must be taken by the Consumer Affairs Departments in the various states, which must establish special consumer finance divisions for the entire lending industry, covering finance companies, building societies, credit unions, moneylenders and banks, to give consumers some channel to direct their complaints. Such an agency must apply the same pressure on banks' improper practices as some consumer affairs agencies now apply to the more outrageous finance company sharks.

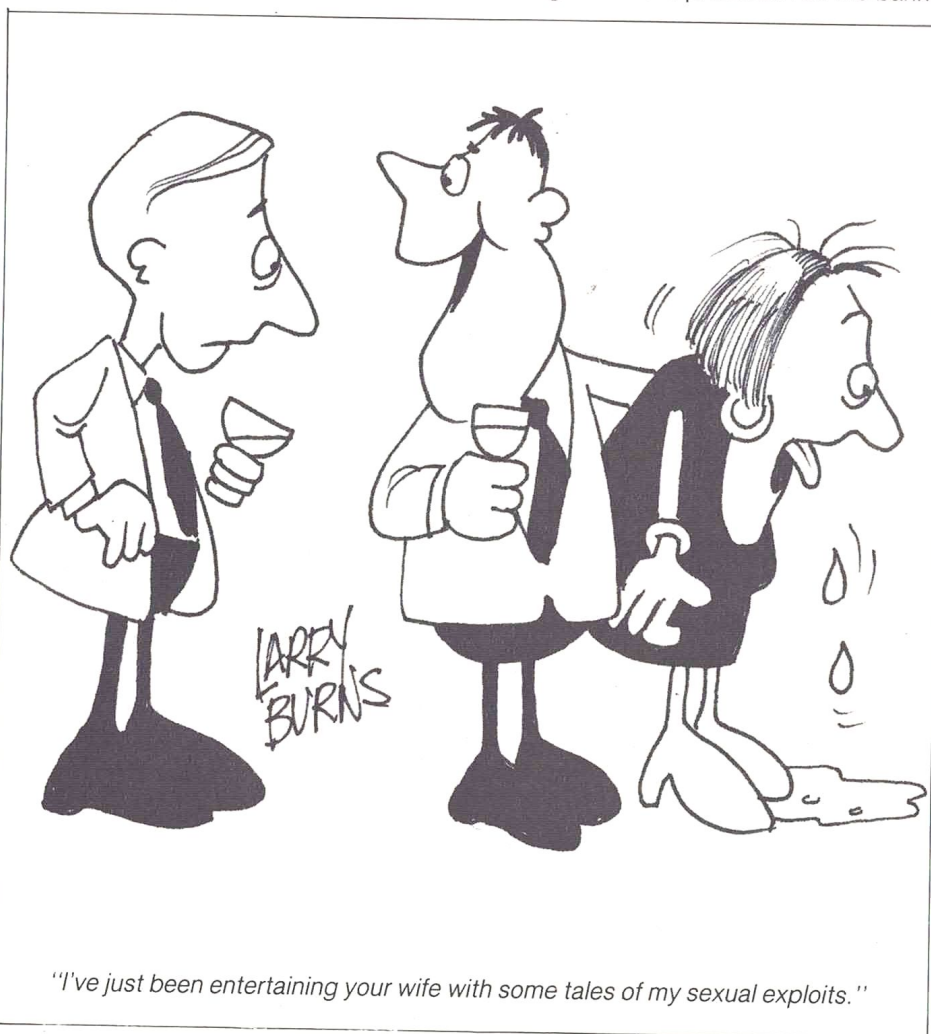
Who, for example, can understand why the banks can charge 21 percent for bankcards when the housing rate is down around 13 percent, or the deposit rate at 10 to 11 percent?

"Even when Bankcard started it was 18 percent," protests Professor Wheelwright. "There should be some explanation demanded for these rates of interest. And now there's a rumor that Bankcard is on the way out and we'll have to take a card where there's no 30 days credit, where you are charged interest as soon as the card is used."

"When you look at these exorbitant rates of interest you must think of the word 'usury.' Anything in the range of 20 percent and up is verging on the usurious, because at that level you're 14 percent over the real rate of inflation — so that's very high."

"The banks say they have to charge high interest rates because of the high risk with things like Bankcard, but they create the problem by lending money to people who have no hope of paying it back."

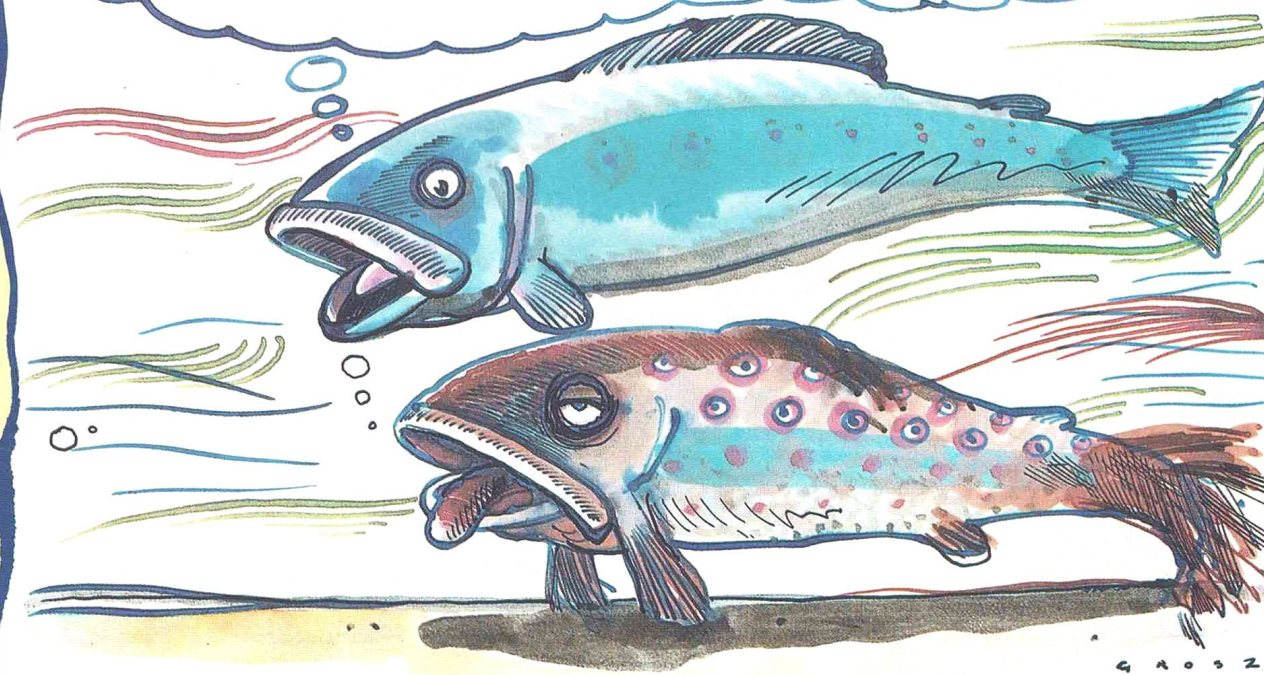
Of course, the banks' highly polished PR machines do have their standard lines to justify themselves. The General Manager of the Australian Bankcard Association, Mr Kel Quill defended the high rates of interest for Bankcard, saying it was a high credit risk area: "Also, unlike personal loans and other bank operations which have a defined time span, Bankcard is an ongoing operation which means that a bank's credit assessment can be good at the time the card is issued, but if the card



CARTOON FEATURE BY CHRIS GROSZ

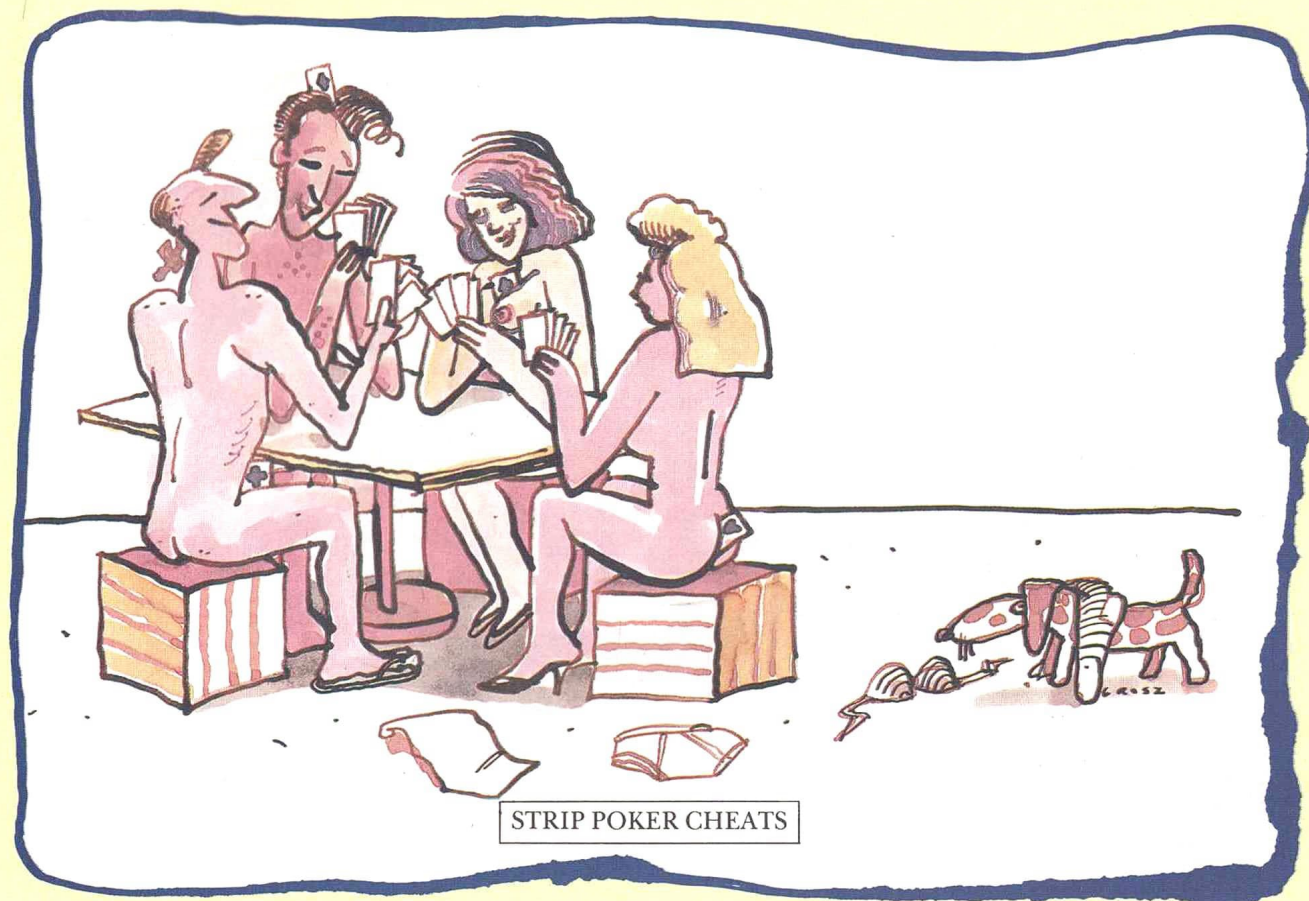
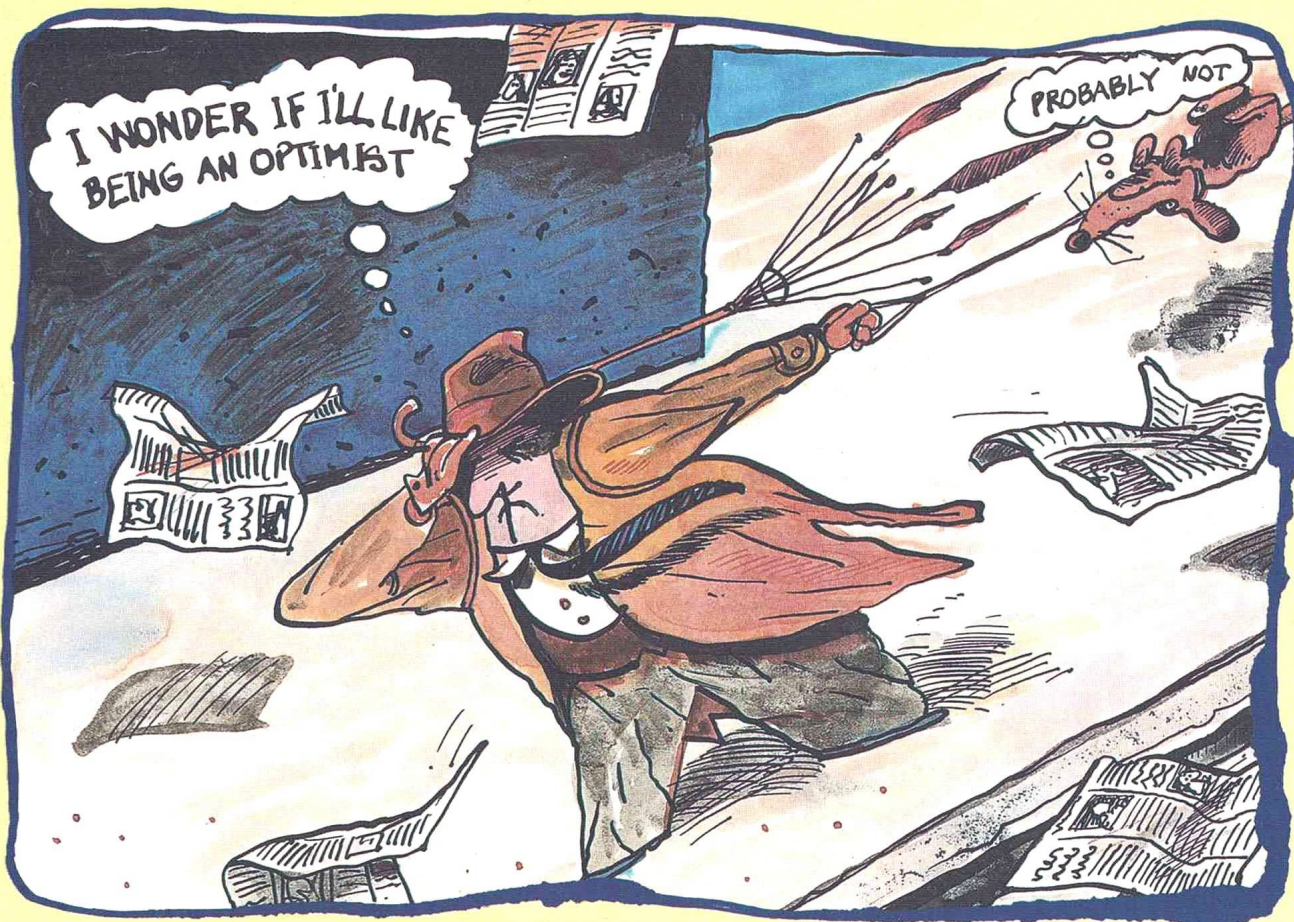
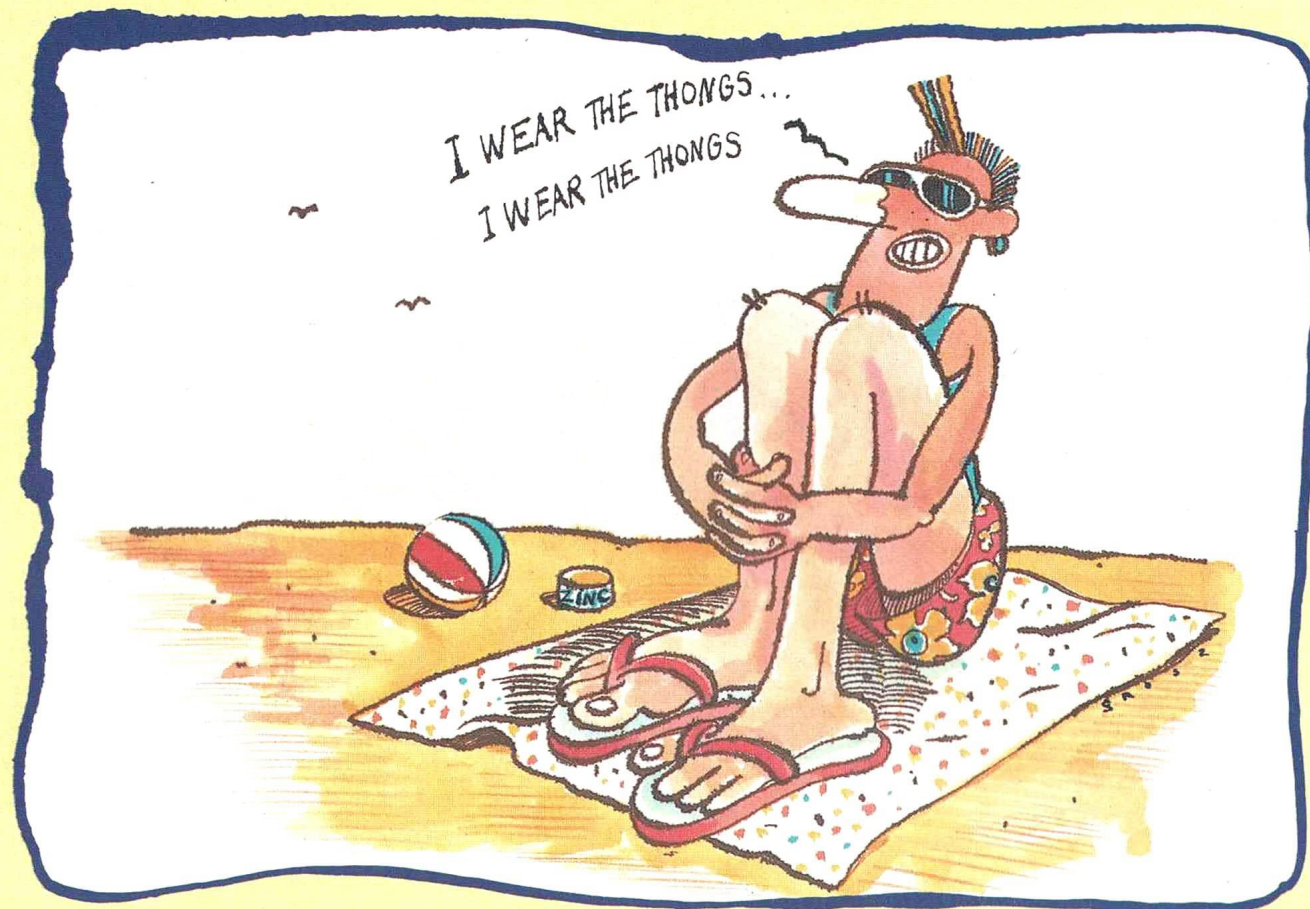
## GROSZ ACTS

HEY BABE... WE CAME UP RIVERS, THROUGH RAPIDS, UP FISH LADDERS, AROUND WATER FALLS... PAST FISH EATING ANIMALS, FISHERMEN, SPEED BOATS, CANOE RACES... WATER SKIERS... WATER RACES... AND YOU SAY YOU'VE GOT A HEADACHE!

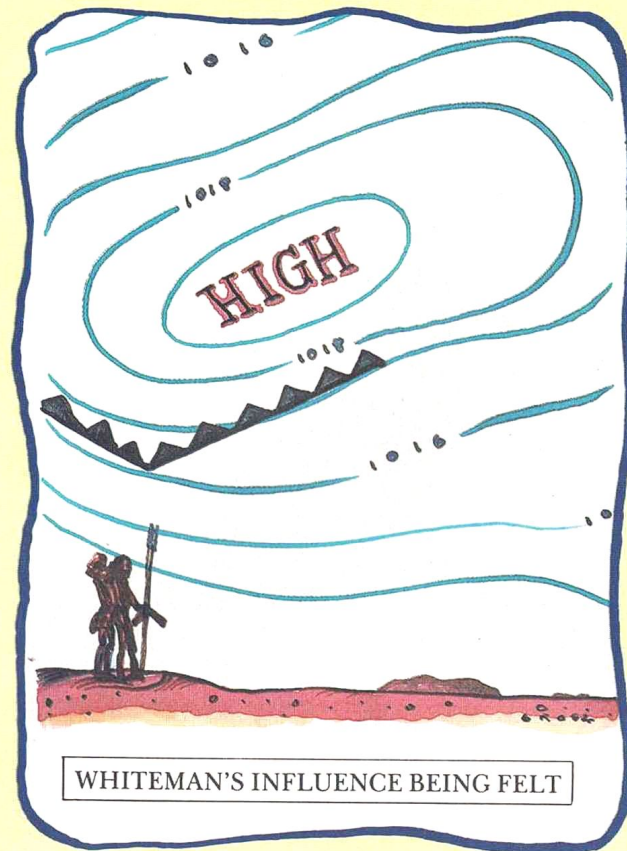


Continued on page 126













# BAKER'S DOZEN

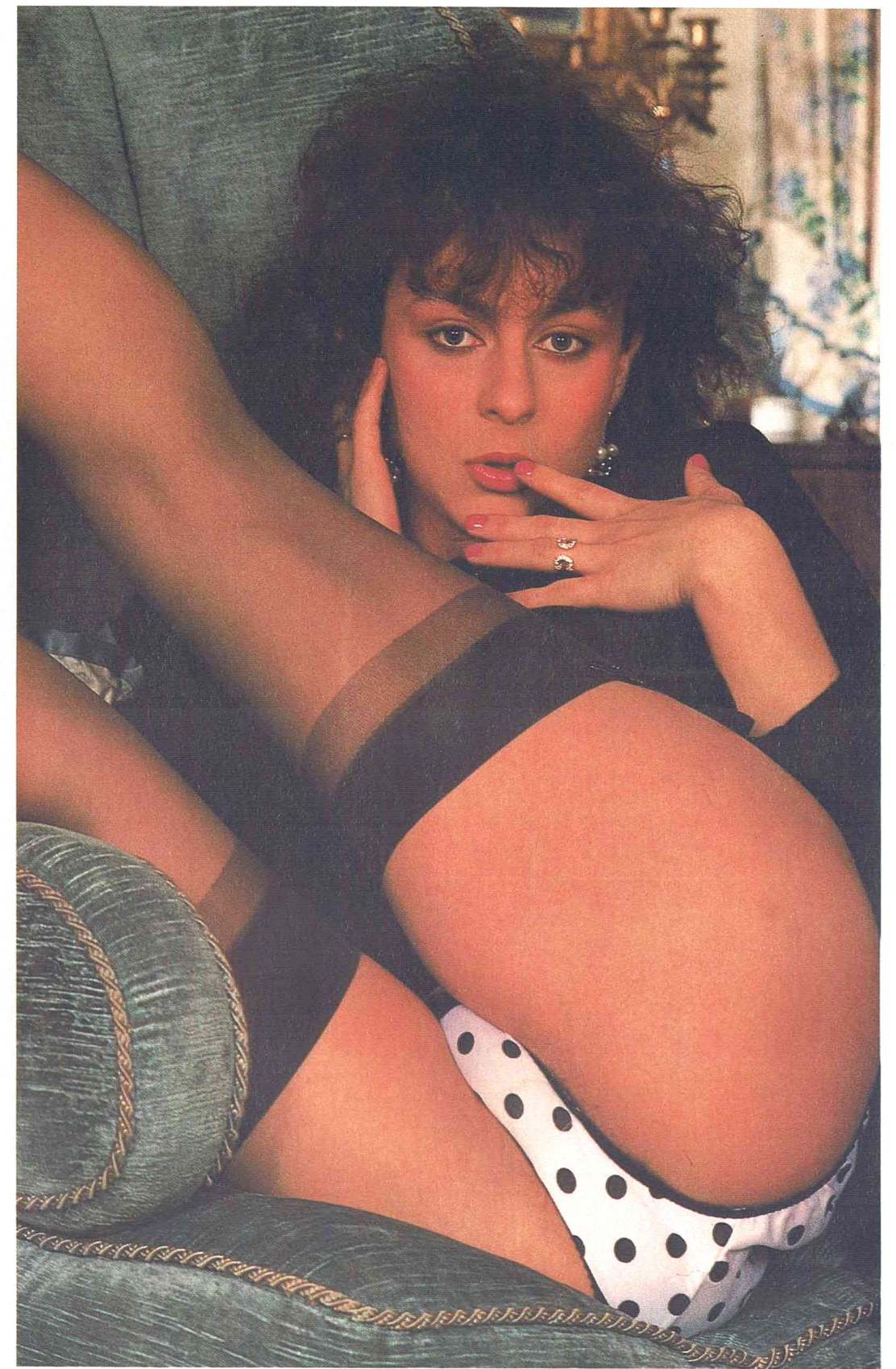
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DONALD MILNE

Florence Baker, 22, always offers a little extra. "Call it Baker's Dozen," she says with a smile, "but in all matters sexual I've found that giving a little bit more always pays dividends . . ."





"I like surprises  
— especially  
giving them. In  
love, there's  
always a  
pattern which  
gets  
established.  
Each time I  
make love I  
think about one  
particular area  
where I might  
linger a little  
longer. Men  
appreciate that."







"There's no reason to kid yourselves," says Florence with a cheeky smile. "Sex is the ultimate act of selfishness. But the trick about getting more is giving more, though that's no secret."







Florence admits she's very frank about sex. "It's an advantage — a lot of women aren't. You hear all this stuff about women needing more emotional involvement than men in their affairs to get sexual satisfaction. Don't believe it. What women need is sustained, ever-so-gentle friction applied to the clitoris."

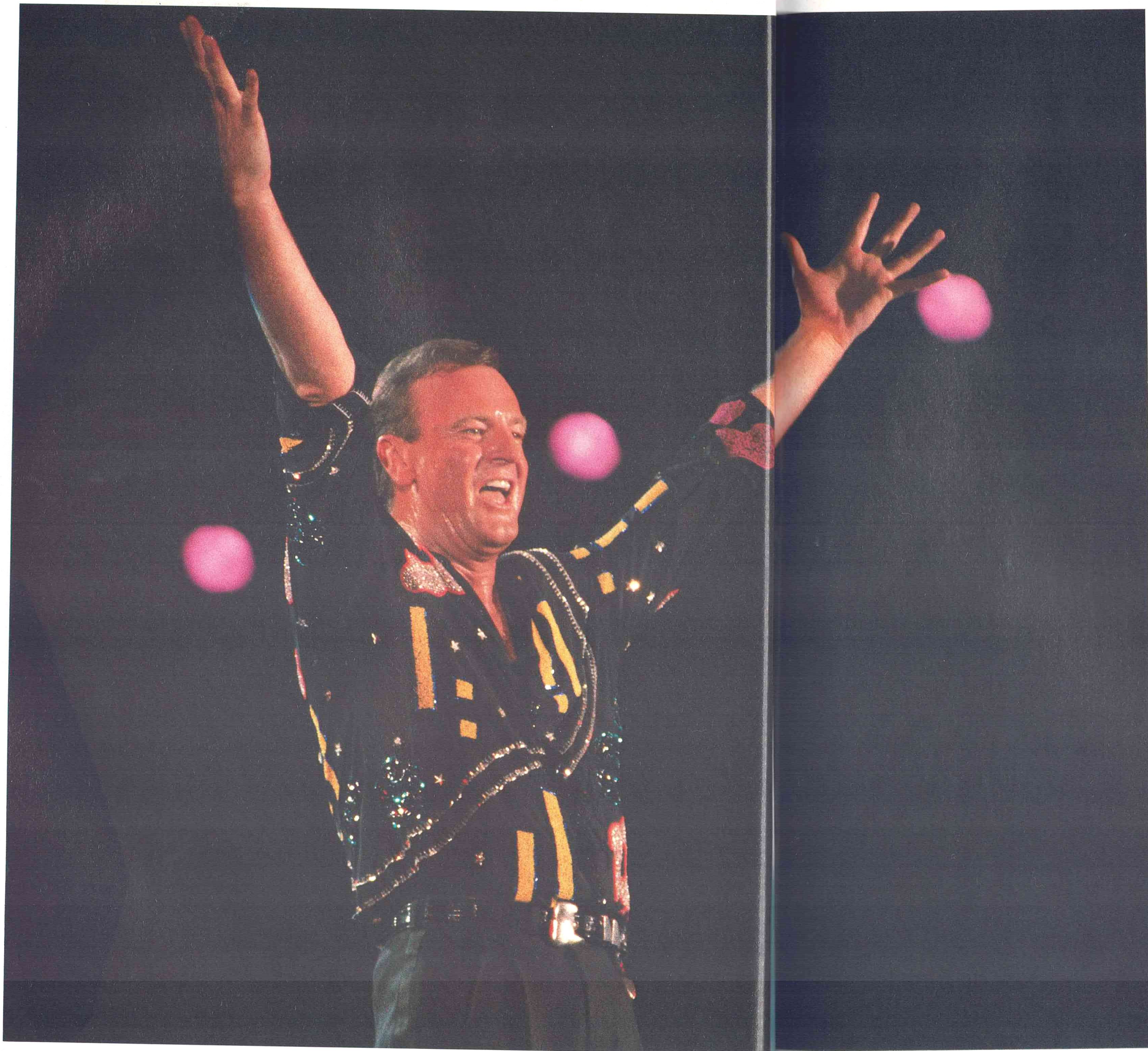






"What men like is more of everything. They're not that fussy. But all these women complaining about their sex lives is maddening when they could fix it all in a jiffy with a little bit of a go . . ."





## PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

“With *Bi-Coastal* I was making a point about my own sexuality but I was also reflecting on sexuality in general, which I’ve always done on stage.”

# PETER ALLEN

BY GLENN A. BAKER

Perhaps it is the indelible memory of a grinning spider-legged Antipodean adolescent mugging his way through a Vaseline Hair Tonic ad or regularly stalking across a *Bandstand* set that prevents most Australians from taking Peter Allen as seriously as his adopted countrymen do. It's not so much that there are two Peter Allens; rather, there are two completely different views of him. When the renaissance minstrel man was forced to extend his sold-out season at the Radio City Musical Hall in 1982, the *New York Post* raved: "Peter Allen returns in triumph to the Music Hall like Julius Caesar to Rome."

However, in Australia, despite a dazzling performance second-billed to Frank Sinatra at Sanctuary Cove earlier this year, he's still very much the bloke who sings "I Still Call Australia Home." "I think Australians got a bit sick of that song," he understates. "It was written as a nice little personal expression and, out of nowhere, it got turned into this major anthem."

Having been spared the song, Americans — and in particular, New Yorkers — tend to see the Tenterfield saddler's grandson as a composite of Al Jolson, Fats Waller, Fred Astaire and Carmen Miranda. The Big Apple's critics call him a "master craftsman", "the consummate entertainer", and "one of the most fabulous performers of our time." They also call him, with a frankness absent Down Under, a "naughty pansexual gigolo."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB KING



# INTERVIEW

"Only Peter Allen has dared to suggest massive sexual ambivalence without qualification," declared New York's *Village Voice*. "Though he exposes himself as the ultimate libertine, his libertine pose only renders his songs of romantic experience more credible and touching."

It took Allen almost a decade to find a footing in international entertainment and a further ten years to shuffle and hone his skills for the most demanding audiences in America. The path from Australia took him through three years of Asian cocktail lounges, discovery and management by the great Judy Garland, marriage to her 18-year-old daughter Liza Minelli, a divorce and sexual "coming out", the awakening of natural songwriting skills, two years as Rio's "King Of Carnivale" and, finally, the full flowering of a lifetime's obsession with song 'n' dance men of every leaning.

"I really thought I'd be here forever," he insisted in Sydney. "I was amazed when The Allen Brothers got booked into Hong Kong and Japan." Today, at the age of 44, with Oscars, Grammys and astonishing box-office viability, very little is left to amaze him. Currently working long and hard hours to pull together an ambitious Broadway musical, he finds himself looking back over a career that could be deemed extraordinary by any criterion.

Funny, bitchy ("There was a time, I've heard, when Barry Manilow could be found at all my shows with a notepad"), honest and wistful, Peter Allen recalls the highlights of 30 rich years in showbiz with the relish of a man who is very much at peace with himself.

**Penthouse:** You appear to be one of the few Australian tall poppies that nobody has bothered to cut down. You have the best of both worlds. You can live almost permanently in America, yet be received home as a favorite son whenever it pleases you.

**Allen:** I know, it's incredible. When I come home it's so intense that I have to go back to America to get some rest! Actually, I think that tall poppy thing is happening a lot less now. You can exist in two worlds as an Australian today. Although I still sense that undercurrent of: "Well, if you love this place so much, why don't you live here — like Paul Hogan?" People don't realise that Paul or other big actors can spend two or three months in the States making a movie and come back here and live off that for a long time. But the only way I earn my living is when I'm on stage wiggling my bum, and the best place to do that is in America. You see, I'm still doing the same act. I'm still singing in pubs — it's just that they're more expensive pubs.

**Penthouse:** I saw you wiggling your bum at the Sanctuary Cove opening and I

wasn't so much taken by that as by your feat of balancing atop a piano, in full voice, with legs aloft. According to the rules of yoga, most mortals can barely breathe in that position.

**Allen:** Really? I've been doing it for so long that it's become a sort of aerobic exercise, I suppose. I never do anything to keep in shape. To be honest, "I Go To Rio" has become a bit of a challenge to me to get through every night and sometimes I wish I had a signature song like "Thanks For The Memories." But if I didn't do it people would say: "Remember the good old days when Pete did the splits and got up and shook his bum?" So I still have to give them all that. It looks dangerous but I've never hurt myself on stage, no matter how outrageous I get. I'm more likely to fall over in the street on the way to the limo after the show.

**Penthouse:** Those high kicks are incredible — you're like the India Rubber Man.

**Allen:** You can blame Little Richard for that. I just adored him when I was a kid — that sound, the balls of it. When I started performing in the pubs around Armidale I used to try and put my foot on top of the piano like he did. But he had a grand and I had to use old grandma's uprights, which were a couple of feet higher. On top of that, I had these bloody heavy cricket shoes, which were as close to white bucks as I could find. I'd kick my leg up on top of the upright and these things would fly off into the audience. It was a very strange act.

**Penthouse:** But then, you were a very strange kid. Was that a consequence of being the son of a violent heavy drinker?

**Allen:** I guess so, although I don't have a lot of bitter memories about it. I think I must have had a very full fantasy life or something. That's probably why I got into music. I was lucky to be real talented very early. As soon as I found a piano I could play. It wasn't any great shakes as far as technique goes but I could play anything. I had a great ear, so it was easy for me to go off into other areas. Actually, I thought I was pretty normal. At 12 you don't think: "I'm a creative person." I'm sure my old schoolfriends didn't see me as all that different, even though I did play the piano in pubs and tapdance. There's one of those in every town, I guess.

**Penthouse:** But not all of them end up on Broadway, do they?

**Allen:** No, I guess not. I can't work it out because I'm really very lazy. I seem to succeed in spite of myself. I always seem to have known where I wanted to go. When I was in Armidale, I was desperate to get to Surfer's Paradise, then I was desperate to get to Sydney. I felt it was where I belonged, it represented everything I wanted. Then when I got there, New York represented everything I wanted.

**Penthouse:** That seems to be the attitude behind "Don't Wish Too Hard."

**Allen:** I had a friend, my lighting man

Gregory, who always said that. "Don't wish too hard, Peter, or you might get it." I think I got more than I wished for — maybe too much. My life seems really crazy sometimes. Last month I went and stayed on my own at my little house on the beach at Port Douglas and went riding up into the hills with this drover. I did that for about three weeks and the very next week I was having lunch with Elizabeth Taylor at the opening of the Rainbow Room and I thought, "Peter, this is the weirdest life!" I like it but it is definitely weird.

**Penthouse:** When you perform, with that almost permanent grin (or is it a smirk?) on your face, you give the impression that you're enjoying this fabulous private joke at the expense of the audience. Are you?

**Allen:** Probably. I just think to myself that these people have actually paid money to come and see me do this, which is crazy. The only thing I've got is a lot of energy and tenacity and maybe a little songwriting talent, and somehow I've forged it into this thing that people will actually pay me hundreds of thousands of dollars for! It's so nuts.

**Penthouse:** You really are an anachronism of modern entertainment. You're a song and dance man, a vaudeville loon in an age of hi-tech video clips.

**Allen:** That's right, an absolute anachronism — that's why I do so well. I probably would have been a really huge star in the Thirties and Forties. Actually, this nostalgia thing is fairly recent. For a long time I was this serious songwriter but then came Radio City Music Hall and the Rockettes and I just developed this whole other side. Which was fun because I'd been doing all these old songs and Al Jolson and Fats Waller impersonations since I was a kid. But now I get to have 50 showgirls come over the top. I can do what I used to dream about.

**Penthouse:** You've been performing professionally for about 30 years now. Is it emotionally draining to maintain a mode of creativity over all those years?

**Allen:** Yeah, it is. When you're young and very wild and falling in love all the time it's easy because you always have something to write about. Unless you get into a kind of a workmanlike state you can blow it. There's this very common scenario where you have this brilliant first album, just brimming with wonderful songs and ideas. The next one's not so good and by the third it's all over. So you have to learn how to apply yourself to songwriting like it's work. You can't afford to sit around waiting for inspiration.

**Penthouse:** Yet you came to songwriting fairly well into your career. There was no evidence of it during your years with The Allen Brothers. What motivated you to write?

**Allen:** Chris & Peter Allen was an act, a way to get around the world. I never felt emotionally about anything we sang. I was in another world then. I missed that whole

Sixties thing. I'm younger than the Beatles, but it was like I was about ten or 15 years older at the time. I heard "She Loves You" about the same time as I was listening to June Christy's lyrics and I thought that "Yea yea yea" stuff was the dumbest thing I'd ever heard! I didn't see anything in the Beatles at all, then. I was on top of the Hong Kong Hilton with Judy Garland having a wonderful time. It didn't happen for me, creatively, until I broke up with Liza. I'd been thinking about it and heading there but that day we broke up an explosion happened and I couldn't get to the piano and write things down fast enough. It just came out, song after song after song. It wasn't just the break from Liza, it was a lot of breaks. I had been using her as a crutch and using my partner Chris as a crutch. My life was very comfortable. I was this nice guy who sang in Playboy Clubs and all that. So the same day I split with Liza I rang Chris and said: "That's it, I'm not going to

6  
The early  
Seventies in New  
York was a time when  
you just went home  
with anyone . . . and  
everyone

do the act anymore. We're grinding to a halt anyway." And that night I became a songwriter. It was the era when you could write anything you wanted and be all rambling and obscure, and I thought that singer/songwriters like Randy Newman, Harry Nilsson, Joni Mitchell and Laura Nyro were just brilliant.

**Penthouse:** It sounds like a real catharsis.

**Allen:** It was. I stopped thinking of myself as a secondary talent. God knows I couldn't compete with Liza, who was still doing clubs then, so I went another way. I went to live in Greenwich Village with one pair of jeans. I'd never been on my own in my life, never been able to function by myself. Either Chris's father had been making all the arrangements, or Liza or Judy.

**Penthouse:** I gather that environment liberated more than your latent songwriting skills.

**Allen:** Those days were very wild. It was the early Seventies in New York, a time when you just went home with anyone . . . and everyone. You just naturally assumed that no matter who anyone was, they'd sleep with you. It was incredible. I was never part of any group, never comfortable

with any particular scene. I picked up the nickname "The Abstainer" because I never got into drugs and I never got into serious sex. It was strange . . . I was always the sort of romantic on the fringe of things, more the observer.

**Penthouse:** It wasn't until 1980, with the *Bi-Coastal* album, that you made an obvious statement about your own sexuality. Am I reading it right?

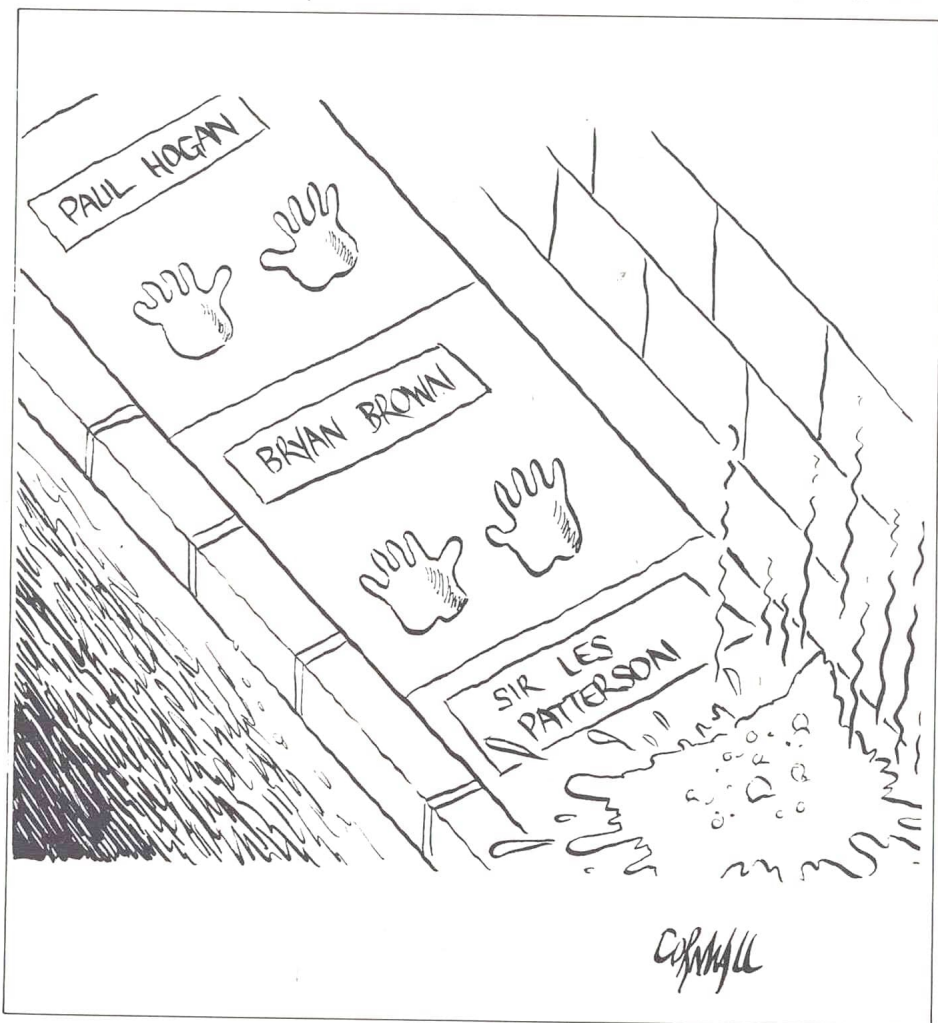
**Allen:** I was making a point about my own sexuality but I was also making a point about sexuality in general, which is what I've always done on stage. If I don't make shaded remarks in the act people get very disappointed. No-one ever knew how to describe me before that. I was always getting these dichotomy labels — "a cross between Errol Flynn and Carmen Miranda, a cross between Jerry Lee Lewis and Noel Coward" — that sort of thing. They didn't know what to call me because they didn't have Prince then. Actually, the record company was very straight and they didn't want an album called *Bi-Coastal*. I said, "It's a joke!" and they went, "Oh, no, no, no" so I said, "Look, I insist, because it's funny." So A&M went off and marketed it as "*Bi-Coastal* — The Album That Goes Both Ways" and I screamed: "No! That's the wrong way. Please, just call it *Bi-Coastal* and let me have my tongue in my cheek."

**Penthouse:** Personable women seem to have had an interesting effect on your career: Francis Faye, early on, then Judy Garland and Liza Minelli. Tell us about Judy.

**Allen:** I learned more from her by osmosis. The minute she went on stage it was her territory but, I don't know, she didn't necessarily take that aura off stage with her. But there were lots of times when we'd just sit at a piano and sing all night, just the two of us. She just adored music and I could play anything she wanted. She was the only person I ever met who knew as many songs as I did — old songs, obscure songs, anything. Her humor and her ability were incredible. You could give her a script in the car on the way to a show and she'd learn it in a few minutes. Liza had a lot of the same thing. It was more interesting to watch her move a stool across stage than it was to watch other people's entire act. She just looked as if she belonged on stage. I used to think: "If I could ever get that", but it takes a long time. Liza had it naturally but I didn't. I had to work for mine.

**Penthouse:** And it seems you're still working. Your Broadway musical, *Legs Diamond*, isn't exactly an intimate one-man show, is it?

**Allen:** No, it's huge. There's 35 people — lots of showgirls and gangsters. Twenty new songs. It's like an old-time musical. There's no socially redeeming factors at all! About three years ago everyone was going: "Broadway musical, Broadway musical", so I thought about it and eventually





## INTERVIEW

got the idea from this terrible movie called *Legs Diamond*, which I loved as a kid. I came out to Australia and stayed in my Bondi apartment for a month and hammered out songs which everyone seemed to love. Enough to give us \$5 million to do the show, anyway. Now I have to face this incredible discipline of going to the same place eight times a week for at least two years. I know I'm gonna scream and shout some days and love it other days. But the score's good and there's nothing on Broadway like this. There's certainly nothing there that I like. I have had to accept that it takes a long time to get your money back on a musical. I am taking a *major* pay cut to do this. I worked out that I'd have to do 40 shows on Broadway to get what I normally get for one night.

**Penthouse:** In many ways, this brings you a full circle — from the all-singing, all-dancing Allen Brothers to the mecca of glittering showbiz. Was that intentional?

**Allen:** Well, I've never been a big record seller and there didn't seem to be much point to staying in there and keeping up the fight. These days, frankly, a white singer of a certain age is very hard to sell. Tina Turner can go on forever and Lionel Richie still sells millions of records, while Barry Manilow and now Kenny Rogers can't sell a record anymore. But with Broadway, there's all that money out there and people are desperate for good shows. So I've really become a "performer." Over the past couple of years I've worked so much that I've taken off as this major entertainer. Before that I was a songwriter who sang occasionally. I think I've come to like the stage best of all. I can't act at all but I think I pull it off with sheer force of personality. But I really do miss songwriting. I've always regarded what I do on stage as pretty superficial, though other people don't. I'm out there having fun and if people like it, that's great, but I don't see myself changing their lives. I think it's a bit pretentious to think along those lines.

**Penthouse:** Of the hundreds of versions of your songs, which ones do you prefer?

**Allen:** I loved Sinatra's "You And Me" but most of my favorites are real strange ones, like Melanie's "I'd Rather Leave While I'm In Love" and Patti LaBelle's "I Don't Go Shopping." I loved Bobby Vinton's Polish version of "I Honestly Love You" — it was hysterical. That song has been recorded almost 40 times and when I got the first cheque for it I almost fainted. I must have strange tastes because I had no idea that it was a great song, just no idea . . . until I started doing it live and there were these real death silences which make you realise: oh boy, this is the one.

When Olivia told me she was going to put it out as a single I begged her not to. I said: "Don't be crazy. It will be the end of

your career. It doesn't have a drum on it, nothing." Then I went away and spent the summer in the woods or something and I came back and asked a friend: "Whatever happened to poor Olivia's single?" and he said: "Are you nuts? It's number one, the biggest selling record she's ever had."

**Penthouse:** Wasn't it the opposite with "Don't Cry Out Loud"? You liked it but nobody else could hear it.

**Allen:** No-one liked it. Marvin Hamlisch hated it. Even Lou Adler, who produced my version, said: "I just don't like it, Peter, and I don't know why you want to record it." I thought Melissa Manchester's version was pretty but even I didn't expect it to take off like it did. I'm real lucky because my songs stay around. I still make a lot of money from things that didn't get on to any sort of chart, like "Everything Old Is New Again." Everybody uses it. They're lined up to buy it for commercials.

**Penthouse:** I'm curious about the song

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In New York I'm  
not even regarded as an  
Australian. I'm a New  
Yorker. Hogan's visibility  
has worked a lot better  
for types like Jacko  
9

you won the Oscar for, "Arthur's Theme", which credited you, Burt Bacharach, Carole Bayer-Sager and Christopher Cross as writers. Surely it didn't need all of you to write a simple pop song?

**Allen:** Well, I wasn't in the room when Christopher Cross wrote anything. But he was so hot then, he'd just won all these Grammys and I guess everyone figured that if he sang the song it would be an automatic smash, and they were right. It was actually an old song that Carole and I had never been able to finish. She rang me up and said, "Burt and I have to do something for the new Dudley Moore film. What was that thing you wrote on a plane about 'when you're caught between the moon and New York City, it's crazy but it sure is pretty' or something?" She sent me the video the next day and said, "Do you want to write this one with us?" Of course I did.

**Penthouse:** Before Carole married Burt Bacharach she appeared to play a large role in your emergence as a songwriter.

**Allen:** We were some of the last writers to be signed up to the legendary Brill Building in New York, around 1965. We'd go in there every day and lock ourselves away in

a cubicle with a piano, just like Carole King and Gerry Goffin. The very first day we wrote a fabulous thing called "A Natural Thing To Do." We had covers right away — Neil Sedaka had sort of "comeback" hits with "The World Through A Tear" and "Answer To My Prayer." We worked so well together. At night, I'd go to Carole's apartment or she'd come over to mine and we just kept writing. Everything seemed to come out of that time — "Quiet Please There's A Lady On Stage", "Don't Cry Out Loud", "Everything Old Is New Again", "Don't Wish Too Hard."

**Penthouse:** In these post-Dundee days, is there any advantage in being an Australian abroad?

**Allen:** Not for me. I'm not even regarded as an Australian in New York, I'm a New Yorker. Being from here would be about the fourth thing Americans would think of about me, whereas with Paul Hogan it's the first. His visibility has been incredible but it's mainly worked for other, more pure Australian types, like Jacko.

**Penthouse:** It's been a long road since you forced your way into the pubs of Armidale. Do you ever find yourself thinking about the early part of your career?

**Allen:** It doesn't seem such a long time until I read about what I've done or I come back to Australia and drive in from the airport past some RSL club where Chris and I used to lug our little amps up the stairs. Back then, to stay alive you had to do anything that came along. Chris and I would go out on Col Joye outback road tours with people like Patsy Ann Noble, where you'd finish a show and ask where the next town was and they'd say, "Oh, over there somewhere." There were no roads — you'd be chasing emus with your van. It was a wonderful grounding though. There was no international outlet for Australian music then; that was all we had. In America you can become an overnight success from one record and never have to walk on a stage.

**Penthouse:** You can still bring tears to the most hardened eyes with "Tenterfield Saddler." Do you ever weary of singing such a personal song?

**Allen:** No, it's still very important to me. I have warm memories of my childhood. I'm still trying to find a saddle made by my grandfather, which I'd dearly love to have.

**Penthouse:** What was the most bizarre and memorable show you ever played in Australia?

**Allen:** There were so many! I remember one night we were booked for the annual dinner of the Cellists Association of Australia. We were the floorshow; we had to play our little guitars before about a hundred old men. That was probably the strangest gig we ever did.

**Penthouse:** Do you keep in any sort of contact with the old "Bandstand Family" or any of your contemporaries?

*Continued on page 144*

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What  
A  
Feeling!

**TOYOTA**  
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# TAO OF SEX

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GORDON FITCHETT

Advanced Chinese sexual techniques  
to improve your mastery  
of the bedroom arts

BY JOHN MASTERS

For thousands of years human beings have subjected themselves to rigorous physical disciplines to achieve altered states of consciousness in order to arrive at spiritual and emotional fulfilment. Many of these involve austere regimes of exercise, the body used as a tool to access the mind.

Hatha Yoga, for example, uses a range of physical postures to stretch and stress the body, thereby providing a physical "springboard" for certain psychic responses. The martial art Tai chi, with its lengthy set of slow, rhythmic and painstakingly accurate movements, has a similar effect. In each of these systems attention is focused on the movements and postures. Thousands of years of experience have shown adepts that the mind-altering

effects of these arts follow automatically. The key to such disciplines is the "mind set" of the practitioner. Despite the incredible variety of techniques of the adepts, the single common factor is the emphasis on total concentration on the processes of the exercises being performed.

These arts will necessarily involve controlled physical activity, fixed attention on what you are doing, the commitment to practice regularly and the willingness to experience new and possibly intense sensations. The word that often comes to mind when looking at these arts is discipline. We assume that we are going to have to find a master of some arcane art in order to discover ourselves.

Fortunately the ancient Chinese recognised that sexual intercourse could fulfill all of these prerequisites. With

the correct attitudes and understanding, sex can provide all of the requirements of a yoga or spiritual pursuit, with the additional advantage that we probably do it anyway and want to keep on doing it for as long as our physical constitution permits.

One of the major obstacles to following one of the many paths to personal harmony is the time and discipline factor. It's so easy to miss one practice session, then two, and then the whole thing fades away under the pressure of other commitments. Strangely, sex doesn't seem to have the same disadvantages. Beginning with your normal drives, all you have to do is be willing to learn, experience, observe and extend your sexual boundaries.

The key to all of the Taoist sexual meditation techniques is single-

mindedness. You must concentrate on the techniques and sensations they generate. Eventually you will develop automatic responses, just as athletes do, but in the beginning you have to focus your efforts.

The focus of most people is orgasm. Taoist sexual practices have aims that go beyond. Usually we see sex as either reproductive or hedonistic. We either produce children or give ourselves sensual pleasure. For Taoists sex is also a source of powerful energy that can be used to gain spiritual awareness, personal health, healthier offspring, longer life and ultimately physical immortality.

If you've been practising some of the exercises described in the first three articles then you should be noticing some interesting things happening. You will have more control over your ejaculation, ideally being able to control it at will when it occurs. If you have progressed to the next stage then you are now able to experience orgasm without ejaculating. At the same time the intensity of the sensation that you experience at climax is greatly increased. The starting point for all of these benefits was in learning the skill of retaining the semen when experiencing orgasm.

It was pointed out in the earlier articles in this series that you may begin to experience some unusual sensations when you practised seminal retention. The most common of these is a tingling sensation that begins at the base of the spine. This can be a "buzzing" feeling or perhaps manifests as a warm or cool tingle.

This is due, according to Chinese medical theory, to the accumulation of body energy called *Qi* ("chee"). Previously, when you ejaculated, the *Qi* that you built up during intercourse was pumped out of the body. No wonder you felt like going to sleep. Now this vitality is being deliberately retained inside. Your batteries are being recharged.

You now have a reserve of very potent energy at your disposal. The question is what to do with it. Normally this *Qi* circulates around your body in 12 pathways. Its role is to provide the power for all of the normal processes that your body undertakes from the moment you take your first breath until the very last.

The source of the energy is very simple to recognise. Part of it comes from the food you eat and liquids you drink; part of it comes from the air you breathe; part of your body energy is inherited from your parents. It is this third energy source that governs your genetic potential. It determines what use you will make of the food and air you take in, how much and how quickly

you will grow, what the children you produce will be like and ultimately how quickly you will age and die.

The *Qi* inherited from parents is said to be stored in the reproductive organs, so in many ways it can be directly equated with the idea of sexual energy. From there it reaches out to control all of those functions above. It can never be increased beyond the level that was originally inherited, but it can be prematurely used up, leading to faster than necessary aging, children with a poor inherited potential and to an early death.

It is used up faster if you eat poorly, live unhealthily, suffer from frequent illness or consistently overwork. Because of the close association with the reproductive organs it is also depleted by inappropriate sexual practices.

With each ejaculation some *Qi* is lost. Within normal bounds your body can overcome this loss but if it is too great then the aging process accelerates. The principal goal of the seminal retention techniques is to halt this unnecessary loss of vitality. But years of improper living have already left their mark on your body.

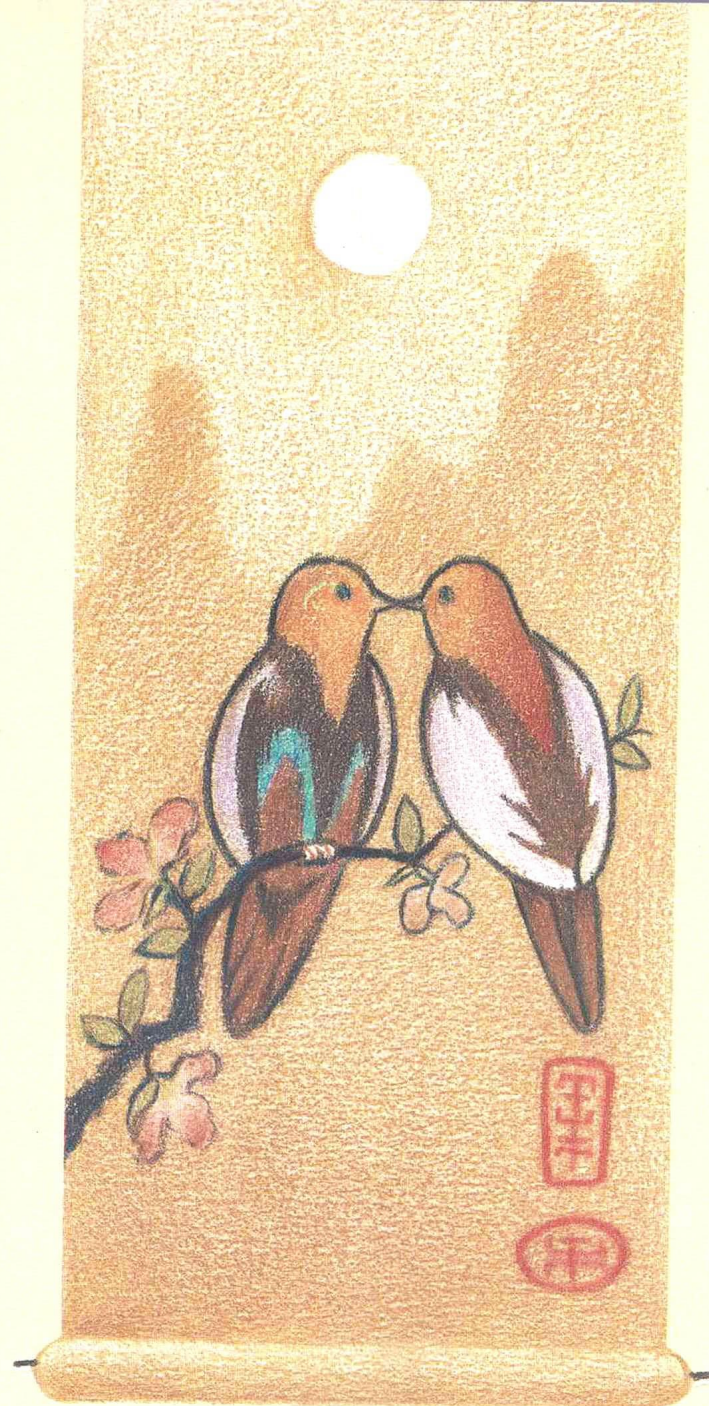
The next stage of Taoist sexual practice is to use these new reserves to flush out the residues of years of poor living habits, to start the task of repairing your body and returning it to full operating potential.

The sensations occurring at the base of your spine during the seminal retention exercises are an indicator that your body now has at its disposal sufficient reserves to begin the process of rejuvenation.

To understand the purposes of the techniques of sexual renewal it is necessary to understand how the human body works according to the Chinese medical model. As mentioned, normal healthy energy comes from a combination of the food that you eat, the air you breathe and your own inherited ability to use these resources to their optimum. The *Qi* drives the normal daily processes and also provides the ability to adapt to changes in the environment and fight off disease. If this energy is compromised then a decline in health results.

The *Qi* normally circulates around the 12 pathways that connect the inner organs of the body with the limbs. It is through these channels that we can use acupuncture, massage and shiatzu to correct the workings of organs.

As well as these pathways that influence the functions of the body, we have eight others called the eight extra vessels. These link together the main channels, and their function is to balance all of the activities of the energy circulation. The other vital task they perform is to direct the *Qi* that is in-





herited from your parents, often referred to as sexual energy, to the appropriate areas of the body.

The simplest way to understand the system of channels is to imagine that the 12 principal pathways are like a network of rivers. They flow constantly. The eight extra vessels act like a series of canals that can divert water from a river which is too full or can inject water into a river where the water level has dropped too low.

The ultimate goal of the Taoist sexual meditation techniques is to take the Qi built up by practising seminal retention and direct it into the eight extra vessels. This has the effect of "cleaning out" the channels, leaving them with a reserve of high quality Qi to use in balancing the body. The final result of achieving complete internal balance of the body is a lifespan increased, even to the point of immortality.

We begin by looking at the conscious circulation of the Qi through the two most important of the eight channels.

### The Small Heavenly Circulation Of The Energy

The two main pathways along which Taoist adepts directed the accumulated energy travel along the midline of the body. The governing vessel begins in the genitals and flows upwards, along the spine, over the top of the head, ending at the top lip. It is this pathway which is causing the tingling in your spine when you climax without ejaculating.

The corresponding pathway on the front of the body is called the conception vessel. This begins in the genitals and passes over the abdomen and chest, coming to an end at the lower lip.

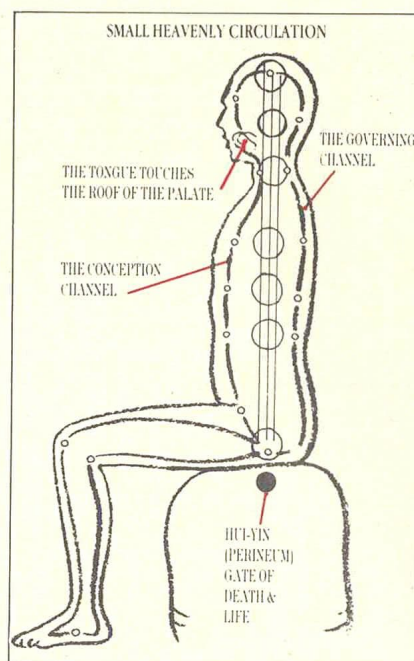
Both of these vessels emerge on to the surface of the skin in the perineum, at an acupuncture point called Hui Yin. This is the spot referred to in the first article as the Golden Point, to which pressure is applied at the moment of orgasm in order to physically block ejaculation.

When the tongue is pressed against the top of the mouth behind the front teeth it acts as a switch that connects the two circuits. In Taoists texts this loop of energy was called the Small Heavenly Circulation, because the Qi travelled from the Earth (the genitals) up the spine to Heaven (the head) and then down the front of the body via the conception vessel to Earth again.

It is this circuit of energy that takes the sexual vitality from the genitals and spreads it to all of the other organs and systems of the body.

In order to practise using this circulation, first build up sexual tension in the genital area. You can do this by masturbating until you achieve a par-

tial erection. (Note: the ancient Taoists never maintained that masturbation will send you deaf or blind. For them the key was that, even when masturbating, it was necessary to practise retention of the semen. In fact they viewed celibacy as a far more dangerous and unnatural act that could lead



to dire consequences.)

Once you have achieved the build-up then practice the Deer Exercise described in the first article. As you feel the warmth and pressure increase in your genital area place the tip of your tongue lightly and without tension against the roof of your mouth.

Breathe in slowly through the nose right down to the lower part of your abdomen. This will cause an even greater sensation in the lower body. As you inhale, visualise the breath flowing up the spine from the genital area, right to the top of the head.

Don't hurry it and don't be tense. Then slowly exhale, again through the nose. Let the image of the breath flow down the front of the body, returning to the genital area. This represents one complete circulation of the Small Heavenly cycle.

There are a few tips that make this exercise easier and more rewarding. The first is to be relaxed. Tension of any kind, physical or emotional, will block the flow of Qi. ("Who amongst you, by being anxious, can extend their life by even a day?")

Ensure that your posture is good. If your spine is sagging or hunched or held ramrod stiff then the sensation of the energy flowing up the spine will be blocked.

When visualising the flow of Qi, just concentrate your attention on the sensations occurring. It is easy to pretend that something is happening to your body, which is how many people inter-

pret the word "visualise." The Taoist approach is to use certain physical techniques to trigger processes in the body. The visualisation is used to focus on these events and gently guide them in the desired direction.

If you have difficulties with this practice, then it is better for you to draw the sensation of energy up the spine in a series of stages. Sit relaxed but erect in a straight-backed chair. Build up the sexual feeling as described above. Let all other tension pass out of you.

Do the Deer Exercise or any of the others previously mentioned until you get a warm or energised feeling in the genitals. Place the tongue behind the teeth as described above. Breathe in through your nose and contract the muscles around your anus as you draw the energy from your testicles to the perineum. Do this by focusing your mind on that area. Practice this small step until you feel comfortable with your success.

Next, try extending your control. Starting from the testicles, move the Qi through the perineum to the base of the spine using the same techniques of visualisation co-ordinated with the breath. As you do, slightly flatten the curve in the lumbar (lower) area of your spine. Now breathe out, but continue to focus your attention on the sacrum. Keep repeating this exercise until you can actually feel different sensations in this area of your body. You can assist this process by massaging the sacrum with your hands.

Once this goal is reached then repeat the procedures, this time aiming for your mid back — about two inches below your shoulderblades, roughly opposite your solar plexus. It may take a few days of practice at each stage to be ready to go on.

The next target is the region at the base of the skull and the final stage is right to the crown of the head. At this point you may get a sensation that the energy in your head is spinning. When this occurs, guide the Qi back down the front of the body to the perineum, again on the exhalation.

As your Qi overflows at the top of the head you will possibly get an increased amount of saliva secreted in your mouth. This often tastes like fruit or honey and can be associated with a tingling tongue. Be sure to swallow this saliva as Taoist literature maintains that it is very nourishing. They call it the Golden Nectar.

If you take the time to practise these methods then eventually, perhaps in even just a couple of months, they will become automatic responses. When this occurs you won't have to spend time rehearsing the moves. The energy charge in your genitals will grow as you

become aroused during intercourse. When you reach orgasm and retain the semen the energy gained will automatically be redirected up your spine. You will finish sex feeling alert, invigorated and alive.

You can help this process to begin during sex by using some of the skills that you have been gaining at the moment of orgasm. As you feel your climax beginning, tightly clench the muscles around your anus. Touch the tip of your tongue against the roof of your mouth and inhale, through the nose. As you inhale, direct the intense sensations that you are now having up your spine in a series of steps, each one being pumped up a little further by the contractions of the orgasm.

The final stage of sexual meditation is exchanging your energy with your partner. This symbolises the exchange of Yin and Yang essence. As a male you have a fullness of Yang energy; as a female your partner has plenty of Yin energy. In order to reach a balance, each of you needs to share with the other. The method of doing this is a simple extension of the exercises that you've been doing already.

The exchange of Yin and Yang is known by the rather beautiful term, "Valley Orgasm." When the sexual energy is at its peak, consciously co-ordinate your breathing with that of your partner. As you inhale, visualise the energy of the woman being drawn in through the penis and up the spine to your head. When breathing out, feel your own male energy going out through your penis and into your lover. Continue this exchange for as long as it's rewarding for both of you.

The benefits that you gain now should pass over into the other areas of your life. You should wake up feeling refreshed; you should have plenty of energy to get through all of your daily activities; you might notice an enhanced sex drive; and you should be more resistant to illness, particularly those disorders that are caused by stress. Perhaps you will live longer, as well.

### The Alchemy Of Sex

The theme of the connection between sex practices and longevity recurs consistently in Ancient Chinese records. These ideas even overflowed into popular culture. An example of this is the pictorial representation of the God of Long Life.

The shape of his head is very obviously representative of the glans of the penis. The implication here is that old Long Life gained a large proportion of his extended stay on Earth by practising Nei Dan (internal alchemy).

The classic text of the 13th Century, *The Song Of The Bodily Husk* by a master of the Tao known only as The Smoky Vine Master, reads: "The semen is in the kidneys (sexual organs), which are also named the Mysterious Flower. The formation of semen is re-



lated to the procreation of children, but it can also travel up to the brain, whereby the results are manifest internally by the strengthening of the bones, and externally by the hair coloring returning to black."

What Long Life had achieved was the nourishment of his brain, brought about by taking his basic sexual energy, developing it to peak potential and then, through meditation and breathing techniques, transporting it up the spine and transforming its nature until it had the notable effect on his pate, and the rest of his body along the way.

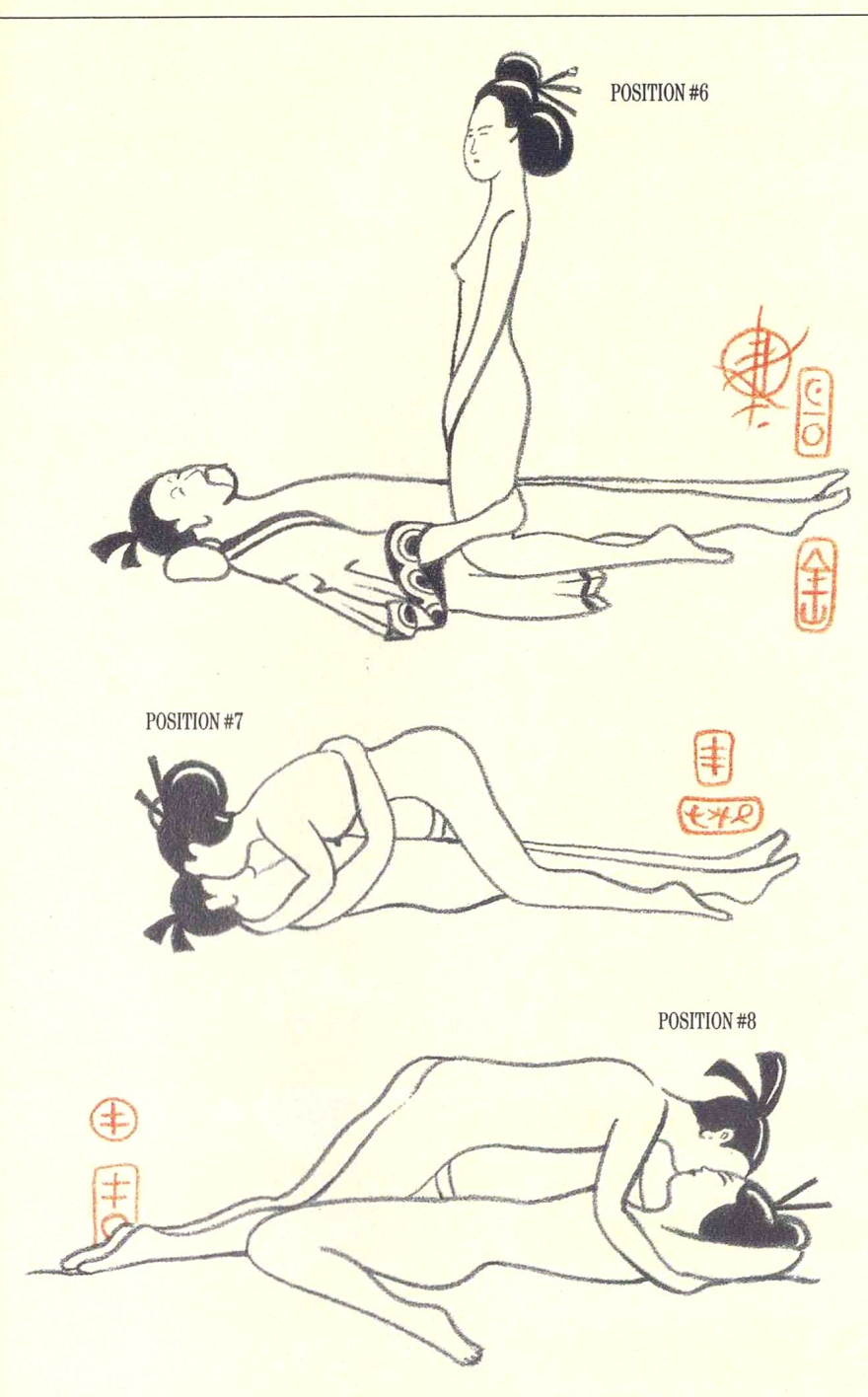
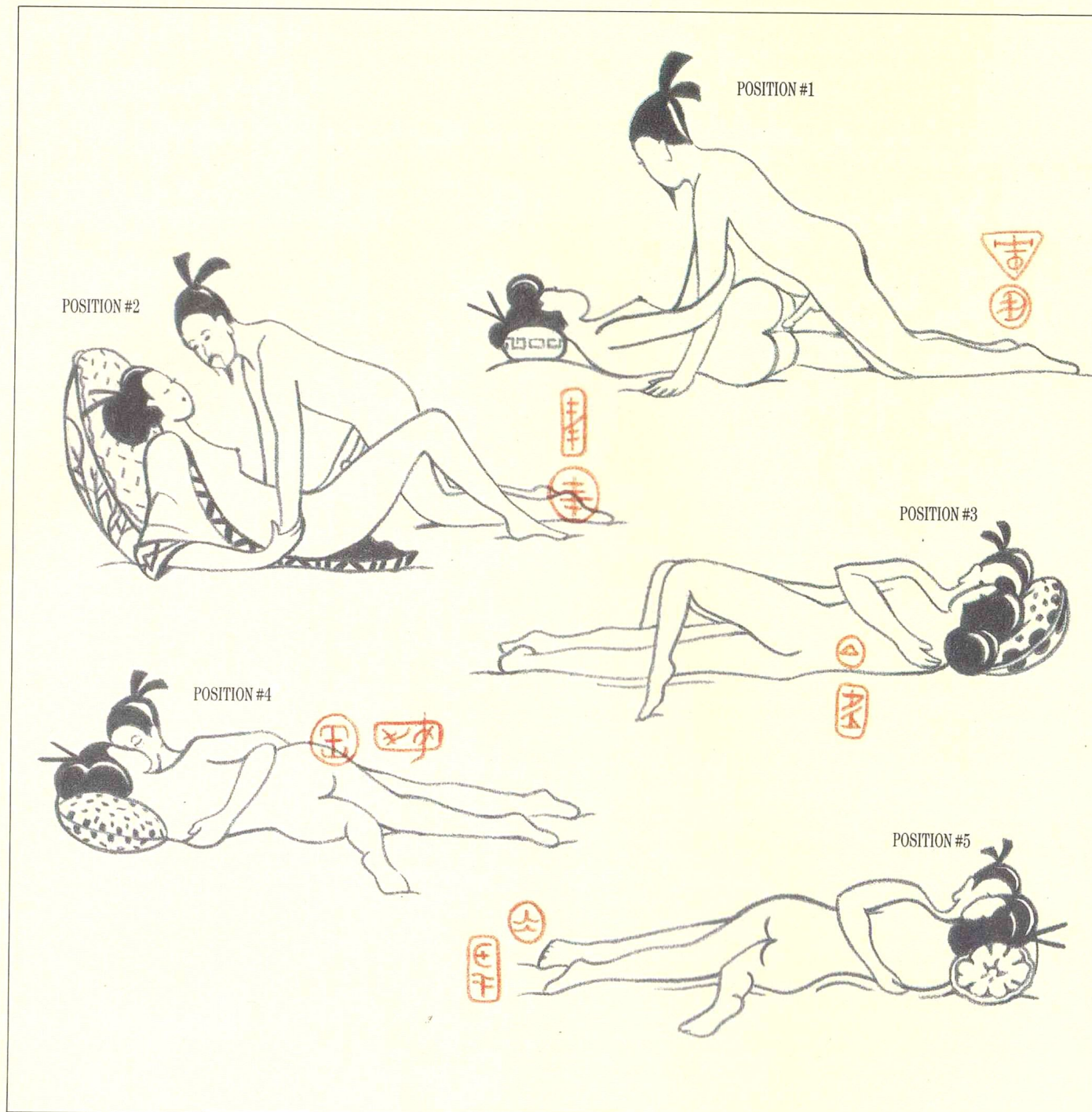
This process was allegorised as a chemical reaction, with the body of the woman representing the crucible in which the elements were mixed, and the man's body symbolising the furnace that provided the heat to trigger the chemical reaction. Dual Cultivation, as the union of sex was called, had the mutual benefit of uniting the two halves of the human universe in the quest for a common goal.

Yin, the female principle, and Yang, the male, in union create a whole that transcends the parts. Semen, the male manifestation of sexual energy, and blood, the female manifestation, are the most precious substances in the world and should therefore never be wasted.

A text called *The Essentials Of Understanding Pre-Natal Breathing* states: "It is called the root of Life. Here men store their semen and women retain their menstrual blood. This is the source of the Qi of long life and immortality." The semen and the blood are the "chemical" components that are mixed in the female crucible, and transformed by the heat of the male furnace.

Peng Tzu, the Chinese Methuselah





who purportedly lived for 700 to 800 years, says: "Men and women complete each other as a matter of Nature, just as heaven and Earth."

While diet and lifestyles are no doubt important contributors to a long life, sexual exercises are considered far more important to health and longevity than any other exercises: "If you do not copulate then your spirit and your *Qi* will be obstructed within you. How can you then repair your body?"

As the Chosen Girl says: "How can one fight against the nature and inclinations of man? Also, through the sexual act he can extend his life. And is it not a pleasure itself?"

The end result of this transformation was known as the Pill of Immortality. The techniques of sexual alchemy were usually kept strictly

secret, and when they were written down they were usually heavily disguised as works on early chemistry (alchemy).

When the art of "transforming the red into the white to create the pill of immortality" was described, it was often interpreted as changing cinnabar into gold by the process of heating it with other chemicals. Many incredibly toxic "Pills of Immortality" were concocted, much to the terminal dismay of more than one Emperor who took such a mixture in the hope of entrenching his regime.

In fact it is believed that gunpowder was the result of just such a search for immortality. Imagine what happened when the mixture was heated in the crucible. Maybe this is where the sexual term "going off like a firecracker" had its origins...

### The Eight Healing Positions For Men

Proponents of jogging and fad diets tell us that being healthy will help us feel good. The ideal is that feeling good will help to make you healthy.

The Taoists are certain that sex is good for you. You no doubt instinctively agree. Further than that, however, they have determined precisely which sexual techniques can be used to benefit very specific health problems.

Just as there are points on the body that can be stimulated by massage or acupuncture to treat health problems, areas exist on the penis that can be stimulated by using certain sexual postures.

Each one of these healing postures treats a certain set of symptoms or illnesses:

1. This position is for helping prob-

lems of sexual function such as premature ejaculation, anorgasmia and partial impotence. Do two "sets of nine" (see Part III of this series for an explanation of this term) every day for 15 days.

2. A position to give the body maximum energy. In this position the vagina is slightly curved, massaging the penis at the appropriate point. Three sets of nine three times a day are necessary. Do this for 20 days.

3. For healthy liver and kidneys, try doing four sets of nine for 20 days in this position.

4. The woman lies on her left side with her top leg straight and her lower leg bent as far back as possible. For ten days do five sets of nine. This will improve bone and joint disorders such as arthritis.

5. High blood pressure, hardening of

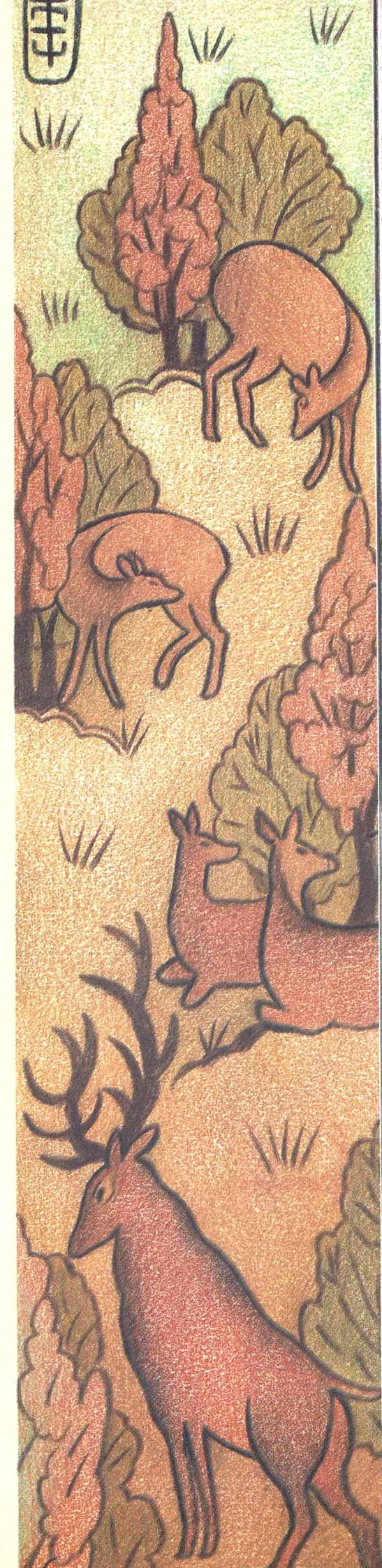
the arteries, and varicose veins can be alleviated from this position. The position is the opposite of number four. The woman lies on her right side and bends the right leg back. Try six sets of nine for a period of 20 days.

6. For low blood pressure or anaemia, pump yourself up with this. Try seven sets of nine, seven times a day for ten days. In this position the man performs the movements while the woman remains still.

7. Do eight sets of nine, eight times daily for 15 days. This will be of help for fluid retention and lymphatic disorders.

8. This position helps you to feel good, a worthy objective in itself. Try nine sets of nine for ten days.

All of these postures are for the man's benefit, so he must do the moving. ☯







# PRIVATE PLEASURES

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

No names required. This meeting was based on an urge which made such details look like a trifle. A look had been exchanged — and then a note passed: unsigned. It stipulated only the time and the place — *her* instigation.



No small talk required.  
No social lubrication.  
She issued instructions.  
He aimed to please and  
impress.











This was a working relationship based on one of those electric meetings of eyes. She saw in him a crude, puppyish confidence. He saw in her a living fantasy that he could at last embrace.



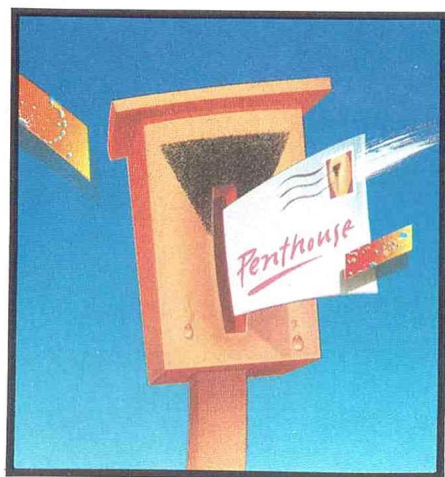




And when she  
was done, she  
kicked his arse  
out the door —  
for her the  
biggest thrill of  
the  
afternoon . . .







## FORUM

Continued from page 16

time. I told her that I shared the same thoughts and was aroused at the thought of watching and sharing her with another guy. She said that the only concern she had was finding someone whom she found desirable and who would be willing to join in on the fun.

Shortly thereafter, I invited a friend that I work with named Michael to join us for lunch at a local restaurant. Afterward, I asked Linda if she found him attractive enough to go to bed with us. She said yes and that he seemed very nice, but would

he be interested and would he be discreet? I told her that I trusted him completely and in fact had already talked to him about our fantasy, which he was willing to pursue.

One evening a few weeks later, we asked Michael over for a few drinks. After some small talk, I dimmed the lights in the living room and suggested we watch a porn film I had rented. The three of us sat on the floor, leaning against the davenport, with Linda between us. Soon I had my right arm around Linda's shoulder, and Michael reached over to hold her hand. I slowly reached up and started to caress her breast through her blouse, noticing from her breathing that she was becoming aroused. Then I motioned for her to put her hand on Michael's thigh. It took Linda a while to summon up the courage to do this, but when she finally did, I rewarded her by kissing her deeply and placing her other hand on my throbbing cock. Her hand slowly moved up Michael's thigh until it covered his bulging crotch, and she turned and kissed him, never letting her fingers stray from my raging hard-on. Michael slid his hand under her blouse to grasp her braless tits, and she moaned as he exposed her soft, firm breasts and started to lick them.

I should mention that Linda is not only beautiful, with the softest skin I've ever felt, but has large, firm tits with small nipples that become very sensitive when

she is aroused. In fact, I've often made her come just by massaging her breasts. Linda's heavy breathing told me that she was, by now, soaked between the legs. I excused myself to go to the bathroom, and when I returned, she and Michael were lying on the floor in a passionate kiss.

Linda turned to me as I lay down next to her. She slowly unzipped my pants, took out my cock, and immediately began to suck and lick it with a fervor I couldn't believe. Taking my cue, Michael opened her pants and pulled them off, exposing a very swollen dripping slit. As he spread her legs, I could see the glistening wetness of her pussy lips and the juice that had run down her thighs. Michael didn't hesitate to bury his face into her swollen lips, and I could feel Linda grinding and thrusting against his mouth as she continued to suck me. I could feel her movements getting faster, and I knew she was on the verge of coming. She suddenly held my cock still in her mouth and grasped Michael's head as she pumped her juice into his mouth and over his face. As soon as she was composed, we moved to the bedroom.

We didn't hesitate to undress so we could continue our fantasy. I lay on the bed, and Linda immediately crawled between my legs, continuing to devour my throbbing, glistening cock. Michael lay beside us for a moment, watching, then got off the bed and walked behind Linda. He gently lifted her hips up as I continued to fuck her mouth. She started to suck me slowly, matching the rhythm of Michael's thick cock sliding in and out of her flaming cunt. As he buried his cock into her, Linda stopped her sucking long enough to look up at me. I've never seen such a beautiful look of pleasure on her face as her tongue flicked a drop of juice from the tip of my cock.

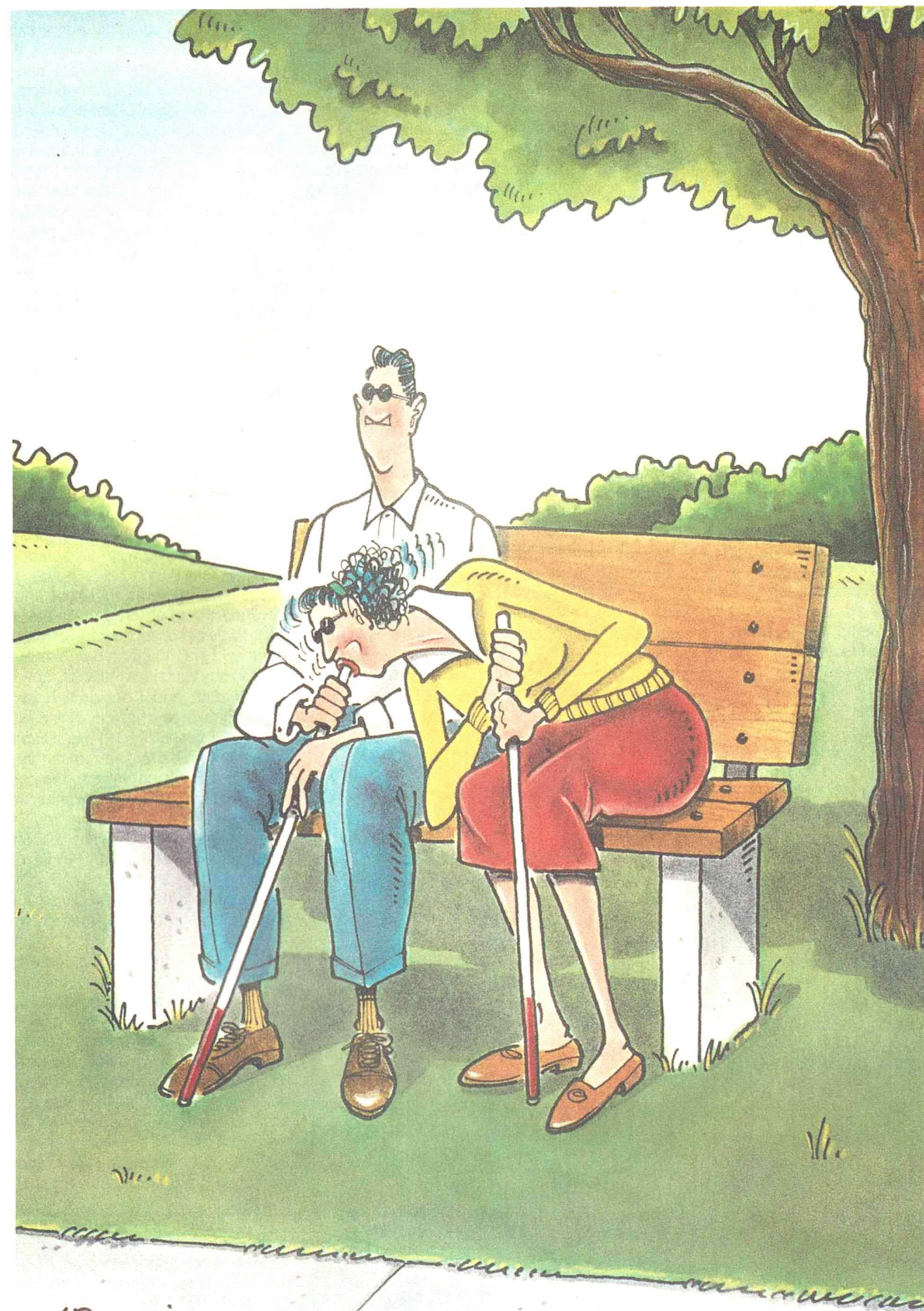
Michael began pumping his cock harder and faster. I could tell that he was near climaxing, and I felt my cock about to burst as well. It wasn't long before I found myself filling her mouth with what had to be gallons of come. Seeing this, Michael immediately began to shudder and moan as he emptied his cock into her pussy. Linda lifted her head, tossing it from side to side as she came.

We all collapsed on the bed to rest and catch our breath. Linda lay between us, holding our cocks in each hand as we talked. The sight of my come all over her chin, throat and breasts is something I'll always remember. I slid my hand between her legs to feel her pussy, which was oozing with her juices and Michael's come. Her thighs shone with the fluids that continued to seep out of her.

After a while, Linda started stroking our dicks. She soon rolled toward me to kiss me, and as she did my cock began to grow again. As her tongue began to probe my mouth, I could feel her wiggling against Michael's cock as he pushed it against her



"THE STINKER" BY RODUNNY



W. Martin.



# FORUM

round cheeks.

I pulled Linda on top of me, and she guided my cock into her pussy and began to grind her pelvis into mine. Her snatch was very wet and slick with her juice and Michael's come. As the tempo of our lovemaking increased and we began to ram into each other faster and faster, the presence of my steel-like rod in her flooded love hole created glorious slurping sounds. Her breasts jiggled delightfully as she leaned backward, threw back her head, and rode my cock as if there were no tomorrow.

As we made love, she noticed Michael lying next to me, slowly stroking his cock. She leaned over toward him and took his cock into her mouth, wrapping her hand around its base. She soon had his huge dick shining with saliva, and her hand slid up and down the shaft as she continued to suck as much of him into her mouth as she could.

I could feel her grinding, pumping cunt getting closer to exploding, and I told her I was almost ready to come. She immediately increased the speed of her hand and mouth on Michael's cock as he began to thrust his hips up, fucking her mouth. Within moments, I was pumping my second load of the evening into Linda's hot body, thrusting as deeply as I could. I felt

her shudder as she started to climax, and I realised Michael was filling her mouth with his load at the same time. Linda's body was convulsing with such a violent climax that she moaned and cried out as she released Michael's cock, his come shooting all over her face. Some of it ran out of the corner of her mouth, dribbling on to her breasts. As we lay there exhausted, she rubbed his copious cream into her breasts as her other hand slid between her legs to feel the moisture.

Later, as Linda and I cleaned up and had another drink, we agreed that this had been so special that we would not want to repeat it too often — or at least we'd try not to. But in the meantime, we've talked about her and I with another woman. — *Name and address withheld*

## Pool party

During this last summer I worked every night and kept my afternoons free. As my parents have a pool behind the house, I usually spend a lot of time sunbaking and swimming. We had used a pool-cleaning service that sent a man named Ernie every Friday to make sure the pool would be ready each weekend. Ernie is six feet tall, muscular, and handsome. Although he was going into his second year of university, he was really shy.

For the first few weeks of the summer, I watched Ernie as he worked around the pool. I knew he had been eyeing my bikini-

clad body because he had tried several times to hide the bulge in his pants. Unfortunately, I could not get a good look at his physique since he always wore a T-shirt, jeans, and sneakers. I asked him one day if he would like to go for a dip in the pool, but he explained that his boss would not allow his workers to swim in customers' pools. They were ordered to wear long pants and shirts so that their clients would be assured that if they were not home, the workers would not be going swimming. I just had to think of a way to get to see Ernie's body. What a challenge!

One really humid day, Ernie was drenched with sweat as he worked on the pool. I tried to encourage him to take a dip and cool off, but he refused. In desperation, I suggested that he just take off his shoes and stick his feet in. He appreciated the offer and agreed when I promised not to tell his boss. Ernie peeled off his sneakers and socks, rolled up his pants a bit, and waded into the water. The thought that I was slowly but surely succeeding in getting him undressed really began to turn me on. While Ernie continued his work barefoot, I lay on my stomach in order to hide the increasing wetness spreading inside my bikini bottom.

The next week was not as hot, and Ernie declined the offer to dunk his feet in the pool. I was becoming more frustrated. I felt he knew I was interested in him but was just too shy to make a move. By now it was late August, and I decided to be bold. While Ernie was kneeling at the edge of the pool, I pushed him in. He climbed out and, more embarrassed than angry, said, "Well, you finally got me into the pool, but if my boss sees these wet clothes, he'll fire me for sure!"

I apologised and offered to hang his clothes in the sun to dry. Ernie quickly stripped off his shirt, shoes and socks. He then went into the cabana to get a towel. Much to my surprise, he emerged with the towel wrapped around his waist and handed me his jeans. Overcome by the sight of his bare feet and muscular chest, I touched him. I quickly pulled his towel away. He was wearing briefs, but they were pushed out by his mighty hard-on. I led Ernie into the poolshed and he kissed me. I pulled his underwear down to his ankles, at last exposing his entire body. As soon as I got out of my bikini, we were all over each other. In a quivering voice, Ernie asked if he could make love to me. I immediately grabbed his pulsing shaft and guided it into my frothing cave.

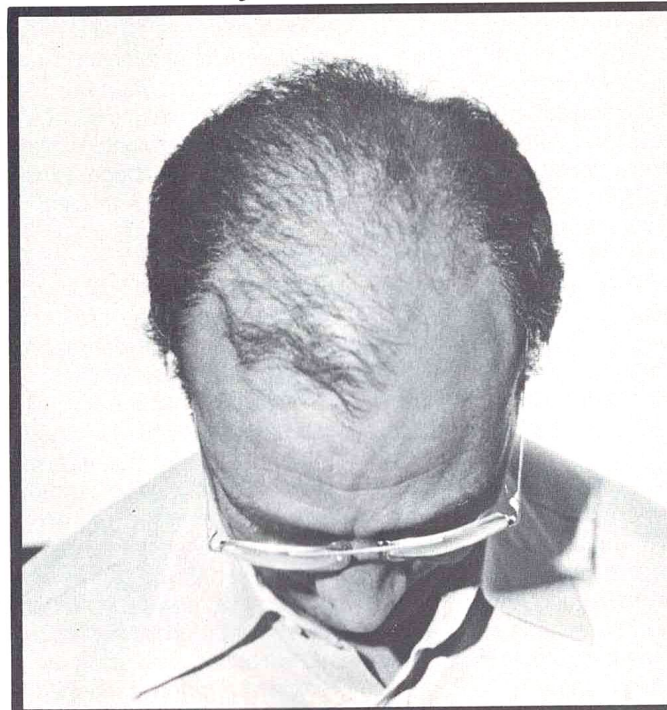
Ernie began humping and was soon pounding away like there was no tomorrow! When I began to orgasm, he held me close, closed his eyes, and clenched his teeth. With a loud groan, his body tensed and his hot come poured deep inside of me. I was rocked by one wave of pleasure after another.

The next time he was over, he told me how much he had enjoyed our encounter;



"Wait a second... This isn't Club Med!"

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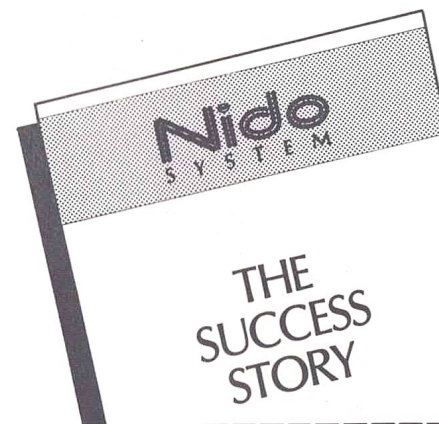
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## FORUM

however, he was afraid of getting caught. How ridiculous! I took off my bikini top and paraded my tits in front of his face. Ernie stood there dumbfounded as I slowly began to undress him. Within seconds, we were back in the shed for another torrid episode.

I have had sex with a number of men, but had never seen someone jerk off. I really wanted to see what it was like and asked Ernie to masturbate in front of me. At first he wasn't too thrilled with the idea, but by now I had him wrapped around my little finger. He lubricated his hand with fluid oozing from the end of his throbbing dick and began working it back and forth. I watched with fascination as his tempo quickened. He thrust his hips to meet his hand. He panted and shook as if he were fucking a woman. When Ernie reached his climax, he stood rigidly on his toes and moaned as blasts of sperm shot like rockets out of his erect organ. I was amazed at the amount of come and the force with which it squirted out! Now that my curiosity was satisfied, I was hornier than ever. I held Ernie's cock until it became hard again, and we made love for one last wonderful time.

The next week, Ernie left for uni, promising to come back to me next summer. It certainly pays to be persistent! — *Name and address withheld*

### Deposit box

I am the branch manager for a bank, and I needed to hire an additional loan manager. After running an ad and receiving the

usual number of resumes, I noticed one from a young lady whose experience seemed to meet our needs. I set up a meeting with Amy to discuss her qualifications. She arrived on time and sat down. Amy had reddish-blonde hair. Although not large-breasted, hers were pointed and proud. Our conversation went well, and she accepted the job. I was attracted to Amy from the moment we met, and I decided to ask her to join me on a business development. I had just purchased a sports car, and the thought of her riding next to me was more than I could resist. It was a real challenge for me to keep my eyes on the road instead of on her silky things.

As I am somewhat of a flirt, it wasn't long before our conversation turned to parties, sex, and other items of mutual interest. Each time I would try to shock her, she just came back with an even stronger response. That sexy smile of hers made my balls suck up so tight, and my cock so hard, that I was afraid I might come in the car. Obviously, Amy really knew how to get to me. I just wondered how long it would take before I would be able to get to her.

A few months went by, and I finally got up the nerve to ask her out. After a couple of drinks, Amy turned to me and said, "I know I'm turning you on, and I know you want to fuck me." Unfortunately, this was not my night, and I ended up driving home with a real case of blue balls. Lying in bed, I started to think about her. I slowly stroked myself until I shot my come all over my chest. I kept thinking about what it would be like to slide my tongue up and down her wet, hot twat while her warm lips sucked

and licked my cock.

A few more weeks went by and my desire for Amy grew more intense as our verbal dares continued. Then when a group of people from the bank were going out after work, the two of us tagged along. While we were all sitting at the table, I began ever so slightly to rub my foot along Amy's calf. To my surprise, she did not pull away. The more I rubbed her leg, the more turned on I got. My cock grew hard, and I could feel a drop of come forming on the tip. I could see that she was having a similar reaction. Finally, Amy said she had to leave, but as she passed me she whispered, "Follow me over to the park near where I live."

Once in the park, Amy put her arms around me and kissed me while her hands reached down and caressed my cock. I couldn't wait to put my cock into her hot, wet bush. We walked down the hill, away from the cars, and sat down on the damp grass. I reached over and slid my hand up her creamy white leg, stopping at her steaming sex. Even before I reached her soaked panties, I could feel and smell the heat of her crotch. By the time I slipped one of my fingers into her, her juices were running. My cock was so hard; I thought it would explode too soon. But I held out for the gusto. There we were, half-naked, only 100 metres from the street, playing with each other. Amy continued to jerk me off and caress my balls. At the same time, I was fingering her fully sensitised clit.

"Babe, turn over," I said. She did, and I moved in behind her and slowly lifted up her skirt. At this, she spread her legs, revealing her ready cunt. My cock was only inches away from paradise. Moving in closer, I let my member find its own way, and I slid effortlessly along Amy's wet canal. It glided in slowly and deeply as she gasped for breath. My heart was pounding and my head was spinning wildly. I knew if I moved a muscle, I would come immediately. I held still, letting the uncontrollable actions of her cunt stroke and massage me. I watched my wet cock slide in and out of her. Finally, I shot the works, and fired jet after jet of hot come into her box.

Amy and I have been together ever since. Marriage? You can bank on it! — *Name and address withheld*

### Good reception

I am a 26-year-old married woman who people say looks like Mariel Hemingway. I am happy in my marriage in all respects, especially in the sex department. But like a lot of married women, I have my private sexual fantasies. Well, today was my lucky day, and being so excited about it, I had to tell someone. I'm still shaking as I write this, getting horny all over again.

Our TV was not working, so my husband Darrin called to have a repairman come to our house. About two this afternoon, Ray showed up. He turned out to be one of my fantasies, as I'd always dreamed of having sex with a black guy. I had never been

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We both sat on the lounge, and I noticed that Ray's eyes were glued to the TV screen. After a while, my eyes were glued to his crotch. I don't know if he realised it or

When I stood up, I was so dizzy that I almost fell over, and when I finally looked at his dick, I couldn't believe its size. By the look on my face Ray could tell that I was amazed. I told him that this was the first black cock I had ever seen, and it was certainly worth the wait. There it stood.

— Name and address withheld 

.....Postcode.....





## Loan WOLVES

Continued from page 78

holder's financial situation changes with unemployment, or divorce or any number of things, then the credit risk can change overnight.

"The second point is that while Bankcard rates may appear high at first glance, the bank carries the cost for a fee credit period, so that the actual return can be much lower than the average 22 percent current interest rate." How much lower is claimed to be confidential commercial information.

"In fact I'd say that all trading banks are losing on Bankcard, or at the very best up until recent times that there was no profit in Bankcard.

"There are five million Bankcards out there, and in 1987 calendar year there was a \$7 billion turnover, so you can see what a vital role Bankcards play in the credit economy. Despite all the talk about banks raking in profits from Bankcard interest rates, we'd be willing to face any government inquiry into our system. It's just another one of the services that banks provide to the public."

The Director of the Australian Bankers' Association, Mr Allan Cullen, said the suggestion that the larger number of banks has led to increased interest rates is

contrary to the facts, because lending margins have been reduced since the entry of foreign banks.

The charge that the cost of corporate services leads to the diminishing of services to small persons is refuted by the strong growth in personal banking, such as housing loans and credit cards.

Mr Cullen says the suggestion that competition for deposits had forced interest rates up was wrong, because the predominant reason for the level of interest rates has "been the role that monetary policies have had to play in economic management, particularly in the face of circumstances when the currency was weak. It is true there has been a general increase in the returns sought by depositors but this reflects constant high inflation and the requirement by depositors to have an adequate real return under those conditions.

"The reason why we have such high interest rates in Australia is Australia's economic circumstances in terms of inflation and its fundamental problems with current chronic account deficits and foreign indebtedness." Passing the buck?

Cullen also defended the banks against charges that they were walking away from small depositors: "The banks are a large financial services sector whose existence and progress depend on fulfilling what the community needs in this area. The remarkable changes in the marketing of bank products, the range of products, changes

in the payment system etc reflect the requirements of the community and the research in depth that banks have undertaken to establish those needs.

"As for the notion that banks have fuelled real estate speculation and housing prices, the evidence from surveys on real estate prices refutes that there has been a boom in real estate prices.

"There is a perception that Sydney prices are now rising strongly but this follows a period of low growth. The growth in bank lending for real estate is overwhelmingly in the area of housing loans for owner occupation.

"As for the idea of bank managers no longer being respected, it is true that bank managers, like other professionals, are no longer held in the same awe as they used to be. This is beneficial as it enables better communication between bankers and their customers and a greater responsiveness to community needs. The position of bank managers in the past was in part related to their role as rationers of money, compared with the present situation where they can meet all reasonable needs by raising funds in the market.

"On the question of banking being a protected industry and not having to face competition, banks are not in fact protected from competition. They are organisations which have to carry the burden of the costs of prudential regulation for their standing; there are 110 merchant banks, 29 finance companies, 27 building societies and 37 credit unions competing in the same markets as banks.

"And as for Consumer Affairs Departments needing special consumer finance sections, these departments have always taken a very active interest in banking and financial services. The level of complaints received is so low that it does not warrant the establishment of special sections.

"The Australian community is mature in the use of debt as an integral part of financial management. Interest rates have to be looked at in real terms and not nominal terms."

How can the alarming problems with our banks be resolved? Labor Prime Minister Ben Chifley tried in 1949 to nationalise banks, which, if successful, would have given governments the power to control their anti-social policies and appoint people to their boards who possessed some semblance of a social ethic — and who believed in a role for banks which wasn't just profit-oriented. But history reminds us of the banks' frightening power to defeat popular Prime Ministers, and Bob Hawke appears to be the last person to take on the banks for the sake of ordinary Australians.

So it seems borrowers can do little but grind away at their mortgages, smile politely at their bank managers, and mutter "Bloody usury" as they step warily into the great palaces of Mammon. ○—■



"You bring out the worst in me."

## WINNING WAYS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CARL WACHTER

Gambling had never been Deborah's strong suit, and yet she'd always been a sucker for a game of chance. Last night's effort was particularly embarrassing. She'd been lucky not to lose the shirt off her back. As it was the card sharps had demanded a cut of her jeans.







Travelling by thumb, Deborah saw her fortunes change. Noni was tall, dark and friendly. "I've heard of flying by the seat of your pants," the brunette giggled, "but this is ridiculous. Now I know why they call it bumming a ride."

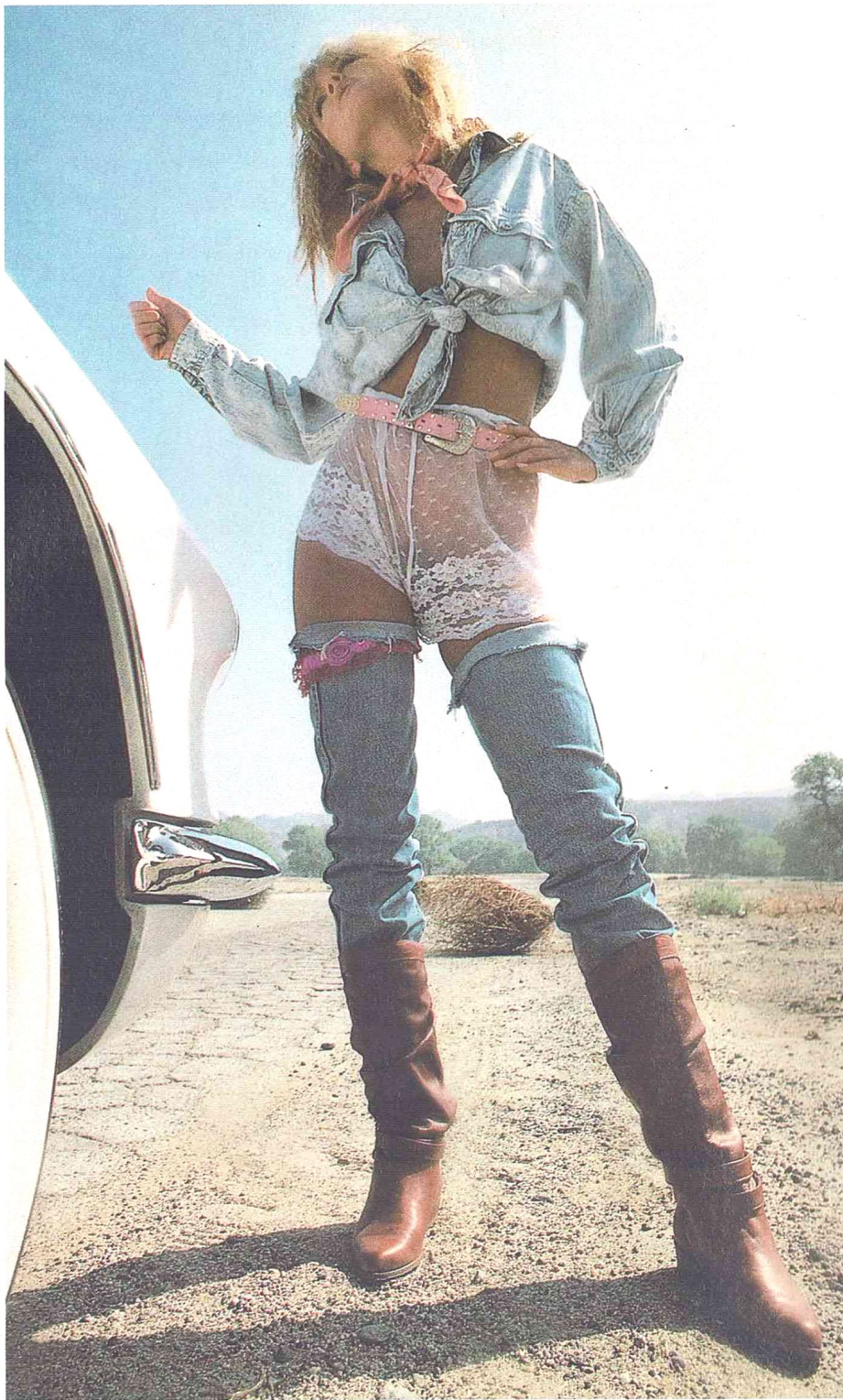




Noni listened as her blonde passenger recounted her tale of woe. Then, placing a slender hand on the hitcher's thigh, she said, "Come along with me and learn the winning ways of the Queen Of Hearts."







**"You've got to know when to fold 'em," said Noni, placing Deborah's torn garment in a neat pile. "And know when to hold 'em," she said, reaching for the blonde's perfect body. And, as the pair fell into a sensuous tangle, Noni whispered, "From here we make our own rules." This game was enough to make a straight flush.**





## The Life Of The Party

Continued from page 56

had recently been "criticised" in two Shanghai newspapers. Getting criticised is not the same as getting reviewed. It's officialese for a State vendetta. It's like waking up with a horse head in your bed, only you can't run to Elliot Ness for protection. There's no-one who can save you from the Party except the Party itself.

Out of view of the Wai Ban and Mr X, Heather and I became close to a man who happened to be familiar with the local music scene. He was one of the few people we met outside the college who spoke any English. "You want I take you place where real Chinese go?" he said to us one day. "I take you to real Chinese dance hall, one foreigners never see." We were interested. So much of China is off-limits to foreigners.

The next time we saw Tom, we discovered he was having trouble finding a dance hall that would admit us. "I try several," he said, waving his hand like a tiny karate chop, "but each one say it is not allowed. I ask what policy is this. They just say, no foreigners." Tom laughed uncomfortably and slapped the back of one hand into the other. "But," he added, "I can try another dance hall. Someone my sister know. Back door." China is so thick with bureaucracy, it's as if an entire nation were run by the post office. To get anything done, you need a "back door."

Finally, we made it into a real Chinese dance hall. The band members took the stage, all of them dressed in green military-style uniforms worn in non-military fashion: buttons open at the neck, cuffs rolled up, sneakers. Suddenly, trombone, trumpet and sax blared out a tinny, cacophonous tune. It took me a full minute to realise that it was "Roll Out the Barrel." The crowd around us shuffled into couples and began twirling in two-steps and tangos and waltzes. The dance floor was packed. There were old couples, in drab blue or grey, who had probably danced here before 1949. But most of the hall belonged to the post-Mao generation — women in pressed bell-bottoms and men decked out in the local tough-guy attire, the Zhang Hang look: black leather jacket, black stovepipes, black Cuban heels, V-necked sweater, tie, and permed (as opposed to straight) hair. Locally, these guys are known as "hooligans," but they reminded me of what we used to call "bodgies." Both groups sport the same tough-guy props: back-pocket comb, sunglasses, and cigarette at acute angle to lip.

In Sydney in the Fifties, a bodgie went to a dance to get laid or start a fight. But Chinese hooligans only appear violent. As for sex, in Shanghai, the most cosmopolitan

city in the People's Republic, men and women rarely touch in public. But people of the same sex do. (In any street, it's fairly common to see women with their arms around women, men holding hands with men.) So at the dance hall, these hooligans — leather jackets, stovepipes, cigarettes, and all — were waltzing with each other. They were entwined, literally cheek to cheek, rhapsodically twirling and twirling and twirling to "Edel-weiss, edel-weiss ..." until 9.30, when the place closed up.

Tom didn't mind the people staring at us (and after several months in Shanghai, we were used to it). But he did get upset when the hooligans asked Heather to dance. "These not good guys," he said. "It is not usual to ask to dance someone who stranger to you. Most Chinese will consider it an insult."

Tom was in his early thirties, an engineer in a local factory, and unmarried. As far as I

Relationships between the sexes are arranged, either by friends, family or a matchmaker. As for couples sleeping together, it is "unthinkable."

could tell, he rarely went on dates, but was certainly interested in women. "In China," he said, "to meet the girlfriend is very troublesome. We must first be introduced." For a man simply to pick up a woman at a dance is "very unusual; maybe I never heard of it." Relationships between the sexes are arranged, either by friends and family, or by a matchmaker. As for couples sleeping together, it is "unthinkable." Only a small minority would "attempt such thing, and they will be already engaged."

I remember looking at Tom and seeing a man under a great biological strain. The way he stood, tentatively, on the balls of his feet, it was as if a giant bed spring were coiled inside of him.

When the band took a break, a cassette — probably an import from Hong Kong — was piped into the room. The music was fast, faster than anything we'd heard that evening. It was something Heather and I could finally dance to. So we went out on the floor. But as soon as we started dancing, half the hooligans in the place surrounded us, dancing with us, imitating each move we made. Thirty or 40 guys and

a handful of women kicked and flailed in a tight ring around us. The faster we danced, the faster they danced. If we twirled, they twirled. If we jumped, they jumped. They were shouting, "Disco!" "Hello!" The whole place seemed to be kicking up its heels. We were laughing out loud — me, Heather, the hooligans — whirling and shaking and rocking, dancing faster and faster and faster, until the music stopped mid-song.

We made our way through the leather-jacketed crowd and found Tom. "Who turned the music off?" I asked him.

Later, Tom disappeared to check it out. When he returned, he looked sullen. "The head cadre [Party official] stop tape," he said. "He think the dancing too wild." Tom's hand chopped furiously at the air. "I think," he said, narrowing his eyes, "I think this only have one purpose: to make the man become like the child."

On December 1, 1985, I remember walking along a main road in downtown Shanghai, and passing by a thick crowd surrounding a glass-encased poster. Curious, I got in close. On the poster were a few paragraphs in Chinese and two photographs of a young man in handcuffs. It was Zhang Hang. He had been arrested on November 11.

The first paragraph of the poster read: "One evening in May of 1985, a performance at Cultural Square was about to begin. Suddenly, a girl rushed backstage and said, 'I have been Zhang Hang's girlfriend for four years. He has had his way with me. Now that he is famous, he has tried to break it off without saying goodbye. I want him to tell why.' His colleagues were very surprised — another girlfriend! Because half a year ago, Zhang Hang had been very intimate with a different girl, and recently he behaved very casually with Lady Y. How many girlfriends does Zhang Hang have?"

Zhang's arrest had been certain from the time those first two "criticisms" appeared four months earlier. The headline on the poster reads: "Look at the Backstage and Behind-the-Scenes Behavior of This Guitar Singer!" And the last paragraph begins: "Socialist law can never allow such a hooligan to be at large." Zhang was convicted of "seducing and philandering with many women under the guise of courting them." He got three years.

"We have opened the window," one of China's most powerful ministers told a foreign diplomat in Beijing. "And when one opens the window, one feels a cool breeze and fresh air." (The minister here was referring to the Western technology pouring into China.) "But," he continued, "along with that fresh air comes a little dirt and some insects. This, however, is no reason to close the window. From time to time, we must simply sweep up the dirt and kill the insects." ☐



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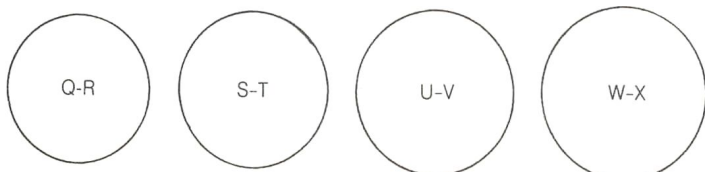
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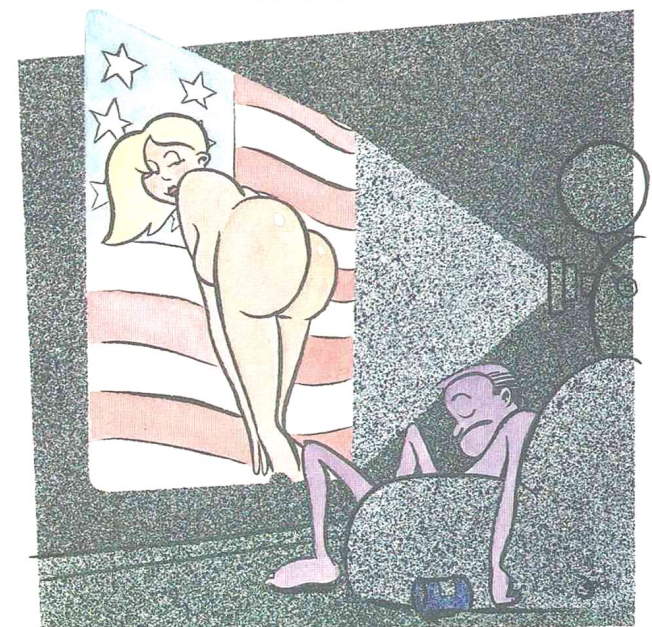
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# LOOSE ENDS

## LIBERTY, EQUALITY, PORNOGRAPHY



**B**ack in late April we were treated to a flying visit from Ginger Lynn, American porn actress and sometime sex spokesperson (when her mouth isn't otherwise occupied.) She was on an emission from Johnny Wad — or whoever the US hardcore honchos are who stand to gain most from the free availability of adult videos in Australia. Ms Lynn, the happy veteran of 69 (count 'em) fuck flicks, timed her visit to coincide with the release of a Parliamentary Select Committee report on blue movies.

After a three-month inquiry, five of the 11-member committee recommended that some films previously rated X and banned everywhere except the ACT and the Northern Territory be reclassified NVE — Non-Violent Erotica — and be available to viewers over 18. The other six members urged the Federal Government to refuse the classification to all X-rated films and their R-rated equivalents on the grounds that many of these films were degrading to women and contained "depictions of crude, tasteless and vulgar sexual acts." One of the six, however, gave qualified support to the NVE rating, saying that explicit sex was okay as long as it was shown in the context of a "loving, caring relationship." In so saying, he tipped the scales in favor of the new rating and rendered the committee's findings on porno films as close as dammit to a "hung" jury.

Ginger Lynn's appearance on the steps of Parliament House that day guaranteed fulsome media coverage of the report. Stepping lissomely from a white limousine and battling hordes of jostling media and other sweaty-palmed interested parties, the 25-year-old star of *Beverly Hills Cox* and *Trashy Lady* took her position on the spot where Gough Whitlam had delivered his historic 1975 address. There, as the nation watched, she proudly stood up for the films she had lain down for so often before. The fiercest little blonde who had gone down on John Holmes eloquently spat out

her contempt for those who would deny thinking adults their freedom of choice where dirty movies are concerned. Moreover, adult films had a definite and beneficial place in the AIDS-conscious Eighties, she said, instancing the films now being made with safe sex themes and showing protagonists rolling on rubbers before rooting. Easy access to films depicting full-tilt fornication also promoted monogamous relationships, La Ginge continued, explaining that couples could watch them together to rekindle jaded passions and that singles or couples could live out their fantasies through them while never straying from the virus free environment of their bedrooms or the carpet in front of the telly.

If I seem a tad derisive of Ms Lynn's earnest endeavors, I do not intend a personal slight on the gel. As it is our right to watch pornographic videos if we so choose, so is it Ginger Lynn's right to make her living appearing in them. Anyway, sending her up is too easy, too predictable — like shooting fish in a barrel. Media coverage of her visit saw a lot of muzzles in the barrel. As with anything remotely to do with sex, she was rapaciously, sneeringly and hypocritically reported. *Sex sells*, so here was an opportunity to be rapaciously reported and featured prominently in every bulletin. Sex is also nasty and dirty and immoral, so therefore coverage of such must make fun, belittle and prove that we're above all that.

Where I may not agree on many of the points made by Ms Lynn, I see little point in shooting the messenger, even if she was a messenger of an industry that is essentially *bad*. The video porn industry isn't bad as in evil, wicked, naughty or depraved; it's bad as in tedious, inefficient, defective, exploitative (not so much of its actors and actresses as of its audiences) and boring, so boring. This industry manipulates the noose of our sexual repressions. They cry for the individual's right to enjoy his little bit of video smut, while confidently basking in the knowledge that our

own socialised taboos will see to it that they never have to improve artistic output beyond the sub-standard formulaic fodder to which anyone who has seen a handful of X-rated videos can attest.

Adult videos are not for couples, despite Ginger Lynn's protestations — their guilt and degradation factors preclude appeal as such beyond first time or very occasional novelty. They're for quick, efficient, lonely and mindless wanking and their strict clichés are designed so as to never distract the viewer from his luke-warm lust. Sexual stimulation is the aim of the game, so why bother making the film aesthetically appealing or original? Is the reasoning that because sex is *bad* so must any film that graphically shows it thus

also be bad? Give Joe Blow his four or five modes of copulation and finish him off with a group scene. The Big Bang theory. Pornography such as this is truly obscene in its limp predictability.

At the time of writing there is no indication as to whether the findings of that Select Committee will be adopted. I sincerely hope they are, but I don't like our chances of seeing many on the shelves if only those showing mad rooting within "loving, caring relationships" are allowed. Yes, lift the stupid bans and stock the shelves. Liberty, equality, pornography. Let my people come, and while they're at it I'll be hiring all those *nice* videos they're neglecting. I'm not a prude or anything — I just happen to think that porno movies suck. — C.J. Mackay



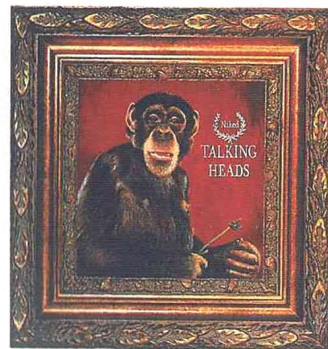
# SOUNDS

In the world of popular music it's an event when from North America, home of much that is good (but even more that is crass), come new releases from such influential artists as **Joni Mitchell** and **Talking Heads**. It's

as if we were suddenly graced with the discovery of a previously unknown set of Salvadore Dali place mats and tea towels. Before Talking Heads, David Byrne would transcribe daytime television word for word and recite it as an act, with the realistic notion that the everyday is probably more bizarre than could ever be contrived. This personal fascination of his had a climax of sorts with the film and albums *True Stories* — an exercise in banality as art. Now he's amusing himself with the notion of man reverting to a more *Naked* (EMI) state. His characters pine for good old days of cars, billboards, factories, and Pizza Huts. "There was a shopping mall. Now it's covered with flowers." "See how the tail can wag the dog" — the musical push from the other Heads is very much this time a mariachi calypso hybrid. Always with a funk edge, they achieved dense rhythmic overload in *Remain in Light*. Two albums later they were kicking their heels up to neo country and western. This record retains that urge to unwind. The tracks are full of rich rhythmic promise from the James Brown feel of "Blind", the La Bamba sashay of "Mr Jones", and the Bo Diddley shuffle of "Ruby Dear." However, Byrne's scenarios never let the music relax to the point of mere groove.

logised modern jazz legend Charles Mingus, and tried to get back to her non-existent rock and roll roots (*Dog Eat Dog*). With *Chalk Mark In A Rain Storm* (Geffen) this gifted Canadian is back more in the mood of when she hissed at summer lawns. Liriting songs with flashes of jazz accompaniment and a host of celebrated guests from Peter Gabriel to Billy Idol. However, none intrude, rather simply embellish the sinewy line of her definitive songsmithing. Mitchell has gotten stronger over the years and albums, and no longer sings of herself as a victim of lovers' neglect. She has found her core — "My Special Place" — but can still wonder "Why Did You Pick Me?" Almost to reassure herself, she rails against the "Barbie Doll... the perfect airbrushed angel." She hopes to placate her own paranoia by gentle put-downs of others' follies and promises of "cool clear water... and a river flowing free, waitin' up ahead for you and me."

I often imagine committee meetings for the church fellowship run along the lines of the old joke: "How many surrealists does it take to change a lightbulb?" Answer: "Fish." **The Church** got a fairly similar answer when deciding what to call their most recent conglomeration of vinyl ripples. *Starfish* (Mushroom) did not have an easy birth. Change of record companies and unavailability of desired producers led them into the unlikely arms of mainstream American rock diehards Waddy Watchel and Greg Ladanyi. "Wish I knew what you were looking for, might have known what you would find" ("Milky Way") would have been an apt question from either side of the production desk on this project. Still, the essential vague, chiming, dream-like nature of the band has not been lost. Nominal head pastor Steve Kilbey describes the record as "simple, no nonsense rock'n'roll" — which is like calling pavlova soul food. His vocals, with the dead pan slightly atonal lower octave doubling,



suggest Lou Reed sans humor. Well-practised rock and roll life stylist Marty Wilson Piper adds some welcome "Spark" with his vocals, but old Church congregations with enough residual chemicals in their systems won't notice the absence of any huge songs — never mind the lyric sheet, feel the ambience!

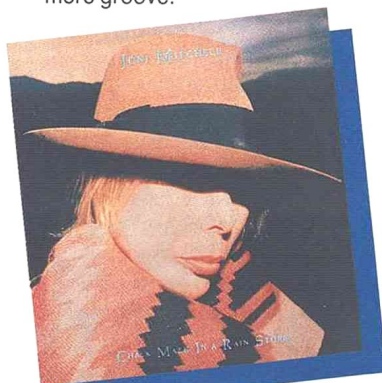
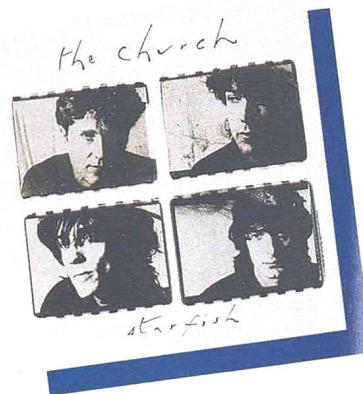
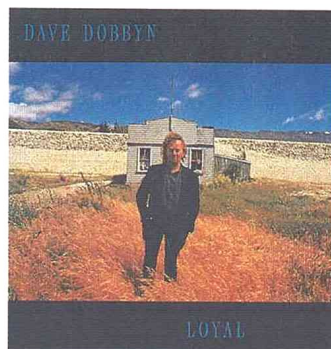
**Dave Dobbyn** has shed his previous band guise of D.D. Smash. On *Loyal* (CBS) Dobbyn is an effusively optimistic gnome. He sings of being "in love in a big way", offering "if you should need a shoulder, I'll be waiting in the wings like yesterday" and apologetically admits that he "can't remember last time I thanked you." Dobbyn epitomises Mr Positive, and the sentiments expressed in his "Slice Of Heaven" from the *Footrot Flats* movie (remixed for this disc) run rife. Gloom mongers be damned — this record is as irrelevant as happiness.

Queen of soul **Aretha Franklin** has given us some exquisite gospel wailing in the past. With *One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism* (Arista) she takes her gospel singing out of the context of mere pop music into its original one of devotional music complete with prayers and anti-drug sermonising by Rev Jesse Jackson.

**Kate Ceberano** and **Wendy Mathews** provide a fine meeting of sonic might as they weave their vocals in and out of each other on *You've Always Got The Blues* (ABC) — a collection of tunes from the TV series *Stringer*. Sleazy jazz blues are mixed with up beat funk and the mandatory series title track that sounds just like that. — **Jeremy Cook**

## HEADS, WE WIN

**Clockwise from far right: Joni Mitchell making her Chalk Mark In A Rainstorm; Talking Heads go mariachi calypso on Naked; Dave Dobbyn's Loyal is happy wax; The Church's long-awaited Starfish.**



**Joni Mitchell** has been thrilling devoted ears for 20 years now from her early days as a dour, arty poet with music. Since then she and her idiosyncratic sense of harmony have brushed shoulders with LA Jazz Rock (Tom Scott and associates), eu-

# FILM

## OUT OF THIS WORLD

**From the top: Mega-tits in the comedy Amazon Women On The Moon; Ed Harris stars in Alex Cox's Walker; Jenny Wright as a sexy bloodsucker in After Dark; Steve Kearney and Tetchi Agbayani in Rikki And Pete.**



For fans of off-the-wall movie comedy, **Amazon Women On The Moon** offers a clever grab-bag of comic pieces guaranteed to loosen the chuckle valve. The brainchild of John Landis and Robert K. Weiss (who last collaborated on *The Kentucky Fried Movie*), this one is an "anthology" comedy that presents self-contained segments from noted comedy directors and links them with two or three running gag themes.

The major linking device, and the source of the film's title, is a gloriously awful send-up of Fifties sci-fi movies as seen on latter-day 3am TV, complete with jumps, scratches, film breakdowns and station apologies. Comic subject matter in the self-contained sketches varies, with a slant towards lampooning popular media. Pretentious movie critic programs are quirkily dealt with, as are celebrity roasts, hard-sell TV ads and pseudo-investigation shows.

Sex magazines like *Penthouse* also take a hearty hammering in a manner that affords the movie its share of naughty sex titters and mega-tits. Computer dating, New Age awareness, condom buying, love, death and assorted other damned things... *Amazon Women* takes an irreverent swipe at the lot of them, mostly to good effect.

Written by Michael Barrie and Jim Mulholland. Directed by Joe Dante, Carl Gottlieb, Peter Horton, John Landis and Robert K. Weiss. Cameo appearances by Carrie Fisher, Ed Begley Jr., Steve Guttenberg, Rosanna Arquette, Russ Meyer, Henny Youngman, B.B. King — to name but a few. *Amazon Women On The Moon* is 100 percent American slick, but its unrelenting pace, variety and hefty doses of black humor set it apart from the bulk of US movie comedy fare. Recommended.

In the vein of that glam teen vampire vehicle *The Lost Boys* comes **Near Dark**, in which handsome farm boy picks up gorgeous chick, gets bitten on the first date and finds himself up to his jugular in a weird gang of groovy bloodsuckers. Nocturnal haemoglobin-related adventures ensue as our hero endeavors to work out a way to become a normal boring hayseed again, but still keep the foxy babe. Look out

for some rather nice burn FX when the dashing Drac pack find themselves out and about at dawn without their Factor 15. Written by Eric Red and Kathryn Bigelow. Stars Adrian Padar, Jenny Wright, Lance Henriksen and Tim Thomerson. Directed by Kathryn Bigelow. Music by Tangerine Dream. Freaky, man.

Diehard Sandinista groupies may feel compelled to check out fashionable film-maker Alex Cox's *Walker*, the "true" story of an American mercenary who, in the 1850s, declared himself president of Nicaragua and ruled that country for two years. Those less ardent about their Central American politics beware, for while *Walker* can boast the sound premise of ongoing US meddling south of the border and wrap its criticisms of such around one of history's lesser known American madmen, the film as a whole is tedious, confusing and self-conscious in its ridiculously graphic violence and other odd attempts at humor. Ed Harris makes for a fine insane imperialist. Marlee Matlin is painfully gratuitous as his mute missus. Also stars Richard Masur, Peter Boyle and Rene Auberjonois. Music by Joe Strummer. Sort of spaghetti western for the politically conscientious, *Walker* has its head a little too far up its own botto to appeal.

From Nadia Tass and David Parker, the husband and wife team who surprised and delighted with their first feature, comes **Rikki And Pete**, a film which, unfortunately, proves that *Malcolm* was a hard act to follow. In early morning scenes highly reminiscent of the opening of that acclaimed comedy hit we are introduced to Pete, an introverted mechanical genius making paper rounds in a mope fitted with a device that folds newspapers into paper aeroplanes and launches them into front yards. Next up we meet his sister Rikki, a level-headed, though restless geologist who sings a few country songs on the side. We learn that the pair are the children of a wealthy Melbourne family and that Pete's eccentricity is abhorred by his stuffy father and doted on by his wheelchair-ridden mum. We learn also that Pete is actively seeking revenge on the fat copper who crippled

his mum. After one amusing act of vengeance Rikki and Pete have to blow town until the heat dies down. That's how they wind up in a central Australian mining town to have adventures that see Pete "come out of his shell," fall in love and invent some gizmos that help them make a fortune.

Stars Steve Kearney, Nina Landis, Bill Hunter, Bruno Lawrence and Tetchi Agbayani. Directed by Nadia Tass from a script by David Parker, who was also responsible for the film's fetching cinematography. From early promise *Rikki And Pete* meanders through a series of lacklustre turns. Non-actor Kearney gives an undeveloped, wooden performance as Pete and while the film displays some of the appealing innocence of Tass and Parker's first effort, its laughs are fewer and further between and its gadgetry second-rate. Not bad but no surprises. — **C.J. Mackay**





## REEF ENCOUNTERS

**A**s this month's centrefold proves, the breathtaking scenery of Queensland's Whitsunday Passage was the perfect backdrop for 17-year-old blonde Isabel Monroe. During that shoot, Isabel and the *Penthouse* photographic crew went island hopping with the help of Air Whitsunday, the largest commercial seaplane company in the southern hemisphere. When they're not taxiing pin-up girls, Air Whitsunday is ferrying sightseers and holidaymakers throughout the Whitsundays and the Great Barrier Reef. This tourism award-winning airline offers sightseeing tours, flying/yachting packages, all charters and air taxi services. You can also design your own air tours from Cairns, Townsville or Whitsunday. For more information, contact your travel agent or Air Whitsunday direct on (079) 469 133.

Geoff Howden



## SURE FEET

**K**ay Dees are a must for the rock-hopping fisherman who would rather have fish blood on his hands than his own blood spilled from grazes and bounces off terra firma. The idea is to wear wetsuit boots or sneakers underneath them — with one of the biggest advantages being that you can leave the straps just half done up in case of a spill. That means a quick release if you've got to swim for it. You just chuck them back to shore if you find yourself bobbing around after a Big One. Kay Dees sell for around \$40 from top fishing stores like The Compleat Angler in George Street, Sydney.



## SCALING NEW FASHION DEPTHS

**W**here not so many months ago the Australian scuba set was restricted to a fairly limited range of styles and colors when choosing their waterproof wardrobe and accessories, the bubble blowers can now select from an array of gear in fashion styles and colors that would have Lloyd Bridges weak at the knees. One of the leaner, meaner diving wetsuits for men now selling in selected dive stores is the US Divers navy and silver number pictured here. Perhaps one of the more subdued suits of the current crop, this one looks like it means business — and it does. The long john suit with jacket is plush-lined and features heavy-duty kneepads, wrist, neck and ankle seals, leg zips and fly zip and velcro crotch fastener. The US Divers suit sells for \$399. It's shown here with a Sea Hornet speargun (price range \$79-\$120), Tusa fins (\$85) and Tusa diving knife (\$57). All gear and prices were supplied by Pro-Dive in Coogee, Sydney.

## PICK OF THE GLITTER

**J**ust to remind you that there is such a thing as beach weather, here's a sneak preview of part of the summer '88/'89 women's swimwear range from Jantzen. The gelato hues and metallic sheen of these high-quality Jantzen cossies are tipped to have this line selling like hot cakes come the time we all go down to the sea again. Jantzen swimwear for men and women is available at major department stores and swimwear boutiques Australia-wide.



## CONVERSATION PIECE

**T**alk about a talking piece! This brilliant European-designed neon telephone has been moving faster than you can say Alexander Graham Bell since it was introduced to Australia a few months ago. A neat idea for the hi-tech home or office, the "Roxanne" model phone, available in four vibrant neon colors, is crafted in hand-bevelled scratch-resistant lucite. It gets its glow from an individually blown inner tube filled with a mixture of gases. The neon tube flashes on and off with each ring and its brightness can be adjusted to suit your mood. The first of a range of neon products that will include clocks, calculators and radio cassette players, the Roxanne phone is now selling in better phone shops. For a distributor near you, get on the blower to Chimescale Aust. on (03) 663 7018.

Geoff Howden





## PUT 'EM ON YOUR FACE

**N**ew from Bolle, the French sport and fashion eyewear specialists, are the Irex Lite Ski Goggle and Spectra Irex sunglasses. The Irex Lite Goggle provides high light transmittance while still offering 100 percent protection from ultraviolet and 90 percent protection from infra-red rays. The higher light transmittance allows better depth perception and is particularly good in high glare, low visibility situations such as cloud or fog. Available in Chrono (fluoro lime and orange) for \$79 and X200 (ivory and black) for \$75. Spectra Irex sunglasses feature mirror tinted lenses in purple or gold. Like all Bolle lenses, they're made of shatterproof polycarbonate that offers 100 percent protection from ultraviolet and 96 percent protection from infra-red rays. Available in five styles, they retail from \$89.95.



Geoff Howden

## A LURE

**T**he underlying spirit of angling is that the skill of the angler is pitted against the instinct and strength of the fish and that the latter is entitled to an even chance for his life." There you have it: the fisherman's creed. Like all good creeds, though, they've found a loophole — deceptively cute little twirly critters like this one, concealing a pair of 12/0 hooks, fiendishly sharp. Even chance be blown. Marlin just can't resist investigating this Pakula lure; its concave head leaves a long bubble trail, so it can't be missed. All up, you're talking in the area of more than \$120 for this single rig alone — but the sort of money involved just to tow the thing around in petrol and maintenance costs puts this in perspective; if you're busy changing fresh baits all the time, then that's money down the gurgler. One of these babies you can tow around all day. Pakula is the surname of one Peter Pakula, of Sydney, who's built up quite a business turning them out in many colors and sizes. It's the preferred lure of the gun marlin fishermen. The entire Pakula range can be found at The Compleat Angler, 3rd Floor, 428 George Street, Sydney.



Geoff Howden

## WIN WITH COINTREAU

**C**ointreau, that most delicious and versatile of liqueurs, may be 113 this year but its popularity among the young set has never been greater. Since 1985 the Australian 18 to 34-year-old market for this orange-flavored liqueur has skyrocketed, paralleling the rise of the Yuppie and indicating some canny marketing on the part of Cointreau. Not that the French chaps responsible for this sophisticated tippie have to resort to hard sell; they just like to underline the versatility of their product. Drink it straight or on the rocks, add a dash to your black coffee, cook with it, mix it with champagne or mix it with other al-

coholic beverages for elegant cocktails. Cocktails like the Cointreau Margarita, that combines ½ Cointreau, ½ Tequila and a teaspoon of lime or lemon juice. Shake it well and serve in a chilled, salt-rimmed glass. Delicious.

This month *Penthouse* is giving away ten 700ml bottles of Cointreau with novel Cointreau ice buckets (see photo). To win a Cointreau prize, simply send an entry to Cointreau Competition, c/- Loose Ends, PO Box 42 Cammeray, NSW 2062. On the back of the envelope write your name and address and tell us how old Cointreau is this year. Entries close Friday, August 12.



Geoff Howden

## STYLE AND SAFETY

**T**o any list of novel, smart and affordable gift ideas, add the Biarritz key holder. This expertly crafted, British-designed piece in silver and gold metals not only looks the goods, it's also a handy safety idea for anyone who has cause to loan their car keys or make use of valet parking. You put your car keys on one end and your house/office/briefcase keys on the other, then if you need to hand over your car keys to a parking attendant you simply snap the keyring apart. They hold one side and you can keep the others for your use and safe from copying. Even if this use is seldom required, the sturdy Biarritz makes for a handsome executive gift. You'll find them selling for around \$37 in better gift and department stores. For stockists in your state, phone Broadway Leather on (02) 212 6588.

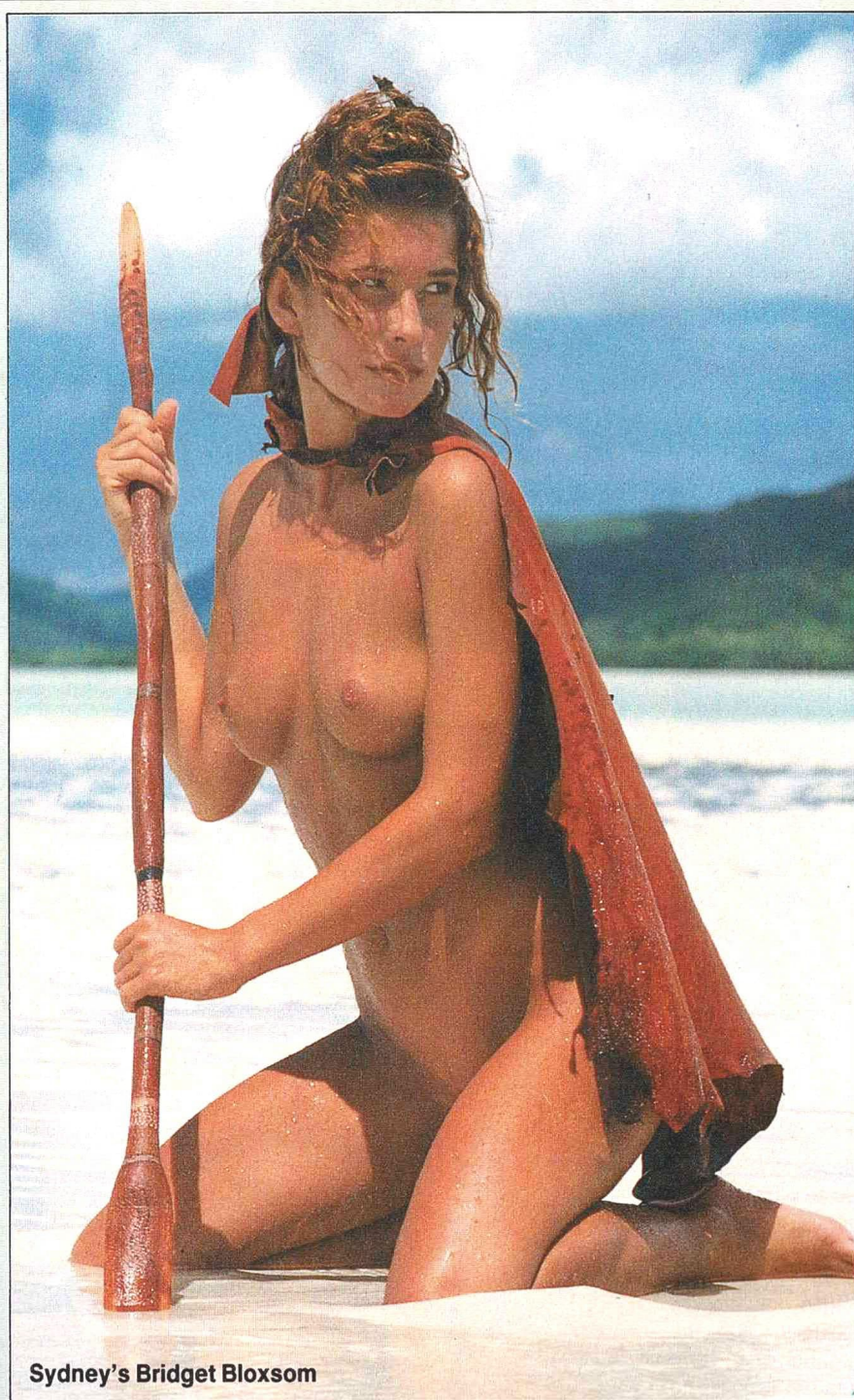
## SHIP SHAPE

**B**elieve me my young friend, there is nothing — absolutely nothing — half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats." That famous quote from *The Wind In The Willows* has become a maxim of the boating fraternity. Fact is, though, it gets a bit nippy when you're messing around out there on the briny, especially during the winter months. To stay snug as a bloke in a boat, and to look the part of a salty sea-dog, genuine RAN jumpers are hard to go past. These heavily ribbed Tasmanian wool jerseys keep out the chill and reinforcement patches on stress areas guarantee that they'll last for as long as you do. Available at naval outfitters. We found this one at Glendinnings Menswear And Naval Outfitters at 75 Macleay St, Potts Point, Sydney selling for \$78. The bosun's whistle and chain will set you back \$20 and for the true poseur, epaulettes are also available.



Geoff Howden





Sydney's Bridget Bloxsom

## COMING IN SEPTEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

**Hot Shots** — War photographers are a valiant breed and some of the bravest have been Australians. Next month *Penthouse* profiles two who paid the ultimate price for their achievements — Neil Davis and Damien Parer — and presents some of the finest examples of their work.

**Hedonists' Haven** — On the one hand Thailand is a Mecca of sexual delights, and on the other it is a country with one of the strictest traditional ethical codes this side of Iran. Explore the enigma of Thailand in next month's *Australian Penthouse*.

**Dangerous Driving** — Hollywood has been doing its best to run us down with car movies over the last two decades. Motor vehicle stunts and chases have provided the dramatic climaxes to a host of memorable films. But some of the wildest car stunts have been created and performed by Australians. September *Penthouse* investigates the men and the mechanics involved in this smashing profession.

**Pet Of The Month** — A taste of the wild side is in store with Bridget Bloxsom's appearance next month. Twenty-two-year-old Bridget, a Sydney native, gladly swapped prim for primitive in a stunning pictorial guaranteed to soothe the savage beast. Not to be missed.

## INTERVIEW

Continued from page 98

**Allen:** No, not really. It's really odd. When I do shows like that Bicentennial Royal Command Performance Concert in January, I meet old friends like Col, the Delltones and Judy Stone and they all come and say, "Oh hi, how are you?", as if we'll all see each other next Saturday. It's like time hasn't passed us by at all. No-one ever goes, "Oh wow, it's been 25 years!" The thing I remember best about that night was having Helen Reddy come up and say, "God, Peter, it was so wonderful to see you up there with all those people clapping and cheering. I remember how those bastards were so mean to you on that first tour back here that we did together." I thought "Whaaaat?" I think time has warped her memory. The critics loved me and I have the reviews to prove it. It was Helen they were cruel to. I thought it was so cute that, in her memory, it had been a terrible time for me. Maybe that's the sort of psyche you need to survive in this business. It amazes me that people can be so strong, emotionally. I'm not sure I have that, although maybe I do now and don't realise it.

**Penthouse:** Do you look to the future and where you want to take your talents?

**Allen:** I'm not sure what I want to do. I know I don't want to keep grinding out pop songs and go into my eighties singing "I Go To Rio." I'd never want the concerts to go stale.

At 44 I can feel myself changing. You may not believe it but, at this late stage, I'm getting into classical music. Composers like Mahler, Sibelius and Puccini. Actually, if you listen to that sort of stuff you hear an awful lot of Andrew Lloyd Webber. I'm a good pastiche man but he's better than me. I find myself trying to get out of show business when I don't have to be in it. I don't think I have any intimate friends in show business now. Even Carole Bayer-Sager and I don't see each other very often. My close friends now are the same people I met 20 years ago. They love music but they don't work in it.

**Penthouse:** When you finally get tired of the high kicks, will it be Port Douglas or New York for you?

**Allen:** Oh, Port Douglas if I really think about it, which I don't. I don't think an entertainer has to just stop. I have George Burns come to see me all the time — he keeps telling me he wants to put together a new act called Burns & Allen — and he said to me, after one great show with the Rockettes, "Well, what do you think, Pete? Think you'll stay in it or not?" As if I'd just tried it out for a while. But then, compared to his 80 years, that's probably all I've done.

**Penthouse:** So what did you tell him?

**Allen:** I think I'll stay. ☺

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